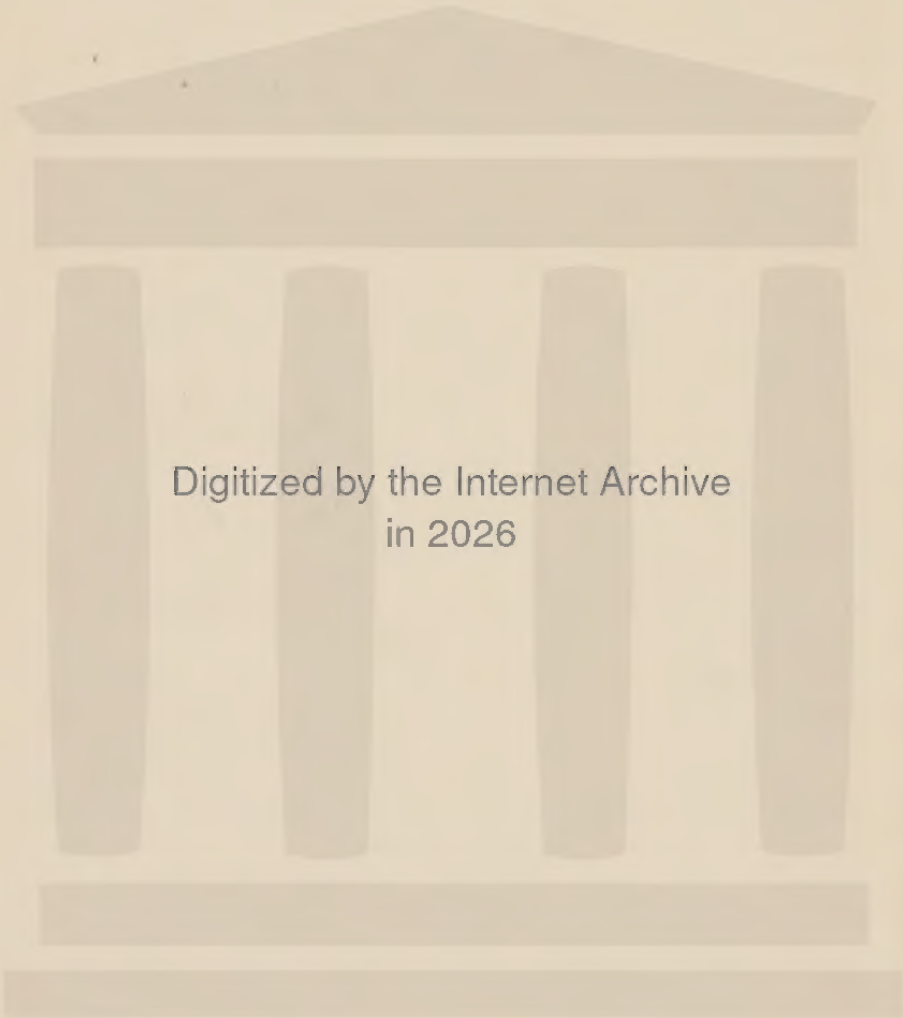

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THE GOLDEN TREASURY

OF THE BEST SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

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THE GOLDEN TREASURY

OF THE BEST SONGS AND LYRICAL POEMS IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE

Selected and arranged by
FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

With Additional Poems to the Present Day

WITHDRAWN

ANNOTATED EDITION

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FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE

Born, Great Yarmouth, September 28, 1824
Died, South Kensington, October 24, 1897

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Εἰς τὸν λειμῶνα καθίσας,
ἕδρεπεν ἕτερον ἐφ' ἑτέρῳ
αἱρόμενος ἄγρευμ' ἀνθέων
ἁδομένᾳ ψυχᾷ.

[Eurip. *frag.* 754.]

['He sat in the meadow and plucked with glad heart the spoil of the flowers, gathering them one by one.']

TO ALFRED TENNYSON

POET LAUREATE

This book in its progress has recalled often to my memory a man with whose friendship we were once honoured, to whom no region of English Literature was unfamiliar, and who, whilst rich in all the noble gifts of Nature, was most eminently distinguished by the noblest and the rarest,—just judgement and high-hearted patriotism. It would have been hence a peculiar pleasure and pride to dedicate what I have endeavoured to make a true national Anthology of three centuries to Henry Hallam. But he is beyond the reach of any human tokens of love and reverence; and I desire therefore to place before it a name united with his by associations which, whilst Poetry retains her hold on the minds of Englishmen, are not likely to be forgotten.

Your encouragement, given while traversing the wild scenery of Treryn Dinas, led me to begin the work; and it has been completed under your advice and assistance. For the favour now asked

I have thus a second reason: and to this I may add, the homage which is your right as Poet, and the gratitude due to a Friend, whose regard I rate at no common value.

Permit me then to inscribe to yourself a book which, I hope, may be found by many a lifelong fountain of innocent and exalted pleasure; a source of animation to friends when they meet; and able to sweeten solitude itself with best society, —with the companionship of the wise and the good with the beauty which the eye cannot see, and the music only heard in silence. If this Collection proves a storehouse of delight to Labour and to Poverty,—if it teaches those indifferent to the Poets to love them, and those who love them to love them more, the aim and the desire entertained in framing it will be fully accomplished.

F. T. P.

May, 1861.

PREFACE

THIS little Collection differs, it is believed, from others in the attempt made to include in it all the best original Lyrical pieces and Songs in our language, by writers not living,—and none beside the best. Many familiar verses will hence be met with; many also which should be familiar:—the Editor will regard as his fittest readers those who love Poetry so well, that he can offer them nothing not already known and valued.

The Editor is acquainted with no strict and exhaustive definition of Lyrical Poetry; but he has found the task of practical decision increase in clearness and in facility as he advanced with the work, whilst keeping in view a few simple principles. Lyrical has been here held essentially to imply that each Poem shall turn on some single thought, feeling, or situation. In accordance with this, narrative, descriptive, and didactic poems,—unless accompanied by rapidity of movement, brevity, and the colouring of human passion,—have been excluded. Humorous poetry, except in the very unfrequent instances where a truly poetical tone pervades the whole, with what is strictly personal, occasional, and religious, has been considered foreign to the idea of the book. Blank verse and the ten-syllable couplet, with all pieces markedly dramatic, have been rejected as alien from what is commonly understood by Song, and rarely conforming to Lyrical conditions in treatment. But it is not anticipated, nor is it possible, that all readers shall think the line accurately drawn. Some poems, as Gray's 'Elegy,' the 'Allegro' and 'Penseroso,' Wordsworth's 'Ruth' or Campbell's 'Lord Ullin,' might be

claimed with perhaps equal justice for a narrative or descriptive selection: whilst with reference especially to Ballads and Sonnets, the Editor can only state that he has taken his utmost pains to decide without caprice or partiality.

This also is all he can plead in regard to a point even more liable to question;—what degree of merit should give rank among the Best. That a Poem shall be worthy of the writer's genius,—that it shall reach a perfection commensurate with its aim,—that we should require finish in proportion to brevity,—that passion, colour, and originality cannot atone for serious imperfections in clearness, unity, or truth,—that a few good lines do not make a good poem,—that popular estimate is serviceable as a guidepost more than as a compass,—above all, that Excellence should be looked for rather in the Whole than in the Parts,—such and other such canons have been always steadily regarded. He may however add that the pieces chosen, and a far larger number rejected, have been carefully and repeatedly considered; and that he has been aided throughout by two friends of independent and exercised judgement, besides the distinguished person addressed in the Dedication. It is hoped that by this procedure the volume has been freed from that onesidedness which must beset individual decisions:—but for the final choice the Editor is alone responsible.

It would obviously have been invidious to apply the standard aimed at in this Collection to the Living. Nor, even in the cases where this might be done without offence, does it appear wise to attempt to anticipate the verdict of the Future on our contemporaries. Should the book last, poems by Tennyson, Bryant, Clare, Lowell, and others, will no doubt claim and obtain their place among the best. But the Editor trusts that this will be effected by other hands, and in days far distant.

Chalmers' vast collection, with the whole works of all accessible poets not contained in it, and the best Anthologies of different periods, have been twice systematically read through : and it is hence improbable that any omissions which may be regretted are due to oversight. The poems are printed entire, except in a very few instances (specified in the notes) where a stanza has been omitted. The omissions have been risked only when the piece could be thus brought to a closer lyrical unity : and, as essentially opposed to this unity, extracts, obviously such, are excluded. In regard to the text, the purpose of the book has appeared to justify the choice of the most poetical version, wherever more than one exists : and much labour has been given to present each poem, in disposition, spelling, and punctuation, to the greatest advantage.

For the permission under which the copyright pieces are inserted, thanks are due to the respective Proprietors, without whose liberal concurrence the scheme of the collection would have been defeated.

In the arrangement, the most poetically-effective order has been attempted. The English mind has passed through phases of thought and cultivation so various and so opposed during these three centuries of Poetry, that a rapid passsage between Old and New, like rapid alteration of the eye's focus in looking at the landscape, will always be wearisome and hurtful to the sense of Beauty. The poems have been therefore distributed into Books corresponding, I to the ninety years closing about 1616, II thence to 1700, III to 1800, IV to the half century just ended. Or, looking at the Poets who more or less give each portion its distinctive character, they might be called the Books of Shakespeare, Milton, Gray, and Wordsworth. The volume, in this respect, so far as the limitations of its range allow, accurately reflects the natural growth and evolution of our Poetry.

A rigidly chronological sequence, however, rather fits a collection aiming at instruction than at pleasure, and the Wisdom which comes through Pleasure :—within each book the pieces have therefore been arranged in gradations of feeling or subject. The development of the symphonies of Mozart and Beethoven has been here thought of as a model, and nothing placed without careful consideration. And it is hoped that the contents of this Anthology will thus be found to present a certain unity, ' as episodes,' in the noble language of Shelley, ' to that great Poem which all poets, like the co-operating thoughts of one great mind, have built up since the beginning of the world.'

As he closes his long survey, the Editor trusts he may add without egotism, that he has found the vague general verdict of popular Fame more just than those have thought, who, with too severe a criticism, would confine judgements on Poetry to ' the selected few of many generations.' Not many appear to have gained reputation without some gift or performance that, in due degree, deserved it : and if no verses by certain writers who show less strength than sweetness, or more thought than mastery in expression, are printed in this volume, it should not be imagined that they have been excluded without much hesitation and regret,—far less that they have been slighted. Throughout this vast and pathetic array of Singers now silent, few have been honoured with the name Poet, and have not possessed a skill in words, a sympathy with beauty, a tenderness of feeling, or seriousness in reflection, which render their works, although never perhaps attaining that loftier and finer excellence here required,—better worth reading than much of what fills the scanty hours that most men spare for self-improvement, or for pleasure in any of its more elevated and permanent forms.—And if this be true of even mediocre poetry, for

how much more are we indebted to the best! Like the fabled fountain of the Azores, but with a more various power, the magic of this Art can confer on each period of life its appropriate blessing: on early years Experience, on maturity Calm, on age Youthfulness. Poetry gives treasures 'more golden than gold,' leading us in higher and healthier ways than those of the world, and interpreting to us the lessons of Nature. But she speaks best for herself. Her true accents, if the plan has been executed with success, may be heard throughout the following pages:—wherever the Poets of England are honoured, wherever the dominant language of the world is spoken, it is hoped that they will find fit audience.

F. T. P.

NOTE

Samuel Rogers, who died in 1855, was the last poet included in *The Golden Treasury*. In this reprint additional poems are given representing the latter half of the nineteenth century. None but Mr. Palgrave could have grouped the newer poems in 'the most poetically-effective order,' as he conceived it, so they have been added in the chronological order of their authors. A few dates in the original selection have been corrected. With regard to copyright poems, Messrs. William Blackwood & Sons have kindly permitted the inclusion of George Eliot's 'O may I join the choir invisible'; Messrs. George Bell & Sons, Mr. Coventry Patmore's 'The Toys'; Messrs. Chatto & Windus, Mr. Arthur O'Shaughnessy's ode; and Mrs. Henley and Mr. Nutt, Mr. W. E. Henley's 'Out of the night that covers me.'

Advantage has been taken of a new impression to include four of Mr. Swinburne's poems, by the kind permission of Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY

BOOK FIRST

1

SPRING

Spring, the sweet Spring, is the year's pleasant
king ;
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The palm and may make country houses gay,
Lambs frisk and play, the shepherds pipe all day,
And we hear ay birds tune this merry lay,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !

The fields breathe sweet, the daisies kiss our feet,
Young lovers meet, old wives a-sunning sit,
In every street these tunes our ears do greet,
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo !
Spring ! the sweet Spring !

T. Nash.

2

SUMMONS TO LOVE

Phoebus, arise !
And paint the sable skies
With azure, white, and red :
Rouse Memnon's mother from her Tithon's bed
That she thy càreer may with roses spread :
The nightingales thy coming each-where sing :

Make an eternal spring,
Give life to this dark world which lieth dead ;
Spread forth thy golden hair
In larger locks than thou wast wont before,
And emperor-like decore
With diadem of pearl thy temples fair :
Chase hence the ugly night
Which serves but to make dear thy glorious light.

—This is that happy morn,
That day, long-wishéd day
Of all my life so dark,
(If cruel stars have not my ruin sworn
And fates my hopes betray),
Which, purely white, deserves
An everlasting diamond should it mark.
This is the morn should bring unto this grove
My Love, to hear and recompense my love.
Fair King, who all preserves,
But show thy blushing beams,
And thou two sweeter eyes
Shalt see than those which by Peneüs' streams
Did once thy heart surprise.
Now, Flora, deck thyself in fairest guise :
If that ye, winds, would hear
A voice surpassing far Amphion's lyre,
Your furious chiding stay ;
Let Zephyr only breathe,
And with her tresses play.
—The winds all silent are,
And Phoebus in his chair
Ensaffroning sea and air
Makes vanish every star :
Night like a drunkard reels
Beyond the hills, to shun his flaming wheels :
The fields with flowers are deck'd in every hue,
The clouds with orient gold spangle their blue ;
Here is the pleasant place—
And nothing wanting is, save She, alas !

W. Drummond of Hawthornden.

3

TIME AND LOVE

I

When I have seen by Time's fell hand defaced
  The rich proud cost of out-worn buried age ;
When sometime lofty towers I see down-razed,
  And brass eternal slave to mortal rage ;

When I have seen the hungry ocean gain
  Advantage on the kingdom of the shore,
And the firm soil win of the watery main,
  Increasing store with loss, and loss with store ;

When I have seen such interchange of state,
  Or state itself confounded to decay,
Ruin hath taught me thus to ruminate—
  That Time will come and take my Love away :

—This thought is as a death, which cannot choose
But weep to have that which it fears to lose.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

4

II

Since brass, nor stone, nor earth, nor boundless sea,
  But sad mortality o'ersways their power,
How with this rage shall beauty hold a plea,
  Whose action is no stronger than a flower ?

O how shall summer's honey breath hold out
  Against the wreckful siege of battering days,
When rocks impregnable are not so stout
  Nor gates of steel so strong, but time decays ?

O fearful meditation ! where, alack !
  Shall Time's best jewel from Time's chest lie hid?
Or what strong hand can hold his swift foot back,
  Or who his spoil of beauty can forbid ?

O ! none, unless this miracle have might,
That in black ink my love may still shine bright.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

5

THE PASSIONATE SHEPHERD TO HIS LOVE

Come live with me and be my Love,
And we will all the pleasures prove
That hills and valleys, dale and field,
And all the craggy mountains yield.

There will we sit upon the rocks
And see the shepherds feed their flocks,
By shallow rivers, to whose falls
Melodious birds sing madrigals.

There will I make thee beds of roses
And a thousand fragrant posies,
A cap of flowers, and a kirtle
Embroider'd all with leaves of myrtle.

A gown made of the finest wool,
Which from our pretty lambs we pull,
Fair linéd slippers for the cold,
With buckles of the purest gold.

A belt of straw and ivy buds
With coral clasps and amber studs :
And if these pleasures may thee move,
Come live with me and be my Love.

Thy silver dishes for thy meat
As precious as the gods do eat,
Shall on an ivory table be
Prepared each day for thee and me.

The shepherd swains shall dance and sing
For thy delight each May-morning :
If these delights thy mind may move,
Then live with me and be my Love.

C. MARLOWE.

6

A MADRIGAL

Crabbed Age and Youth
Cannot live together :
Youth is full of pleasance,
Age is full of care ;
Youth like summer morn,
Age like winter weather,
Youth like summer brave,
Age like winter bare :
Youth is full of sport,
Age's breath is short,
Youth is nimble, Age is lame :
Youth is hot and bold,
Age is weak and cold,
Youth is wild, and Age is tame :—
Age, I do abhor thee,
Youth, I do adore thee ;
O ! my Love, my Love is young !
Age, I do defy thee—
O sweet shepherd, hie thee,
For methinks thou stay'st too long.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

7

Under the greenwood tree
Who loves to lie with me,
And turn his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat—
Come hither, come hither, come hither !
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

Who doth ambition shun
And loves to live i' the sun,

Seeking the food he eats
And pleased with what he gets—
Come hither, come hither, come hither!
Here shall he see
No enemy
But winter and rough weather.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

8

It was a lover and his lass
With a hey and a ho, and a hey-nonino!
That o'er the green cornfield did pass
In the spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding ding:
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

Between the acres of the rye
These pretty country folks would lie:

This carol they began that hour,
How that a life was but a flower:

And therefore take the present time
With a hey and a ho, and a hey-nonino!
For love is crownéd with the prime
In spring time, the only pretty ring time,
When birds do sing hey ding a ding ding:
Sweet lovers love the Spring.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

9

PRESENT IN ABSENCE

Absence, hear thou my protestation
Against thy strength,
Distance, and length;
Do what thou canst for alteration:

For hearts of truest mettle
Absence doth join, and Time doth settle.

Who loves a mistress of such quality,
He soon hath found
Affection's ground
Beyond time, place, and all mortality.
To hearts that cannot vary
Absence is Present, Time doth tarry.

By absence this good means I gain,
That I can catch her,
Where none can watch her,
In some close corner of my brain :
There I embrace and kiss her ;
And so I both enjoy and miss her.

ANON.

10

ABSENCE

Being your slave, what should I do but tend
Upon the hours and times of your desire ?
I have no precious time at all to spend
Nor services to do, till you require :

Nor dare I chide the world-without-end hour
Whilst I, my sovereign, watch the clock for you,
Nor think the bitterness of absence sour
When you have bid your servant once adieu :

Nor dare I question with my jealous thought
Where you may be, or your affairs suppose,
But like a sad slave, stay and think of nought
Save, where you are, how happy you make those ;—

So true a fool is love, that in your will,
Though you do anything, he thinks no ill.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

11

How like a winter hath my absence been
From Thee, the pleasure of the fleeting year!
What freezings have I felt, what dark days seen,
What old December's bareness everywhere!

And yet this time removed was summer's time;
The teeming autumn, big with rich increase,
Bearing the wanton burden of the prime
Like widow'd wombs after their lords' decease:

Yet this abundant issue seem'd to me
But hope of orphans, and unfather'd fruit;
For summer and his pleasures wait on thee,
And, thou away, the very birds are mute;

Or if they sing, 'tis with so dull a cheer,
That leaves look pale, dreading the winter's near.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

12

A CONSOLATION

When in disgrace with fortune and men's eyes
I all alone beweep my outcast state,
And trouble deaf heaven with my bootless cries,
And look upon myself, and curse my fate;

Wishing me like to one more rich in hope,
Featured like him, like him with friends possest,
Desiring this man's art, and that man's scope,
With what I most enjoy contented least;

Yet in these thoughts myself almost despising,
Haply I think on Thee—and then my state,
Like to the lark at break of day arising
From sullen earth, sings hymns at heaven's gate;

For thy sweet love remember'd such wealth brings,
That then I scorn to change my state with kings.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

13

THE UNCHANGEABLE

O never say that I was false of heart,
Though absence seem'd my flame to qualify :
As easy might I from myself depart
As from my soul, which in thy breast doth lie ;

That is my home of love ; if I have ranged,
Like him that travels, I return again,
Just to the time, not with the time exchanged,
So that myself bring water for my stain.

Never believe, though in my nature reign'd
All frailties that besiege all kinds of blood,
That it could so preposterously be stain'd
To leave for nothing all thy sum of good :

For nothing this wide universe I call,
Save thou, my rose : in it thou art my all.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

14

To me, fair Friend, you never can be old,
For as you were when first your eye I eyed
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold
Have from the forests shook three summers' pride ;

Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd
In process of the seasons have I seen,
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,
Since first I saw you fresh, which yet are green.

Ah ! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived ;
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived :

For fear of which, hear this, thou age unbred,—
Ere you were born, was beauty's summer dead.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

15

DIAPHENIA

Diaphenia like the daffadowndilly,
White as the sun, fair as the lily,
Heigh ho, how I do love thee !
I do love thee as my lambs
Are belovéd of their dams ;
How blest were I if thou would'st prove me.

Diaphenia like the spreading roses,
That in thy sweets all sweets encloses,
Fair sweet, how I do love thee !
I do love thee as each flower
Loves the sun's life-giving power ;
For dead, thy breath to life might move me.

Diaphenia like to all things blesséd
When all thy praises are expresséd,
Dear joy, how I do love thee !
As the birds do love the spring,
Or the bees their careful king :
Then in requite, sweet virgin, love me !

H. CONSTABLE.

16

ROSALYNDE

Like to the clear in highest sphere
Where all imperial glory shines,
Of selfsame colour is her hair
Whether unfolded, or in twines :
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde !
Her eyes are sapphires set in snow,
Resembling heaven by every wink ;
The Gods do fear whenas they glow,
And I do tremble when I think
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her cheeks are like the blushing cloud
That beautifies Aurora's face,
Or like the silver crimson shroud
That Phoebus' smiling looks doth grace ;
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde !
Her lips are like two budded roses
Whom ranks of lilies neighbour nigh,
Within which bounds she balm encloses
Apt to entice a deity :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Her neck is like a stately tower
Where Love himself imprison'd lies,
To watch for glances every hour
From her divine and sacred eyes :
Heigh ho, for Rosalynde !
Her paps are centres of delight,
Her breasts are orbs of heavenly frame,
Where Nature moulds the dew of light
To feed perfection with the same :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

With orient pearl, with ruby red,
With marble white, with sapphire blue
Her body every way is fed,
Yet soft in touch and sweet in view :
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde !
Nature herself her shape admires ;
The Gods are wounded in her sight ;
And Love forsakes his heavenly fires
And at her eyes his brand doth light :
Heigh ho, would she were mine !

Then muse not, Nymphs, though I bemoan
The absence of fair Rosalynde,
Since for a fair there's fairer none,
Nor for her virtues so divine :
Heigh ho, fair Rosalynde ;
Heigh ho, my heart ! would God that she were mine !

T. Lodge.

17

COLIN

Beauty sat bathing by a spring
  Where fairest shades did hide her ;
The winds blew calm, the birds did sing,
  The cool streams ran beside her.
My wanton thoughts enticed mine eye
  To see what was forbidden :
But better memory said, fie !
  So vain desire was chidden :—
    Hey nonny nonny O !
    Hey nonny nonny !

Into a slumber then I fell,
  When fond imagination
Seem'd to see, but could not tell
  Her feature or her fashion.
But ev'n as babes in dreams do smile,
  And sometimes fall a-weeping,
So I awaked, as wise this while
  As when I fell a-sleeping :—
    Hey nonny nonny O !
    Hey nonny nonny !

THE SHEPHERD TONY.

18

TO HIS LOVE

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day ?
  Thou art more lovely and more temperate :
Rough winds do shake the darling buds of May,
  And summer's lease hath all too short a date :

Sometime too hot the eye of heaven shines,
  And often is his gold complexion dimm'd :
And every fair from fair sometime declines,
  By chance, or nature's changing course, untrimm'd.

But thy eternal summer shall not fade
Nor lose possession of that fair thou owest ;
Nor shall death brag thou wanderest in his shade,
When in eternal lines to time thou growest :

So long as men can breathe, or eyes can see,
So long lives this, and this gives life to thee.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

19

TO HIS LOVE

When in the chronicle of wasted time
I see descriptions of the fairest wights,
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme
In praise of ladies dead, and lovely knights ;

Then in the blazon of sweet beauty's best
Of hand, of foot, of lip, of eye, of brow,
I see their antique pen would have exprest
Ev'n such a beauty as you master now.

So all their praises are but prophecies
Of this our time, all you prefiguring ;
And, for they look'd but with divining eyes,
They had not skill enough your worth to sing :

For we, which now behold these present days,
Have eyes to wonder but lack tongues to praise.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

20

LOVE'S PERJURIES

On a day, alack the day !
Love, whose month is ever May,
Spied a blossom passing fair
Playing in the wanton air :
Through the velvet leaves the wind,
All unseen, 'gan passage find ;

That the lover, sick to death,
Wish'd himself the heaven's breath.
Air, quoth he, thy cheeks may blow ;
Air, would I might triumph so !
But, alack, my hand is sworn
Ne'er to pluck thee from thy thorn :
Vow, alack, for youth unmeet ;
Youth so apt to pluck a sweet.
Do not call it sin in me
That I am forsworn for thee :
Thou for whom Jove would swear
Juno but an Ethiope were,
And deny himself for Jove,
Turning mortal for thy love.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

21

A SUPPLICATION

Forget not yet the tried intent
Of such a truth as I have meant ;
My great travail so gladly spent,
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet when first began
The weary life ye know, since whan
The suit, the service none tell can ;
Forget not yet !

Forget not yet the great assays,
The cruel wrong, the scornful ways,
The painful patience in delays,
Forget not yet !

Forget not ! O, forget not this,
How long ago hath been, and is
The mind that never meant amiss—
Forget not yet !

Forget not then thine own approved
The which so long hath thee so loved,
Whose steadfast faith yet never moved—
Forget not this !

SIR T. WYATT.

22

TO AURORA

O if thou knew'st how thou thyself dost harm,
And dost prejudge thy bliss, and spoil my rest ;
Then thou would'st melt the ice out of thy breast
And thy relenting heart would kindly warm.

O if thy pride did not our joys controul,
What world of loving wonders should'st thou see!
For if I saw thee once transform'd in me,
Then in thy bosom I would pour my soul ;

Then all my thoughts should in thy visage shine,
And if that aught mischanced thou should'st not moan
Nor bear the burthen of thy griefs alone ;
No, I would have my share in what were thine :

And whilst we thus should make our sorrows one,
This happy harmony would make them none.

W. ALEXANDER, EARL OF STERLINE.

23

TRUE LOVE

Let me not to the marriage of true minds
Admit impediments. Love is not love
Which alters when it alteration finds,
Or bends with the remover to remove :—

O no ! it is an ever-fixéd mark
That looks on tempests, and is never shaken ;
It is the star to every wandering bark,
Whose worth's unknown, although his height be taken.

Love's not Time's fool, though rosy lips and cheeks
Within his bending sickle's compass come ;
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,
But bears it out ev'n to the edge of doom :—

If this be error, and upon me proved,
I never writ, nor no man ever loved.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

24

A DITTY

My true-love hath my heart, and I have his,
By just exchange one for another given :
I hold his dear, and mine he cannot miss,
There never was a better bargain driven :
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

His heart in me keeps him and me in one,
My heart in him his thoughts and senses guides :
He loves my heart, for once it was his own,
I cherish his because in me it bides :
My true-love hath my heart, and I have his.

SIR P. SIDNEY.

25

LOVE'S OMNIPRESENCE

Were I as base as is the lowly plain,
And you, my Love, as high as heaven above,
Yet should the thoughts of me your humble swain
Ascend to heaven, in honour of my Love.

Were I as high as heaven above the plain,
And you, my Love, as humble and as low
As are the deepest bottoms of the main,
Wheresoe'er you were, with you my love should go.

Were you the earth, dear Love, and I the skies,
My love should shine on you like to the sun,
And look upon you with ten thousand eyes
Till heaven wax'd blind, and till the world were done.

Wheresoe'er I am, below, or else above you,
Wheresoe'er you are, my heart shall truly love you.

J. SYLVESTER.

26

CARPE DIEM

O Mistress mine, where are you roaming ?
O stay and hear ! your true-love's coming
That can sing both high and low ;
Trip no further, pretty sweeting,
Journeys end in lovers' meeting—
Every wise man's son doth know.

What is love ? 'tis not hereafter ;
Present mirth hath present laughter ;
What's to come is still unsure :
In delay there lies no plenty,—
Then come kiss me, Sweet-and-twenty,
Youth's a stuff will not endure.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

27

WINTER

When icicles hang by the wall
And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,
And Tom bears logs into the hall,
And milk comes frozen home in pail ;
When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tuwhoo !
Tuwhit ! tuwhoo ! A merry note !
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,
And coughing drowns the parson's saw,
And birds sit brooding in the snow,
And Marian's nose looks red and raw;
When roasted crabs hiss in the bowl—
Then nightly sings the staring owl
Tuwhoo!
Tuwhit! tuwhoo! A merry note!
While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

28

That time of year thou may'st in me behold
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,
Bare ruin'd choirs, where late the sweet birds sang.

In me thou see'st the twilight of such day
As after sunset fadeth in the west,
Which by and by black night doth take away,
Death's second self, that seals up all in rest.

In me thou see'st the glowing of such fire,
That on the ashes of his youth doth lie
As the death-bed whereon it must expire,
Consumed with that which it was nourish'd by:

—This thou perceiv'st, which makes thy love more strong,
To love that well which thou must leave ere long.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

29

REMEMBRANCE

When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past,
I sigh the lack of many a thing I sought,
And with old woes new wail my dear time's waste;

Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death's dateless night,
And weep afresh love's long-since-cancell'd woe,
And moan the expense of many a vanish'd sight.

Then can I grieve at grievances foregone,
And heavily from woe to woe tell o'er
The sad account of fore-bemoanéd moan,
Which I new pay as if not paid before :

—But if the while I think on thee, dear friend,
All losses are restored, and sorrows end.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

30

REVOLUTIONS

Like as the waves make towards the pebbled shore,
So do our minutes hasten to their end ;
Each changing place with that which goes before,
In sequent toil all forwards do contend.

Nativity, once in the main of light,
Crawls to maturity, wherewith being crown'd,
Crooked eclipses 'gainst his glory fight,
And Time that gave doth now his gift confound.

Time doth transfix the flourish set on youth,
And delves the parallels in beauty's brow ;
Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth,
And nothing stands but for his scythe to mow :

And yet, to times in hope, my verse shall stand
Praising thy worth, despite his cruel hand.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

31

Farewell ! thou art too dear for my possessing,
And like enough thou know'st thy estimate :
The charter of thy worth gives thee releasing ;
My bonds in thee are all determinate.

For how do I hold thee but by thy granting ?
And for that riches where is my deserving ?
The cause of this fair gift in me is wanting,
And so my patent back again is swerving.

Thyself thou gav'st, thy own worth then not knowing,
Or me, to whom thou gav'st it, else mistaking ;
So thy great gift, upon misprision growing,
Comes home again, on better judgement making.

Thus have I had thee as a dream doth flatter ;
In sleep, a king ; but waking, no such matter.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

32

THE LIFE WITHOUT PASSION

They that have power to hurt, and will do none,
That do not do the thing they most do show,
Who, moving others, are themselves as stone,
Unmovéd, cold, and to temptation slow,—

They rightly do inherit Heaven's graces,
And husband nature's riches from expense ;
They are the lords and owners of their faces,
Others, but stewards of their excellence.

The summer's flower is to the summer sweet,
Though to itself it only live and die ;
But if that flower with base infection meet,
The basest weed outbraves his dignity :

For sweetest things turn sourest by their deeds ;
Lilies that fester smell far worse than weeds.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

33

THE LOVER'S APPEAL

And wilt thou leave me thus ?
  Say nay ! say nay ! for shame !
  To save thee from the blame
  Of all my grief and grame.
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
    Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
  That hath loved thee so long
  In wealth and woe among ?
  And is thy heart so strong
As for to leave me thus ?
    Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
  That hath given thee my heart
  Never for to depart
  Neither for pain nor smart ?
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
    Say nay ! say nay !

And wilt thou leave me thus,
  And have no more pity
  Of him that loveth thee ?
  Alas ! thy cruelty !
And wilt thou leave me thus ?
    Say nay ! say nay !

SIR T. WYATT.

34

THE NIGHTINGALE

As it fell upon a day
In the merry month of May,
Sitting in a pleasant shade
Which a grove of myrtles made,

Beasts did leap and birds did sing,
Trees did grow and plants did spring,
Every thing did banish moan
Save the Nightingale alone.
She, poor bird, as all forlorn,
Lean'd her breast up-till a thorn,
And there sung the dolefull'st ditty
That to hear it was great pity.
Fie, fie, fie, now would she cry ;
Tereu, tereu, by and by :
That to hear her so complain
Scarce I could from tears refrain ;
For her griefs so lively shown
Made me think upon mine own.
—Ah, thought I, thou mourn'st in vain,
None takes pity on thy pain :
Senseless trees, they cannot hear thee,
Ruthless beasts, they will not cheer thee ;
King Pandion, he is dead,
All thy friends are lapp'd in lead :
All thy fellow birds do sing
Careless of thy sorrowing :
Even so, poor bird, like thee
None alive will pity me.

R. Barnfield.

35

Care-charmer Sleep, son of the sable Night,
Brother to Death, in silent darkness born,
Relieve my languish, and restore the light ;
With dark forgetting of my care return.

And let the day be time enough to mourn
The shipwreck of my ill-adventured youth :
Let waking eyes suffice to wail their scorn,
Without the torment of the night's untruth.

Cease, dreams, the images of day-desires,
To model forth the passions of the morrow ;

Never let rising Sun approve you liars
To add more grief to aggravate my sorrow :
Still let me sleep, embracing clouds in vain,
And never wake to feel the day's disdain.

S. DANIEL.

36

MADRIGAL

Take, O take those lips away
That so sweetly were forsworn,
And those eyes, the break of day,
Lights that do mislead the morn :
But my kisses bring again,
Bring again—
Seals of love, but seal'd in vain,
Seal'd in vain !

W. SHAKESPEARE.

37

LOVE'S FAREWELL

Since there's no help, come let us kiss and part,—
Nay I have done, you get no more of me ;
And I am glad, yea, glad with all my heart,
That thus so cleanly I myself can free ;

Shake hands for ever, cancel all our vows,
And when we meet at any time again,
Be it not seen in either of our brows
That we one jot of former love retain.

Now at the last gasp of love's latest breath,
When, his pulse failing, passion speechless lies,
When faith is kneeling by his bed of death,
And innocence is closing up his eyes,

—Now if thou would'st, when all have given him over,
From death to life thou might'st him yet recover !

M. DRAYTON.

38

TO HIS LUTE

My lute, be as thou wert when thou didst grow
With thy green mother in some shady grove,
When immelodious winds but made thee move,
And birds their ramage did on thee bestow.

Since that dear Voice which did thy sounds approve,
Which wont in such harmonious strains to flow,
Is reft from Earth to tune those spheres above,
What art thou but a harbinger of woe?

Thy pleasing notes be pleasing notes no more,
But orphans' wailings to the fainting ear;
Each stroke a sigh, each sound draws forth a tear;
For which be silent as in woods before:

Or if that any hand to touch thee deign,
Like widow'd turtle still her loss complain.

W. Drummond.

39

BLIND LOVE

O me! what eyes hath love put in my head
Which have no correspondence with true sight:
Or if they have, where is my judgement fled
That censures falsely what they see aright?

If that be fair whereon my false eyes dote,
What means the world to say it is not so?
If it be not, then love doth well denote
Love's eye is not so true as all men's: No,

How can it? O how can love's eye be true,
That is so vex'd with watching and with tears?
No marvel then though I mistake my view:
The sun itself sees not till heaven clears.

O cunning Love! with tears thou keep'st me blind,
Lest eyes well-seeing thy foul faults should find!

W. Shakespeare.

40

THE UNFAITHFUL SHEPHERDESS

While that the sun with his beams hot
  Scorchéd the fruits in vale and mountain,
Philon the shepherd, late forgot,
  Sitting beside a crystal fountain,
    In shadow of a green oak tree
    Upon his pipe this song play'd he :
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love ;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

So long as I was in your sight
  I was your heart, your soul, and treasure ;
And evermore you sobb'd and sigh'd
  Burning in flames beyond all measure :
    —Three days endured your love to me,
    And it was lost in other three !
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love ;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Another Shepherd you did see
  To whom your heart was soon enchainéd ;
Full soon your love was leapt from me,
  Full soon my place he had obtainéd.
    Soon came a third, your love to win,
    And we were out and he was in.
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love ;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

Sure you have made me passing glad
  That you your mind so soon removéd,
Before that I the leisure had
  To choose you for my best belovéd :

For all your love was past and done
Two days before it was begun :—
Adieu Love, adieu Love, untrue Love,
Untrue Love, untrue Love, adieu Love ;
Your mind is light, soon lost for new love.

ANON.

41

A RENUNCIATION

If women could be fair, and yet not fond,
Or that their love were firm, not fickle still,
I would not marvel that they make men bond
By service long to purchase their good will ;
But when I see how frail those creatures are,
I muse that men forget themselves so far.

To mark the choice they make, and how they change,
How oft from Phoebus they do flee to Pan ;
Unsettled still, like haggards wild they range,
These gentle birds that fly from man to man :
Who would not scorn and shake them from the fist,
And let them fly, fair fools, which way they list ?

Yet for disport we fawn and flatter both,
To pass the time when nothing else can please,
And train them to our lure with subtle oath,
Till, weary of their wiles, ourselves we ease ;
And then we say when we their fancy try,
To play with fools, O what a fool was I !

E. VERE, EARL OF OXFORD.

42

Blow, blow, thou winter wind,
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude ;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.

Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky,
That dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot :
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remember'd not.
Heigh ho ! sing heigh ho ! unto the green holly :
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly :
Then, heigh ho ! the holly !
This life is most jolly.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

43

MADRIGAL

My thoughts hold mortal strife
I do detest my life,
And with lamenting cries,
Peace to my soul to bring,
Oft call that prince which here doth monarchize :
—But he, grim grinning King,
Who caitiffs scorns, and doth the blest surprise,
Late having deck'd with beauty's rose his tomb,
Disdains to crop a weed, and will not come.

W. DRUMMOND.

44

DIRGE OF LOVE

Come away, come away, Death,
And in sad cypres let me be laid ;
Fly away, fly away, breath ;
I am slain by a fair cruel maid.

My shroud of white, stuck all with yew,
O prepare it !
My part of death, no one so true
Did share it.

Not a flower, not a flower sweet
On my black coffin let there be strown ;
Not a friend, not a friend greet
My poor corpse, where my bones shall be thrown :
A thousand thousand sighs to save,
Lay me, O where
Sad true lover never find my grave,
To weep there.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

45

FIDELE

Fear no more the heat o' the sun
Nor the furious winter's rages ;
Thou thy worldly task hast done,
Home art gone and ta'en thy wages :
Golden lads and girls all must,
As chimney-sweepers, come to dust.

Fear no more the frown o' the great,
Thou art past the tyrant's stroke ;
Care no more to clothe and eat ;
To thee the reed is as the oak :
The sceptre, learning, physic, must
All follow this, and come to dust.

Fear no more the lightning-flash
Nor the all-dreaded thunder-stone ;
Fear not slander, censure rash ;
Thou hast finish'd joy and moan :
All lovers young, all lovers must
Consign to thee, and come to dust.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

46

A SEA DIRGE

Full fathom five thy father lies :
Of his bones are coral made ;
Those are pearls that were his eyes :
Nothing of him that doth fade
But doth suffer a sea-change
Into something rich and strange.
Sea-nymphs hourly ring his knell :
Hark ! now I hear them,—
Ding, dong, bell.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

47

A LAND DIRGE

Call for the robin-redbreast and the wren,
Since o'er shady groves they hover
And with leaves and flowers do cover
The friendless bodies of unburied men.
Call unto his funeral dole
The ant, the field-mouse, and the mole,
To rear him hillocks that shall keep him warm
And (when gay tombs are robb'd) sustain no harm :
But keep the wolf far thence, that's foe to men,
For with his nails he'll dig them up again.

J. WEBSTER.

48

POST MORTEM

If thou survive my well-contented day
When that churl Death my bones with dust shall cover,
And shalt by fortune once more re-survey
These poor rude lines of thy deceaséd lover ;

Compare them with the bettering of the time,
And though they be outstripp'd by every pen,
Reserve them for my love, not for their rhyme
Exceeded by the height of happier men.

O then vouchsafe me but this loving thought—
'Had my friend's muse grown with this growing age,
A dearer birth than this his love had brought,
To march in ranks of better equipage:

But since he died, and poets better prove,
Theirs for their style I'll read, his for his love.'

W. SHAKESPEARE.

49

THE TRIUMPH OF DEATH

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Than you shall hear the surly sullen bell
Give warning to the world, that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell:

Nay, if you read this line, remember not
The hand that writ it; for I love you so,
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.

O if, I say, you look upon this verse
When I perhaps compounded am with clay,
Do not so much as my poor name rehearse,
But let your love even with my life decay;

Lest the wise world should look into your moan,
And mock you with me after I am gone.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

50

MADRIGAL

Tell me where is Fancy bred,
Or in the heart, or in the head?
How begot, how nourishéd?
Reply, reply.

It is engender'd in the eyes,
With gazing fed ; and Fancy dies
In the cradle where it lies :
Let us all ring Fancy's knell ;
I'll begin it,—Ding, dong, bell.
—Ding, dong, bell.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

51

CUPID AND CAMPASPE

Cupid and my Campaspe play'd
At cards for kisses ; Cupid paid :
He stakes his quiver, bow, and arrows,
His mother's doves, and team of sparrows ;
Loses them too ; then down he throws
The coral of his lip, the rose
Growing on 's cheek (but none knows how) ;
With these, the crystal of his brow,
And then the dimple of his chin ;
All these did my Campaspe win :
At last he set her both his eyes—
She won, and Cupid blind did rise.
O Love ! has she done this to thee ?
What shall, alas ! become of me ?

J. LYLY.

52

Pack, clouds, away, and welcome day,
With night we banish sorrow ;
Sweet air blow soft, mount lark aloft
To give my Love good-morrow !
Wings from the wind to please her mind
Notes from the lark I'll borrow ;
Bird prune thy wing, nightingale sing,
To give my Love good-morrow ;
To give my Love good-morrow
Notes from them all I'll borrow.

Wake from thy nest, Robin-red-breast,
Sing birds in every furrow ;
And from each bill, let music shrill
Give my fair Love good-morrow !
Blackbird and thrush in every bush,
Stare, linnet, and cock-sparrow.
You pretty elves, amongst yourselves
Sing my fair Love good-morrow !
To give my Love good-morrow
Sing birds in every furrow !

T. HEYWOOD.

53

PROTHALAMION

Calm was the day, and through the trembling air
Sweet-breathing Zephyrus did softly play—
A gentle spirit, that lightly did delay
Hot Titan's beams, which then did glister fair ;
When I (whom sullen care,
Through discontent of my long fruitless stay
In princes' court, and expectation vain
Of idle hopes, which still do fly away
Like empty shadows, did afflict my brain)
Walk'd forth to ease my pain
Along the shore of silver-streaming Thames ;
Whose rutty bank, the which his river hems,
Was painted all with variable flowers,
And all the meads adorn'd with dainty gems
Fit to deck maidens' bowers,
And crown their paramours
Against the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

There in a meadow by the river's side
A flock of nymphs I chancéd to espy,
All lovely daughters of the flood thereby,
With goodly greenish locks all loose untied
As each had been a bride ;

And each one had a little wicker basket
Made of fine twigs, entrailéd curiously,
In which they gather'd flowers to fill their flasket,
And with fine fingers cropt full feateously
The tender stalks on high.
Of every sort which in that meadow grew
They gather'd some ; the violet, pallid blue,
The little daisy that at evening closes,
The virgin lily and the primrose true,
With store of vermeil roses,
To deck their bridegrooms' posies
Against the bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

With that I saw two swans of goodly hue
Come softly swimming down along the lee ;
Two fairer birds I yet did never see ;
The snow which doth the top of Pindus strow
Did never whiter show,
Nor Jove himself, when he a swan would be
For love of Leda, whiter did appear ;
Yet Leda was (they say) as white as he,
Yet not so white as these, nor nothing near ;
So purely white they were,
That even the gentle stream, the which them bare,
Seem'd foul to them, and bade his billows spare
To wet their silken feathers, lest they might
Soil their fair plumes with water not so fair,
And mar their beauties bright,
That shone as Heaven's light
Against their bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

Eftsoons the nymphs, which now had flowers their fill,
Ran all in haste to see that silver brood
As they came floating on the crystal flood :
Whom when they saw, they stood amazéd still
Their wondering eyes to fill ;
Them seem'd they never saw a sight so fair
Of fowls, so lovely, that they sure did deem
Them heavenly born, or to be that same pair

Which through the sky draw Venus' silver team ;
For sure they did not seem
To be begot of any earthly seed,
But rather angels, or of angels' breed ;
Yet were they bred of summer's heat, they say,
In sweetest season, when each flower and weed
The earth did fresh array ;
So fresh they seem'd as day,
Even as their bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

Then forth they all out of their baskets drew
Great store of flowers, the honour of the field,
That to the sense did fragrant odours yield,
All which upon those goodly birds they threw
And all the waves did strew,
That like old Peneus' waters they did seem
When down along by pleasant Tempe's shore
Scatter'd with flowers, through Thessaly they stream,
That they appear, through lilies' plenteous store,
Like a bride's chamber-floor.
Two of those nymphs meanwhile two garlands bound
Of freshest flowers which in that mead they found,
The which presenting all in trim array,
Their snowy foreheads therewithal they crown'd ;
Whilst one did sing this lay
Prepared against that day,
Against their bridal day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

'Ye gentle birds ! the world's fair ornament,
And Heaven's glory, whom this happy hour
Doth lead unto your lovers' blissful bower,
Joy may you have, and gentle heart's content
Of your love's couplement ;
And let fair Venus, that is queen of love,
With her heart-quelling son upon you smile,
Whose smile, they say, hath virtue to remove
All love's dislike, and friendship's faulty guile
For ever to assoil.

Let endless peace your steadfast hearts accord,
And blessed plenty wait upon your board :
And let your bed with pleasures chaste abound,
That fruitful issue may to you afford
Which may your foes confound,
And make your joys redound
Upon your bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.'

So ended she ; and all the rest around
To her redoubled that her undersong,
Which said their bridal day should not be long :
And gentle Echo from the neighbour ground
Their accents did resound.
So forth those joyous birds did pass along
Adown the lee that to them murmur'd low,
As he would speak but that he lack'd a tongue,
Yet did by signs his glad affection show,
Making his stream run slow.
And all the fowl which in his flood did dwell
'Gan flock about these twain, that did excel
The rest, so far as Cynthia doth shend
The lesser stars. So they, enrangéd well,
Did on those two attend,
And their best service lend
Against their wedding day, which was not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

At length they all to merry London came,
To merry London, my most kindly nurse,
That to me gave this life's first native source,
Though from another place I take my name,
An house of ancient fame :
There when they came whereas those bricky towers
The which on Thames' broad aged back do ride,
Where now the studious lawyers have their bowers,
There whilome wont the Templar-knights to bide,
Till they decay'd through pride ;
Next whereunto there stands a stately place,
Where oft I gainéd gifts and goodly grace

Of that great lord, which therein wont to dwell,
Whose want too well now feels my friendless case ;
But ah ! here fits not well
Old woes, but joys, to tell
Against the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

Yet therein now doth lodge a noble peer,
Great England's glory and the world's wide wonder,
Whose dreadful name late through all Spain did thunder,
And Hercules' two pillars standing near
Did make to quake and fear :
Fair branch of honour, flower of chivalry !
That fillest England with thy triumphs' fame,
Joy have thou of thy noble victory,
And endless happiness of thine own name
That promiseth the same ;
That through thy prowess and victorious arms
Thy country may be freed from foreign harms,
And great Eliza's glorious name may ring
Through all the world, fill'd with thy wide alarms,
Which some brave Muse may sing
To ages following,
Upon the bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

From those high towers this noble lord issúing
Like radiant Hesper, when his golden hair
In th' ocean billows he hath bathéd fair,
Descended to the river's open viewing
With a great train ensuing.
Above the rest were goodly to be seen
Two gentle knights of lovely face and feature,
Beseeming well the bower of any queen,
With gifts of wit and ornaments of nature,
Fit for so goodly stature,
That like the twins of Jove they seem'd in sight
Which deck the baldric of the Heavens bright ;

They two, forth pacing to the river's side,
Received those two fair brides, their love's delight ;
Which, at th' appointed tide,
Each one did make his bride
Against their bridal day, which is not long :
Sweet Thames ! run softly, till I end my song.

E. SPENSER.

54

THE HAPPY HEART

Art thou poor, yet hast thou golden slumbers ?
O sweet content !
Art thou rich, yet is thy mind perplexed ?
O punishment !
Dost thou laugh to see how fools are vexed
To add to golden numbers, golden numbers ?
O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

Canst drink the waters of the crispéd spring ?
O sweet content !
Swimm'st thou in wealth, yet sink'st in thine own tears ?
O punishment !
Then he that patiently want's burden bears
No burden bears, but is a king, a king !
O sweet content ! O sweet, O sweet content !
Work apace, apace, apace, apace ;
Honest labour bears a lovely face ;
Then hey nonny nonny, hey nonny nonny !

T. DEKKER.

55

This Life, which seems so fair,
Is like a bubble blown up in the air
By sporting children's breath,
Who chase it everywhere
And strive who can most motion it bequeath.
And though it sometime seem of its own might

Like to an eye of gold, to be fix'd there,
And firm to hover in that empty height,
That only is because it is so light.
—But in that pomp it doth not long appear ;
For, when 'tis most admired, in a thought,
Because it erst was nought, it turns to nought.

W. DRUMMOND.

56

SOUL AND BODY

Poor Soul, the centre of my sinful earth,
[Fool'd by] those rebel powers that thee array,
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay ?

Why so large cost, having so short a lease,
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend ?
Shall worms, inheritors of this excess,
Eat up thy charge ? is this thy body's end ?

Then, Soul, live thou upon thy servant's loss,
And let that pine to aggravate thy store ;
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross ;
Within be fed, without be rich no more :—

So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,
And death once dead, there's no more dying then.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

57

LIFE

The World's a bubble, and the Life of Man
Less than a span :
In his conception wretched, from the womb
So to the tomb ;
Curst from the cradle, and brought up to years
With cares and fears.
Who then to frail mortality shall trust,
But limns the water, or but writes in dust.

Yet since with sorrow here we live oppress,
What life is best ?
Courts are but only superficial schools
To dandle fools :
The rural parts are turn'd into a den
Of savage men :
And where's a city from all vice so free,
But may be term'd the worst of all the three ?

Domestic cares afflict the husband's bed,
Or pains his head :
Those that live single, take it for a curse,
Or do things worse :
Some would have children : those that have them moan
Or wish them gone :
What is it, then, to have, or have no wife,
But single thraldom, or a double strife ?

Our own affections still at home to please
Is a disease :
To cross the sea to any foreign soil,
Perils and toil :
Wars with their noise affright us ; when they cease,
We are worse in peace ;—
What then remains, but that we still should cry
Not to be born, or, being born, to die ?

LORD BACON.

58

THE LESSONS OF NATURE

Of this fair volume which we World do name
If we the sheets and leaves could turn with care,
Of Him who it corrects, and did it frame.
We clear might read the art and wisdom rare :

Find out His power which wildest powers doth tame,
His providence extending everywhere.
His justice which proud rebels doth not spare,
In every page, no period of the same.

But silly we, like foolish children, rest
Well pleased with colour'd vellum, leaves of gold.
Fair dangling ribbands, leaving what is best,
On the great Writer's sense ne'er taking hold ;

Or if by chance we stay our minds on aught,
It is some picture on the margin wrought.

W. Drummond.

59

Doth then the world go thus, doth all thus move ?
Is this the justice which on Earth we find ?
Is this that firm decree which all both bind ?
Are these your influences, Powers above ?

Those souls which vice's moody mists most blind,
Blind Fortune, blindly, most their friend doth prove;
And they who thee, poor idol, Virtue ! love,
Ply like a feather toss'd by storm and wind.

Ah ! if a Providence doth sway this all,
Why should best minds groan under most distress ?
Or why should pride humility make thrall,
And injuries the innocent oppress ?

Heavens ! hinder, stop this fate ; or grant a time
When good may have, as well as bad, their prime.

W. Drummond.

60

THE WORLD'S WAY

Tired with all these, for restful death I cry—
As, to behold desert a beggar born,
And needy nothing trimm'd in jollity,
And purest faith unhappily forsworn,

And gilded honour shamefully misplaced,
And maiden virtue rudely strumpeted,
And right perfection wrongfully disgraced,
And strength by limping sway disabled,

And art made tongue-tied by authority,
And folly, doctor-like, controlling skill,
And simple truth miscall'd simplicity,
And captive Good attending captain Ill :—

—Tired with all these, from these would I be gone,
Save that, to die, I leave my Love alone.

W. SHAKESPEARE.

61

SAINT JOHN BAPTIST

The last and greatest Herald of Heaven's King
Girt with rough skins, hies to the deserts wild,
Among that savage brood the woods forth bring,
Which he more harmless found than man, and mild.

His food was locusts, and what there doth spring,
With honey that from virgin hives distill'd ;
Parch'd body, hollow eyes, some uncouth thing
Made him appear, long since from earth exiled.

There burst he forth : ' All ye whose hopes rely
On God, with me amidst these deserts mourn,
Repent, repent, and from old errors turn ! '
—Who listen'd to his voice, obey'd his cry ?

Only the echoes, which he made relent,
Rung from their flinty caves, Repent ! Repent !

W. DRUMMOND.

BOOK SECOND

62

ODE ON THE MORNING OF CHRIST'S NATIVITY

This is the month, and this the happy morn
Wherein the Son of Heaven's Eternal King
Of wedded maid and virgin mother born,
Our great redemption from above did bring;
For so the holy sages once did sing
That He our deadly forfeit should release,
And with His Father work us a perpetual peace.

That glorious Form, that Light unsufferable,
And that far-beaming blaze of Majesty
Wherewith He wont at Heaven's high council-table
To sit the midst of Trinal Unity,
He laid aside; and, here with us to be,
Forsook the courts of everlasting day,
And chose with us a darksome house of mortal clay.

Say, heavenly Muse, shall not thy sacred vein
Afford a present to the Infant God?
Hast thou no verse, no hymn, or solemn strain
To welcome Him to this His new abode,
Now while the heaven, by the sun's team untrod,
Hath took no print of the approaching light,
And all the spangled host keep watch in squadrons bright?

See how from far, upon the eastern road,
The star-led wizards haste with odours sweet:
O run, prevent them with thy humble ode
And lay it lowly at His blessed feet;

Have thou the honour first thy Lord to greet,
And join thy voice unto the angel quire
From out His secret altar touch'd with hallow'd fire.

THE HYMN

It was the winter wild
While the heaven-born Child
All meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies ;
Nature in awe to Him
Had doff'd her gaudy trim,
With her great Master so to sympathize :
It was no season then for her
To wanton with the sun, her lusty paramour.

Only with speeches fair
She woos the gentle air
To hide her guilty front with innocent snow ;
And on her naked shame,
Pollute with sinful blame,
The saintly veil of maiden white to throw ;
Confounded, that her Maker's eyes
Should look so near upon her foul deformities.

But He, her fears to cease,
Sent down the meek-eyed Peace ;
She, crown'd with olive green, came softly sliding
Down through the turning sphere,
His ready harbinger,
With turtle wing the amorous clouds dividing ;
And waving wide her myrtle wand,
She strikes a universal peace through sea and land.

No war, or battle's sound
Was heard the world around :
The idle spear and shield were high uphung ;
The hookéd chariot stood
Unstain'd with hostile blood ;
The trumpet spake not to the arméd throng ;
And kings sat still with awful eye,
As if they surely knew their sovran Lord was by.

But peaceful was the night
Wherein the Prince of Light
His reign of peace upon the earth began :
The winds, with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kist,
Whispering new joys to the mild oceán—
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charméd wave.

The stars, with deep amaze,
Stand fix'd in steadfast gaze,
Bending one way their precious influence ;
And will not take their flight
For all the morning light,
Or Lucifer that often warn'd them thence ;
But in their glimmering orbs did glow
Until their Lord Himself bespake, and bid them go.

And though the shady gloom
Had given day her room,
The sun himself withheld his wonted speed,
And hid his head for shame,
As his inferior flame
The new-enlighten'd world no more should need :
He saw a greater Sun appear
Than his bright throne or burning axletree could bear.

The shepherds on the lawn
Or ere the point of dawn
Sate simply chatting in a rustic row ;
Full little thought they than
That the mighty Pan
Was kindly come to live with them below ;
Perhaps their loves, or else their sheep
Was all that did their silly thoughts so busy keep.

When such music sweet
Their hearts and ears did greet
As never was by mortal finger strook—
Divinely-warbled voice

Answering the stringéd noise,
As all their souls in blissful rapture took :
The air, such pleasure loth to lose,
With thousand echoes still prolongs each heavenly close.

Nature that heard such sound
Beneath the hollow round
Of Cynthia's seat the airy region thrilling,
Now was almost won
To think her part was done,
And that her reign had here its last fulfilling ;
She knew such harmony alone
Could hold all heaven and earth in happier union.

At last surrounds their sight
A globe of circular light,
That with long beams the shamefaced night array'd ;
The helméd Cherubim
And sworded Seraphim
Are seen in glittering ranks with wings display'd,
Harping in loud and solemn quire
With unexpressive notes, to Heaven's new-born Heir.

Such music (as 'tis said)
Before was never made
But when of old the sons of morning sung,
While the Creator great
His constellations set
And the well-balanced world on hinges hung ;
And cast the dark foundations deep,
And bid the weltering waves their oozy channel keep.

Ring out, ye crystal spheres !
Once bless our human ears,
If ye have power to touch our senses so ;
And let your silver chime
Move in melodious time ;
And let the bass of heaven's deep organ blow ;

And with your ninefold harmony
Make up full consort to the angelic symphony.

For if such holy song,
Enwrap our fancy long,
Time will run back, and fetch the age of gold ;
And speckled vanity
Will sicken soon and die,
And leprous sin will melt from earthly mould ;
And Hell itself will pass away,
And leave her dolorous mansions to the peering day.

Yea, Truth and Justice then
Will down return to men,
Orb'd in a rainbow ; and, like glories wearing,
Mercy will sit between
Throned in celestial sheen,
With radiant feet the tissued clouds down steering ;
And Heaven, as at some festival,
Will open wide the gates of her high palace hall.

But wisest Fate says No ;
This must not yet be so ;
The Babe yet lies in smiling infancy
That on the bitter cross
Must redeem our loss ;
So both Himself and us to glorify :
Yet first, to those ychain'd in sleep
The wakeful trump of doom must thunder through the deep,

With such a horrid clang
As on mount Sinai rang
While the red fire and smouldering clouds outbrake :
The aged Earth aghast
With terror of that blast
Shall from the surface to the centre shake,
When, at the world's last session,
The dreadful Judge in middle air shall spread His throne.

And then at last our bliss
Full and perfect is,
But now begins ; for from this happy day
The old Dragon under ground,
In straiter limits bound,
Not half so far casts his usurpéd sway ;
And, wroth to see his kingdom fail,
Swinges the scaly horror of his folded tail.

The oracles are dumb ;
No voice or hideous hum
Runs through the archéd roof in words deceiving:
Apollo from his shrine
Can no more divine,
With hollow shriek the steep of Delphos leaving :
No nightly trance or breathéd spell
Inspires the pale-eyed priest from the prophetic cell.

The lonely mountains o'er
And the resounding shore
A voice of weeping heard, and loud lament ;
From haunted spring and dale
Edged with poplar pale
The parting Genius is with sighing sent ;
With flower-inwoven tresses torn
The nymphs in twilight shade of tangled thickets mourn.

In consecrated earth
And on the holy hearth
The Lars and Lemures moan with midnight plaint ;
In urns, and altars round
A drear and dying sound
Affrights the Flamens at their service quaint :
And the chill marble seems to sweat,
While each peculiar Power forgoes his wonted seat.

Peor and Baalim
Forsake their temples dim,
With that twice-batter'd god of Palestine ;
And moonéd Ashtaroth
Heaven's queen and mother both,

Now sits not girt with tapers' holy shine ;
The Lybic Hammon shrinks his horn,
In vain the Tyrian maids their wounded Thammuz mourn.

And sullen Moloch, fled,
Hath left in shadows dread
His burning idol all of blackest hue ;
In vain with cymbals' ring
They call the grisly king,
In dismal dance about the furnace blue ;
The brutish gods of Nile as fast,
Isis, and Orus, and the dog Anubis, haste.

Nor is Osiris seen
In Memphian grove, or green,
Trampling the unshower'd grass with lowings loud :
Nor can he be at rest
Within his sacred chest ;
Nought but profoundest hell can be his shroud ;
In vain with timbrell'd anthems dark
The sable-stoléd sorcerers bear his worshipt ark.

He feels from Juda's land
The dreaded infant's hand ;
The rays of Bethlehem blind his dusky eyn ;
Nor all the gods beside
Longer dare abide,
Not Typhon huge ending in snaky twine :
Our Babe, to show his Godhead true,
Can in His swaddling bands control the damnéd crew.

So, when the sun in bed
Curtain'd with cloudy red
Pillows his chin upon an orient wave,
The flocking shadows pale
Troop to the infernal jail,
Each fetter'd ghost slips to his several grave ;
And the yellow-skirted fays
Fly after the night-steeds, leaving their moon-loved maze.

But see, the Virgin blest
Hath laid her Babe to rest ;
Time is, our tedious song should here have ending :
Heaven's youngest-teemèd star
Hath fix'd her polish'd car,
Her sleeping Lord with hand-maid lamp attending :
And all about the courtly stable
Bright-harness'd angels sit in order serviceable.

J. MILTON.

63

SONG FOR SAINT CECILIA'S DAY, 1687

From Harmony, from heavenly Harmony
This universal frame began :
When Nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high
Arise, ye more than dead !
Then cold, and hot, and moist, and dry
In order to their stations leap,
And Music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began :
From harmony to harmony
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in Man.

What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot Music raise and quell ?

The trumpet's loud clangor
  Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger
  And mortal alarms.
The double double double beat
  Of the thundering drum
  Cries 'Hark! the foes come:
Charge, charge, 'tis too late to retreat!'

The soft complaining flute
  In dying notes discovers
  The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

  Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,
Depth of pains, and height of passion
  For the fair disdainful dame.

But oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
  The sacred organ's praise?
Notes inspiring holy love,
  Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To mend the choirs above.

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place
  Sequacious of the lyre:
But bright Cecilia raised the wonder higher:
When to her Organ vocal breath was given,
An Angel heard, and straight appear'd—
  Mistaking Earth for Heaven!

Grand Chorus

As from the power of sacred lays
  The spheres began to move,
And sung the great Creator's praise
  To all the blest above;

So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

J. DRYDEN.

64

ON THE LATE MASSACRE IN PIEDMONT

Avenge, O Lord! Thy slaughter'd Saints, whose bones
Lie scatter'd on the Alpine mountains cold;
Even them who kept Thy truth so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipt stocks and stones,

Forget not: in Thy book record their groans
Who were Thy sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piemontese, that roll'd
Mother with infant down the rocks. Their moans

The vales redoubled to the hills, and they
To Heaven. Their martyr'd blood and ashes sow
O'er all the Italian fields, where still doth sway

The triple tyrant: that from these may grow
A hundred-fold, who, having learnt Thy way,
Early may fly the Babylonian woe.

J. MILTON.

65

HORATIAN ODE UPON CROMWELL'S RETURN FROM IRELAND

The forward youth that would appear,
Must now forsake his Muses dear,
Nor in the shadows sing
His numbers languishing.

'Tis time to leave the books in dust,
And oil th' unuséd armour's rust,
Removing from the wall
The corslet of the hall.

So restless Cromwell could not cease
In the inglorious arts of peace,
But through adventurous war
Urgéd his active star :

And like the three-fork'd lightning, first
Breaking the clouds where it was nurst,
Did thorough his own side
His fiery way divide :

(For 'tis all one to courage high
The emulous, or enemy ;
And with such, to enclose
Is more than to oppose ;)

Then burning through the air he went
And palaces and temples rent ;
And Caesar's head at last
Did through his laurels blast.

'Tis madness to resist or blame
The face of angry heaven's flame ;
And if we would speak true,
Much to the man is due

Who, from his private gardens, where
He lived reservéd and austere
(As if his highest plot
To plant the bergamot),

Could by industrious valour climb
To ruin the great work of Time,
And cast the Kingdoms old
Into another mould ;

Though Justice against Fate complain,
And plead the ancient Rights in vain—
But those do hold or break
As men are strong or weak.

Nature, that hateth emptiness,
Allows of penetration less,
And therefore must make room
Where greater spirits come.

What field of all the Civil War
Where his were not the deepest scar ?
And Hampton shows what part
He had of wiser art ;

Where, twining subtle fears with hope,
He wove a net of such a scope
That Charles himself might chase
To Carisbrook's narrow case ;

That thence the Royal actor borne
The tragic scaffold might adorn :
While round the arméd bands
Did clap their bloody hands ;

He nothing common did or mean
Upon that memorable scene,
But with his keener eye
The axe's edge did try ;

Nor call'd the Gods, with vulgar spite,
To vindicate his helpless right ;
But bow'd his comely head
Down, as upon a bed.

—This was that memorable hour
Which first assured the forcéd power
So when they did design
The Capitol's first line,

A Bleeding Head, where they begun,
Did fright the architects to run ;
And yet in that the State
Foresaw its happy fate !

And now the Irish are ashamed
To see themselves in one year tamed :
So much one man can do
That does both act and know.

They can affirm his praises best,
And have, though overcome, confest
How good he is, how just
And fit for highest trust ;

Nor yet grown stiffer with command,
But still in the Republic's hand—
How fit he is to sway
That can so well obey !—

He to the Commons' feet presents
A Kingdom for his first year's rents.
And (what he may) forbears
His fame, to make it theirs :

And has his sword and spoils ungirt
To lay them at the Public's skirt.
So when the falcon high
Falls heavy from the sky,

She, having kill'd, no more does search
But on the next green bough to perch,
Where, when he first does lure,
The falconer has her sure.

—What may not then our Isle presume
While victory his crest does plume ?
What may not others fear
If thus he crowns each year ?

As Caesar he, ere long, to Gaul,
To Italy an Hannibal,
And to all states not free
Shall climacteric be.

The Pict no shelter now shall find
Within his parti-colour'd mind,
But from this valour sad,
Shrink underneath the plaid—

Happy, if in the tufted brake
The English hunter him mistake,
Nor lay his hounds in near
The Caledonian deer.

But thou, the War's and Fortune's son,
March indefatigably on ;
And for the last effect
Still keep the sword erect :

Besides the force it has to fright
The spirits of the shady night,
The same arts that did gain
A power, must it maintain.

A. MARVELL.

66

LYCIDAS

Elegy on a Friend drowned in the Irish Channel

Yet once more, O ye laurels, and once more
Ye myrtles brown, with ivy never sere,
I come to pluck your berries harsh and crude,
And with forced fingers rude
Shatter your leaves before the mellowing year.
Bitter constraint, and sad occasion dear
Compels me to disturb your season due :
For Lycidas is dead, dead ere his prime,
Young Lycidas, and hath not left his peer :
Who would not sing for Lycidas ? he knew
Himself to sing, and build the lofty rhyme.
He must not float upon his watery bier
Unwept, and welter to the parching wind,
Without the meed of some melodious tear.

Begin then, Sisters of the sacred well
That from beneath the seat of Jove doth spring,
Begin, and somewhat loudly sweep the string.
Hence with denial vain and coy excuse :
So may some gentle Muse
With lucky words favour my destined urn ;
And as he passes, turn
And bid fair peace be to my sable shroud.

For we were nursed upon the self-same hill,
Fed the same flock by fountain, shade, and rill.
Together both, ere the high lawns appear'd
Under the opening eye-lids of the morn,
We drove a-field, and both together heard
What time the gray-fly winds her sultry horn,
Battening our flocks with the fresh dews of night,
Oft till the star, that rose at evening bright,

Toward heaven's descent had sloped his westering wheel.
Meanwhile the rural ditties were not mute,
Temper'd to the oaten flute ;
Rough Satyrs danced, and Fauns with cloven heel
From the glad sound would not be absent long ;
And old Damoetas loved to hear our song.

But O the heavy change, now thou art gone,
Now thou art gone, and never must return !
Thee, Shepherd, thee the woods, and desert caves,
With wild thyme and the gadding vine o'ergrown,
And all their echoes, mourn :
The willows and the hazel copses green
Shall now no more be seen
Fanning their joyous leaves to thy soft lays.
As killing as the canker to the rose,
Or taint-worm to the weanling herds that graze,
Or frost to flowers, that their gay wardrobe wear
When first the white-thorn blows ;
Such, Lycidas, thy loss to shepherd's ear.

Where were ye, Nymphs, when the remorseless deep
Closed o'er the head of your loved Lycidas ?
For neither were ye playing on the steep
Where your old bards, the famous Druids, lie,
Nor on the shaggy top of Mona high,
Nor yet where Deva spreads her wizard stream :
Ay me ! I fondly dream—
Had ye been there—for what could that have done?
What could the Muse herself that Orpheus bore,
The Muse herself, for her enchanting son,
Whom universal nature did lament,
When by the rout that made the hideous roar
His gory visage down the stream was sent,
Down the swift Hebrus to the Lesbian shore ?

Alas ! what boots it with uncessant care
To tend the homely, slighted, shepherd's trade
And strictly meditate the thankless Muse ?
Were it not better done, as others use,

To sport with Amaryllis in the shade,
Or with the tangles of Neaera's hair ?
Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise
(That last infirmity of noble mind)
To scorn delights, and live laborious days ;
But the fair guerdon when we hope to find,
And think to burst out into sudden blaze,
Comes the blind Fury with the abhorréd shears
And slits the thin-spun life. ' But not the praise '
Phoebus replied, and touch'd my trembling ears :
' Fame is no plant that grows on mortal soil,
Nor in the glistering foil
Set off to the world, nor in broad rumour lies :
But lives and spreads aloft by those pure eyes
And perfect witness of all-judging Jove ;
As he pronounces lastly on each deed,
Of so much fame in heaven expect thy meed.'

O fountain Arethuse, and thou honour'd flood
Smooth-sliding Mincius, crown'd with vocal reeds,
That strain I heard was of a higher mood :
But now my oat proceeds,
And listens to the herald of the sea
That came in Neptune's plea ;
He ask'd the waves, and ask'd the felon winds,
What hard mishap hath doom'd this gentle swain ?
And question'd every gust of rugged wings
That blows from off each beakéd promontory :
They knew not of his story ;
And sage Hippotades their answer brings,
That not a blast was from his dungeon stray'd ;
The air was calm, and on the level brine
Sleek Panope with all her sisters play'd.
It was that fatal and perfidious bark
Built in the eclipse, and rigg'd with curses dark,
That sunk so low that sacred head of thine.

Next Camus, reverend sire, went footing slow,
His mantle hairy, and his bonnet sedge,
Inwrought with figures dim, and on the edge
Like to that sanguine flower inscribed with woe :

'Ah! who hath reft,' quoth he, 'my dearest pledge?'
Last came, and last did go
The pilot of the Galilean lake;
Two massy keys he bore of metals twain
(The golden opes, the iron shuts amain);
He shook his mitred locks, and stern bespake:
'How well could I have spared for thee, young swain,
Enow of such as for their bellies' sake
Creep and intrude and climb into the fold!
Of other care they little reckoning make
Than how to scramble at the shearers' feast,
And shove away the worthy bidden guest.
Blind mouths! that scarce themselves know how to hold
A sheep-hook, or have learn'd aught else the least
That to the faithful herdman's art belongs!
What recks it them? What need they? They are sped;
And when they list, their lean and flashy songs
Grate on their scrannel pipes of wretched straw;
The hungry sheep look up, and are not fed,
But swoln with wind and the rank mist they draw
Rot inwardly, and foul contagion spread:
Besides what the grim wolf with privy paw
Daily devours apace, and nothing said:
—But that two-handed engine at the door
Stands ready to smite once, and smite no more.'

Return, Alpheus, the dread voice is past
That shrunk thy streams; return, Sicilian Muse,
And call the vales, and bid them hither cast
Their bells and flowerets of a thousand hues.
Ye valleys low, where the mild whispers use
Of shades, and wanton winds, and gushing brooks,
On whose fresh lap the swart star sparely looks,
Throw hither all your quaint enamell'd eyes
That on the green turf suck the honey'd showers
And purple all the ground with vernal flowers.

Bring the rathe primrose that forsaken dies,
The tufted crow-toe, and pale jessamine,
The white pink, and the pansy freak'd with jet,
The glowing violet,
The musk-rose, and the well-attired woodbine,
With cowslips wan that hang the pensive head,
And every flower that sad embroidery wears :
Bid amarantus all his beauty shed,
And daffadillies fill their cups with tears
To strew the laureat hearse where Lycid lies.
For, so to interpose a little ease,
Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise ;
Ay me ! whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away,—where'er thy bones are hurl'd,
Whether beyond the stormy Hebrides
Where thou perhaps, under the whelming tide,
Visitest the bottom of the monstrous world ;
Or whether thou, to our moist vows denied,
Sleep'st by the fable of Bellerus old,
Where the great Vision of the guarded mount
Looks toward Namancos and Bayona's hold,
—Look homeward, Angel, now, and melt with ruth :
—And, O ye dolphins, waft the hapless youth !

Weep no more, woeful shepherds, weep no more,
For Lycidas, your sorrow, is not dead,
Sunk though he be beneath the watery floor ;
So sinks the day-star in the ocean-bed,
And yet anon repairs his drooping head
And tricks his beams, and with new-spangled ore
Flames in the forehead of the morning sky :
So Lycidas sunk low, but mounted high
Through the dear might of Him that walk'd the waves ;
Where, other groves and other streams along,
With nectar pure his oozy locks he laves,
And hears the unexpressive nuptial song
In the blest kingdoms meek of joy and love.

There entertain him all the saints above
In solemn troops, and sweet societies,
That sing, and singing in their glory move,
And wipe the tears for ever from his eyes.
Now, Lycidas, the shepherds weep no more ;
Henceforth thou art the Genius of the shore
In thy large recompense, and shalt be good
To all that wander in that perilous flood.

Thus sang the uncouth swain to the oaks and rills,
While the still morn went out with sandals grey ;
He touch'd the tender stops of various quills,
With eager thought warbling his Doric lay :
And now the sun had stretch'd out all the hills,
And now was dropt into the western bay :
At last he rose, and twitch'd his mantle blue :
To-morrow to fresh woods, and pastures new.

J. Milton.

67

ON THE TOMBS IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY

Mortality, behold and fear,
What a change of flesh is here !
Think how many royal bones
Sleep within these heaps of stones ;
Here they lie, had realms and lands,
Who now want strength to stir their hands,
Where from their pulpits seal'd with dust
They preach, ' In greatness is no trust.'
Here's an acre sown indeed
With the richest royallest seed
That the earth did e'er suck in
Since the first man died for sin :
Here the bones of birth have cried
' Though gods they were, as men they died ! '
Here are sands, ignoble things,
Dropt from the ruin'd sides of kings :
Here's a world of pomp and state
Buried in dust, once dead by fate.

F. Beaumont.

68

THE LAST CONQUEROR

Victorious men of earth, no more
Proclaim how wide your empires are ;
Though you bind-in every shore,
And your triumphs reach as far
As night or day,
Yet you, proud monarchs, must obey
And mingle with forgotten ashes, when
Death calls ye to the crowd of common men.

Devouring Famine, Plague, and War,
Each able to undo mankind,
Death's servile emissaries are ;
Nor to these alone confined,
He hath at will
More quaint and subtle ways to kill ;
A smile or kiss, as he will use the art,
Shall have the cunning skill to break a heart.

J. Shirley.

69

DEATH THE LEVELLER

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things ;
There is no armour against fate ;
Death lays his icy hand on kings :
Sceptre and Crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill :
But their strong nerves at last must yield ;
They tame but one another still :

Early or late
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow ;
Then boast no more your mighty deeds ;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See where the victor-victim bleeds :
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb ;
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

J. Shirley.

70

WHEN THE ASSAULT WAS INTENDED TO THE CITY

Captain, or Colonel, or Knight in arms,
Whose chance on these defenceless doors may seize,
If deed of honour did thee ever please,
Guard them, and him within protect from harms.

He can requite thee ; for he knows the charms
That call fame on such gentle acts as these,
And he can spread thy name o'er lands and seas,
Whatever clime the sun's bright circle warms.

Lift not thy spear against the Muses' bower :
The great Emathian conqueror bid spare
The house of Pindarus, when temple and tower

Went to the ground : and the repeated air
Of sad Electra's poet had the power
To save the Athenian walls from ruin bare.

J. Milton.

71

ON HIS BLINDNESS

When I consider how my light is spent
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one talent which is death to hide
Lodged with me useless, though my soul more bent

To serve therewith my Maker, and present
My true account, lest He returning chide,—
Doth God exact day-labour, light denied ?
I fondly ask :—But Patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies ; God doth not need
Either man's work, or His own gifts : who best
Bear His mild yoke, they serve Him best : His state

Is kingly ; thousands at His bidding speed
And post o'er land and ocean without rest :—
They also serve who only stand and wait.

J. Milton.

72

CHARACTER OF A HAPPY LIFE

How happy is he born or taught
That serveth not another's will ;
Whose armour is his honest thought,
And silly truth his highest skill !

Whose passions not his masters are,
Whose soul is still prepared for death ;
Untied unto the world with care
Of princely love or vulgar breath ;

Who hath his life from rumours freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make accusers great ;

Who envieth none whom chance doth raise
  Or vice ; who never understood
How deepest wounds are given with praise ;
  Nor rules of state, but rules of good :

Who God doth late and early pray
  More of his grace than gifts to lend ;
Who entertains the harmless day
  With a well-chosen book or friend ;

—This man is free from servile bands
  Of hope to rise, or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands ;
  And having nothing, he hath all.

SIR H. WOTTON.

73

THE NOBLE NATURE

It is not growing like a tree
  In bulk, doth make Man better be ;
Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere :
  A lily of a day
  Is fairer far in May,
Although it fall and die that night :
  It was the plant and flower of Light.
In small proportions we just beauties see ;
And in short measures life may perfect be.

B. JONSON.

74

THE GIFTS OF GOD

When God at first made Man,
Having a glass of blessings standing by ;
Let us (said He) pour on him all we can :
Let the world's riches, which dispersèd lie,
  Contract into a span.

So strength first made a way ;
Then beauty flow'd, then wisdom, honour, pleasure :
When almost all was out, God made a stay,
Perceiving that alone, of all His treasure,
Rest in the bottom lay.

For if I should (said He)
Bestow this jewel also on my creature,
He would adore my gifts instead of me,
And rest in Nature, not the God of Nature :
So both should losers be.

Yet let him keep the rest,
But keep them with repining restlessness :
Let him be rich and weary, that at least,
If goodness lead him not, yet weariness
May toss him to my breast.

G. HERBERT.

75

THE RETREAT

Happy those early days, when I
Shined in my Angel-infancy !
Before I understood this place
Appointed for my second race,
Or taught my soul to fancy aught
But a white, celestial thought ;
When yet I had not walk'd above
A mile or two from my first Love,
And looking back, at that short space
Could see a glimpse of His bright face ;
When on some gilded cloud or flower
My gazing soul would dwell an hour,
And in those weaker glories spy
Some shadows of eternity ;
Before I taught my tongue to wound
My conscience with a sinful sound,
Or had the black art to dispense
A several sin to every sense,

But felt through all this fleshly dress
Bright shoots of everlastingness.

O how I long to travel back,
And tread again that ancient track!
That I might once more reach that plain,
Where first I left my glorious train;
From whence th' enlighten'd spirit sees
That shady City of Palm trees!
But ah! my soul with too much stay
Is drunk, and staggers in the way:—
Some men a forward motion love,
But I by backward steps would move;
And when this dust falls to the urn,
In that state I came, return.

H. VAUGHAN.

76

TO MR. LAWRENCE

Lawrence, of virtuous father virtuous son,
Now that the fields are dank and ways are mire,
Where shall we sometimes meet, and by the fire
Help waste a sullen day, what may be won

From the hard season gaining? Time will run
On smoother, till Favonius re-inspire
The frozen earth, and clothe in fresh attire
The lily and rose, that neither sow'd nor spun.

What neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
Of Attic taste, with wine, whence we may rise
To hear the lute well touch'd, or artful voice

Warble immortal notes and Tuscan air?
He who of those delights can judge, and spare
To interpose them oft, is not unwise.

J. MILTON.

77

TO CYRIACK SKINNER

Cyriack, whose grandsire, on the royal bench
Of British Themis, with no mean applause
Pronounced, and in his volumes taught, our laws,
Which others at their bar so often wrench ;

To-day deep thoughts resolve with me to drench
In mirth, that after no repenting draws ;
Let Euclid rest, and Archimedes pause,
And what the Swede intend, and what the French.

To measure life learn thou betimes, and know
Toward solid good what leads the nearest way ;
For other things mild Heaven a time ordains,

And disapproves that care, though wise in show,
That with superfluous burden loads the day,
And, when God sends a cheerful hour, refrains.

J. Milton.

78

HYMN TO DIANA

Queen and Huntress, chaste and fair,
Now the sun is laid to sleep,
Seated in thy silver chair
State in wonted manner keep :
Hesperus entreats thy light,
Goddess excellently bright.

Earth, let not thy envious shade
Dare itself to interpose ;
Cynthia's shining orb was made
Heaven to clear when day did close :
Bless us then with wishéd sight,
Goddess excellently bright.

Lay thy bow of pearl apart
And thy crystal-shining quiver ;
Give unto the flying hart
Space to breathe, how short soever :
Thou that mak'st a day of night,
Goddess excellently bright !

B. JONSON.

79

WISHES FOR THE SUPPOSED MISTRESS

Whoe'er she be,
That not impossible She
That shall command my heart and me ;

Where'er she lie,
Lock'd up from mortal eye
In shady leaves of destiny :

Till that ripe birth
Of studied Fate stand forth,
And teach her fair steps tread our earth ;

Till that divine
Idea take a shrine
Of crystal flesh, through which to shine :

—Meet you her, my Wishes,
Bespeak her to my blisses,
And be ye call'd, my absent kisses.

I wish her beauty
That owes not all its duty
To gaudy tire, or glist'ring shoe-tie :

Something more than
Taffata or tissue can,
Or rampant feather, or rich fan.

A face that 's best
By its own beauty drest,
And can alone commend the rest :

A face made up
Out of no other shop
Than what Nature's white hand sets ope.

Sidneian showers
Of sweet discourse, whose powers
Can crown old Winter's head with flowers.

Whate'er delight
Can make day's forehead bright
Or give down to the wings of night.

Soft silken hours,
Open suns, shady bowers ;
'Bove all, nothing within that lowers.

Days, that need borrow
No part of their good morrow
From a fore-spent night of sorrow :

Days, that in spite
Of darkness, by the light
Of a clear mind are day all night.

Life, that dares send
A challenge to his end,
And when it comes, say, ' Welcome, friend.'

I wish her store
Of worth may leave her poor
Of wishes ; and I wish——no more.

—Now, if Time knows
That Her, whose radiant brows
Weave them a garland of my vows ;

Her that dares be
What these lines wish to see :
I seek no further, it is She.

'Tis She, and here
Lo ! I unclothe and clear
My wishes' cloudy character.

Such worth as this is
Shall fix my flying wishes,
And determine them to kisses.

Let her full glory,
My fancies, fly before ye ;
Be ye my fictions :—but her story.

R. Crashaw.

80

THE GREAT ADVENTURER

Over the mountains
And over the waves,
Under the fountains
And under the graves ;
Under floods that are deepest,
Which Neptune obey ;
Over rocks that are steepest
Love will find out the way.

Where there is no place
For the glow-worm to lie ;
Where there is no space
For receipt of a fly ;
Where the midge dares not venture
Lest herself fast she lay ;
If love come, he will enter
And soon find out his way.

You may esteem him
A child for his might ;
Or you may deem him
A coward from his flight ;
But if she whom love doth honour
Be conceal'd from the day,
Set a thousand guards upon her,
Love will find out the way.

Some think to lose him
By having him confined ;
And some do suppose him,
Poor thing, to be blind ;

But if ne'er so close ye wall him,
Do the best that you may,
Blind love, if so ye call him,
Will find out his way.

You may train the eagle
To stoop to your fist ;
Or you may inveigle
The phoenix of the east ;
The lioness, ye may move her
To give o'er her prey ;
But you'll ne'er stop a lover :
He will find out his way.

ANON.

81

CHILD AND MAIDEN

Ah, Chloris ! that I now could sit
As unconcern'd as when
Your infant beauty could beget
No pleasure, nor no pain !
When I the dawn used to admire,
And praised the coming day,
I little thought the growing fire
Must take my rest away.

Your charms in harmless childhood lay
Like metals in the mine ;
Age from no face took more away
Than youth conceal'd in thine.
But as your charms insensibly
To their perfection prest,
Fond love as unperceived did fly,
And in my bosom rest.

My passion with your beauty grew,
And Cupid at my heart,
Still as his mother favour'd you,
Threw a new flaming dart :

Each gloried in their wanton part ;
To make a lover, he
Employ'd the utmost of his art—
To make a beauty, she.

SIR C. SEDLEY.

82

COUNSEL TO GIRLS

Gather ye rose-buds while ye may,
Old Time is still a-flying :
And this same flower that smiles to-day,
To-morrow will be dying.

The glorious Lamp of Heaven, the Sun,
The higher he 's a-getting
The sooner will his race be run,
And nearer he 's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,
When youth and blood are warmer ;
But being spent, the worse, and worst
Times, still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time ;
And while ye may, go marry :
For having lost but once your prime,
You may for ever tarry.

R. HERRICK.

83

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING TO THE WARS

Tell me not, Sweet, I am unkind
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast and quiet mind
To war and arms I fly.

True, a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field ;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.

Yet this inconstancy is such
As you too shall adore ;
I could not love thee, Dear, so much,
Loved I not Honour more.

COLONEL LOVELACE.

84

ELIZABETH OF BOHEMIA

You meaner beauties of the night,
That poorly satisfy our eyes
More by your number than your light,
You common people of the skies,
What are you, when the Moon shall rise ?

You curious chanters of the wood
That warble forth dame Nature's lays,
Thinking your passions understood
By your weak accents ; what 's your praise
When Philomel her voice shall raise ?

You violets that first appear,
By your pure purple mantles known
Like the proud virgins of the year,
As if the spring were all your own,—
What are you, when the Rose is blown ?

So when my Mistress shall be seen
In form and beauty of her mind,
By virtue first, then choice, a Queen,
Tell me, if she were not design'd
Th' eclipse and glory of her kind ?

SIR H. WOTTON.

85

TO THE LADY MARGARET LEY

Daughter to that good Earl, once President
Of England's Council and her Treasury,
Who lived in both, unstain'd with gold or fee,
And left them both, more in himself content,

Till the sad breaking of that Parliament
Broke him, as that dishonest victory
At Chaeronea, fatal to liberty,
Kill'd with report that old man eloquent ;—

Though later born than to have known the days
Wherein your father flourish'd, yet by you,
Madam, methinks I see him living yet ;

So well your words his noble virtues praise,
That all both judge you to relate them true,
And to possess them, honour'd Margaret.

J. Milton.

86

THE LOVELINESS OF LOVE

It is not Beauty I demand,
A crystal brow, the moon's despair,
Nor the snow's daughter, a white hand,
Nor mermaid's yellow pride of hair :

Tell me not of your starry eyes,
Your lips that seem on roses fed,
Your breasts, where Cupid trembling lies
Nor sleeps for kissing of his bed :—

A bloomy pair of vermeil cheeks
Like Hebe's in her ruddiest hours,
A breath that softer music speaks
Than summer winds a-wooing flowers,

These are but gauds : nay, what are lips ?
Coral beneath the ocean-stream,
Whose brink when your adventurer sips
Full oft he perisheth on them.

And what are cheeks, but ensigns oft
That wave hot youth to fields of blood ?
Did Helen's breast, though ne'er so soft,
Do Greece or Ilium any good ?

Eyes can with baleful ardour burn ;
Poison can breath, that erst perfumed ;
There's many a white hand holds an urn
With lovers' hearts to dust consumed.

For crystal brows—there's nought within ;
They are but empty cells for pride ;
He who the Syren's hair would win
Is mostly strangled in the tide.

Give me, instead of Beauty's bust,
A tender heart, a loyal mind
Which with temptation I could trust,
Yet never link'd with error find,—

One in whose gentle bosom I
Could pour my secret heart of woes,
Like the care-burthen'd honey-fly
That hides his murmurs in the rose,—

My earthly Comforter ! whose love
So indefeasible might be
That, when my spirit won above,
Hers could not stay, for sympathy.

G. Darley.

87

THE TRUE BEAUTY

He that loves a rosy cheek
Or a coral lip admires,
Or from star-like eyes doth seek
Fuel to maintain his fires ;

As old Time makes these decay,
So his flames must waste away.

But a smooth and steadfast mind,
Gentle thoughts, and calm desires,
Hearts with equal love combined,
Kindle never-dying fires :—
Where these are not, I despise
Lovely cheeks or lips or eyes.

T. Carew.

88

TO DIANEME

Sweet, be not proud of those two eyes
Which starlike sparkle in their skies ;
Nor be you proud, that you can see
All hearts your captives ; yours yet free :
Be you not proud of that rich hair
Which wantons with the lovesick air ;
Whenas that ruby which you wear,
Sunk from the tip of your soft ear,
Will last to be a precious stone
When all your world of beauty 's gone.

R. Herrick.

89

Go, lovely Rose !
Tell her, that wastes her time and me,
That now she knows,
When I resemble her to thee,
How sweet and fair she seems to be.

Tell her that's young
And shuns to have her graces spied,
That hadst thou sprung
In deserts, where no men abide,
Thou must have uncommended died.

Small is the worth
Of beauty from the light retired :
Bid her come forth,
Suffer herself to be desired,
And not blush so to be admired.

Then die ! that she
The common fate of all things rare
May read in thee :
How small a part of time they share
That are so wondrous sweet and fair !

E. WALLER.

90

TO CELIA

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine ;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise
Doth ask a drink divine ;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honouring thee
As giving it a hope that there
It could not wither'd be ;
But thou thereon didst only breathe
And sent'st it back to me ;
Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself but thee !

B. JONSON.

91

CHERRY-RIPE

There is a garden in her face
Where roses and white lilies grow ;
A heavenly paradise is that place,
Wherein all pleasant fruits do flow ;

There cherries grow which none may buy,
Till ' Cherry-Ripe ' themselves do cry.

Those cherries fairly do enclose
Of orient pearl a double row,
Which when her lovely laughter shows,
They look like rose-buds fill'd with snow :
Yet them nor peer nor prince can buy,
Till ' Cherry-Ripe ' themselves do cry.

Her eyes like angels watch them still ;
Her brows like bended bows do stand,
Threat'ning with piercing frowns to kill
All that attempt with eye or hand
Those sacred cherries to come nigh,
—Till ' Cherry-Ripe ' themselves do cry !

T. CAMPION.

92

THE POETRY OF DRESS

1

A sweet disorder in the dress
Kindles in clothes a wantonness :—
A lawn about the shoulders thrown
Into a fine distraction,—
An erring lace, which here and there
Enthrals the crimson stomacher —
A cuff neglectful, and thereby
Ribbands to flow confusedly,—
A winning wave, deserving note,
In the tempestuous petticoat,—
A careless shoe-string, in whose tie
I see a wild civility,—
Do more bewitch me, than when art
Is too precise in every part.

R. HERRICK.

93

II

Whenas in silks my Julia goes
Then, then (methinks) how sweetly flows
That liquefaction of her clothes.

Next, when I cast mine eyes and see
That brave vibration each way free ;
O how that glittering taketh me !

R. HERRICK.

94

III

My Love in her attire doth shew her wit,
It doth so well become her :
For every season she hath dressings fit,
For Winter, Spring, and Summer.
No beauty she doth miss
When all her robes are on :
But Beauty's self she is
When all her robes are gone.

ANON.

95

ON A GIRDLE

That which her slender waist confined
Shall now my joyful temples bind :
No monarch but would give his crown
His arms might do what this has done.

It was my Heaven's extremest sphere,
The pale which held that lovely deer :
My joy, my grief, my hope, my love
Did all within this circle move.

A narrow compass ! and yet there
Dwelt all that's good, and all that's fair :
Give me but what this ribband bound,
Take all the rest the Sun goes round.

E. WALLER.

96

TO ANTHEA WHO MAY COMMAND HIM ANY THING

Bid me to live, and I will live
Thy Protestant to be :
Or bid me love, and I will give
A loving heart to thee.

A heart as soft, a heart as kind,
A heart as sound and free
As in the whole world thou canst find,
That heart I'll give to thee.

Bid that heart stay, and it will stay,
To honour thy decree :
Or bid it languish quite away,
And 't shall do so for thee.

Bid me to weep, and I will weep
While I have eyes to see :
And, having none, yet I will keep
A heart to weep for thee.

Bid me despair, and I'll despair
Under that cypress tree :
Or bid me die, and I will dare
E'en Death, to die for thee.

Thou art my life, my love, my heart,
The very eyes of me,
And hast command of every part,
To live and die for thee.

R. HERRICK.

97

Love not me for comely grace,
For my pleasing eye or face,
Nor for any outward part,
No, nor for my constant heart,—
For those may fail, or turn to ill,
So thou and I shall sever :
Keep therefore a true woman's eye,
And love me still, but know not why—
So hast thou the same reason still
To doat upon me ever !

ANON.

98

Not, Celia, that I juster am
Or better than the rest ;
For I would change each hour, like them,
Were not my heart at rest.

But I am tied to very thee
By every thought I have ;
Thy face I only care to see,
Thy heart I only crave.

All that in woman is adored
In thy dear self I find—
For the whole sex can but afford
The handsome and the kind.

Why then should I seek further store,
And still make love anew ?
When change itself can give no more,
'Tis easy to be true.

SIR C. SEDLEY.

99

TO ALTHEA FROM PRISON

When Love with unconfinéd wings
  Hovers within my gates,
And my divine Althea brings
  To whisper at the grates ;
When I lie tangled in her hair
  And fetter'd to her eye,
The Gods that wanton in the air
  Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
  With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses crown'd,
  Our hearts with loyal flames ;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
  When healths and draughts go free—
Fishes that tipple in the deep
  Know no such liberty.

When, like committed linnets, I
  With shriller throat shall sing
The sweetness, mercy, majesty
  And glories of my King ;
When I shall voice aloud how good
  He is, how great should be,
Enlargéd winds, that curl the flood,
  Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
  Nor iron bars a cage ;
Minds innocent and quiet take
  That for an hermitage :
If I have freedom in my love
  And in my soul am free,
Angels alone, that soar above,
  Enjoy such liberty.

COLONEL LOVELACE.

100

TO LUCASTA, ON GOING BEYOND THE SEAS

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone
You or I were alone ;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blustering wind, or swallowing wave.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls :
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as Angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
Our after-fate,
And are alive i' the skies,
If thus our lips and eyes
Can speak like spirits unconfined
In Heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

COLONEL LOVELACE.

101

ENCOURAGEMENTS TO A LOVER

Why so pale and wan, fond lover ?
Prythee, why so pale ?
Will, when looking well can't move her,
Looking ill prevail ?
Prythee, why so pale ?

Why so dull and mute, young sinner ?
Prythee, why so mute ?
Will, when speaking well can't win her,
Saying nothing do't ?
Prythee, why so mute ?

Quit, quit, for shame ! this will not move,
This cannot take her ;
If of herself she will not love,
Nothing can make her :
The devil take her !

SIR J. SUCKLING.

102

A SUPPLICATION

Awake, awake, my Lyre !
And tell thy silent master's humble tale
In sounds that may prevail ;
Sounds that gentle thoughts inspire :
Though so exalted she
And I so lowly be,
Tell her, such different notes make all thy harmony.

Hark ! how the strings awake :
And, though the moving hand approach not near,
Themselves with awful fear
A kind of numerous trembling make.
Now all thy forces try ;
Now all thy charms apply ;
Revenge upon her ear the conquests of her eye.

Weak Lyre ! thy virtue sure
Is useless here, since thou art only found
To cure, but not to wound,
And she to wound, but not to cure.
Too weak too wilt thou prove
My passion to remove ;
Physic to other ills, thou'rt nourishment to love.

Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre !
For thou canst never tell my humble tale
In sounds that will prevail,
Nor gentle thoughts in her inspire ;
All thy vain mirth lay by,
Bid thy strings silent lie,
Sleep, sleep again, my Lyre, and let thy master die.

A. COWLEY.

103

THE MANLY HEART

Shall I, wasting in despair,
Die because a woman's fair ?
Or make pale my cheeks with care
'Cause another's rosy are ?
Be she fairer than the day
Or the flowery meads in May—
If she think not well of me,
What care I how fair she be ?

Shall my silly heart be pined
'Cause I see a woman kind ;
Or a well disposéd nature
Joinéd with a lovely feature ?
Be she meeker, kinder, than
Turtle-dove or pelican,
If she be not so to me,
What care I how kind she be ?

Shall a woman's virtues move
Me to perish for her love ?
Or her well-deservings known
Make me quite forget mine own ?
Be she with that goodness blest
Which may merit name of Best ;
If she be not such to me,
What care I how good she be ?

'Cause her fortune seems too high,
Shall I play the fool and die ?
She that bears a noble mind
If not outward helps she find,
Thinks what with them he would do
That without them dares her woo ;
And unless that mind I see,
What care I how great she be ?

Great or good, or kind or fair,
I will ne'er the more despair ;
If she love me, this believe,
I will die ere she shall grieve ;
If she slight me when I woo,
I can scorn and let her go ;
For if she be not for me,
What care I for whom she be ?

G. WITHER.

104

MELANCHOLY

Hence, all you vain delights,
As short as are the nights
Wherein you spend your folly :
There's nought in this life sweet,
If man were wise to see't,
But only melancholy,
O sweetest melancholy !
Welcome, folded arms, and fixéd eyes,
A sigh that piercing mortifies,
A look that's fasten'd to the ground,
A tongue chain'd up without a sound !
Fountain heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves !
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are warmly housed, save bats and owls !

A midnight bell, a parting groan—
These are the sounds we feed upon ;
Then stretch our bones in a still gloomy valley ;
Nothing 's so dainty sweet as lovely melancholy.

J. FLETCHER.

105

TO A LOCK OF HAIR

Thy hue, dear pledge, is pure and bright
As in that well-remember'd night
When first thy mystic braid was wove,
And first my Agnes whisper'd love.

Since then how often hast thou prest
The torrid zone of this wild breast,
Whose wrath and hate have sworn to dwell
With the first sin that peopled hell ;
A breast whose blood 's a troubled ocean,
Each throb the earthquake's wild commotion !
O if such clime thou canst endure
Yet keep thy hue unstain'd and pure,
What conquest o'er each erring thought
Of that fierce realm had Agnes wrought !
I had not wander'd far and wide
With such an angel for my guide ;
Nor heaven nor earth could then reprove me
If she had lived, and lived to love me.

Not then this world's wild joys had been
To me one savage hunting scene,
My sole delight the headlong race
And frantic hurry of the chase ;
To start, pursue, and bring to bay,
Rush in, drag down, and rend my prey,
Then—from the carcass turn away !
Mine ireful mood had sweetness tamed,
And soothed each wound which pride inflamed :—
Yes, God and man might now approve me
If thou hadst lived, and lived to love me !

SIR W. SCOTT.

106

THE FORSAKEN BRIDE

O waly waly up the bank,
And waly waly down the brae,
And waly waly yon burn-side
Where I and my Love wont to gae !
I leant my back unto an aik,
I thought it was a trusty tree ;
But first it bow'd, and syne it brak,
Sae my true Love did lichtly me.

O waly waly, but love be bonny
A little time while it is new ;
But when 'tis auld, it waxeth cauld
And fades awa' like morning dew.
O wherefore should I busk my head ?
Or wherefore should I kame my hair ?
For my true Love has me forsook,
And says he'll never loe me mair.

Now Arthur-seat sall be my bed ;
The sheets shall ne'er be 'fil'd by me :
Saint Anton's well sall be my drink,
Since my true Love has forsaken me.
Marti'mas wind, when wilt thou blaw
And shake the green leaves aff the tree ?
O gentle Death, when wilt thou come ?
For of my life I am wearíe.

'Tis not the frost, that freezes fell,
Nor blawing snaw's inclemencie ;
'Tis not sic cauld that makes me cry,
But my Love's heart grown cauld to me.
When we came in by Glasgow town
We were a comely sight to see ;
My Love was clad in the black velvét,
And I myself in cramasie.

But had I wist, before I kist,
That love had been sae ill to win ;
I had lockt my heart in a case of gowd
And pinn'd it with a siller pin.
And, O ! if my young babe were born,
And set upon the nurse's knee,
And I mysell were dead and gane,
For a maid again I'll never be.

ANON.

107

FAIR HELEN

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
O that I were where Helen lies
On fair Kirconnell lea !

Curst be the heart that thought the thought,
And curst the hand that fired the shot,
When in my arms burd Helen dropt,
And died to succour me !

O think na but my heart was sair
When my Love dropt down and spak nae mair !
I laid her down wi' meikle care
On fair Kirconnell lea.

As I went down the water-side,
None but my foe to be my guide,
None but my foe to be my guide,
On fair Kirconnell lea ;

I lighted down my sword to draw,
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
I hackéd him in pieces sma',
For her sake that died for me.

O Helen fair, beyond compare !
I'll make a garland of thy hair
Shall bind my heart for evermair
Until the day I die.

O that I were where Helen lies !
Night and day on me she cries ;
Out of my bed she bids me rise,
Says, ' Haste and come to me ! '

O Helen fair ! O Helen chaste !
If I were with thee, I were blest,
Where thou lies low and takes thy rest
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish my grave were growing green,
A winding-sheet drawn ower my een,
And I in Helen's arms lying,
On fair Kirconnell lea.

I wish I were where Helen lies ;
Night and day on me she cries ;
And I am weary of the skies,
Since my Love died for me.

ANON.

108

THE TWA CORBIES

As I was walking all alane
I heard twa corbies making a mane ;
The tane unto the t'other say,
' Where sall we gang and dine to-day ? '

' —In behint yon auld fail dyke,
I wot there lies a new-slain Knight ;
And naebody kens that he lies there,
But his hawk, his hound, and lady fair.

' His hound is to the hunting gane,
His hawk to fetch the wild-fowl hame,
His lady's ta'en another mate,
So we may make our dinner sweet.

' Ye'll sit on his white hause-bane,
And I'll pick out his bonny blue een :
Wi' ae lock o' his gowden hair
We'll theek our nest when it grows bare.

'Mony a one for him makes mane,
But nane sall ken where he is gane ;
O'er his white banes, when they are bare,
The wind sall blaw for evermair.'

ANON.

109

TO BLOSSOMS

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do ye fall so fast ?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What, were ye born to be
An hour or half's delight,
And so to bid good-night ?
'Twas pity Nature brought ye forth
Merely to show your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave :
And after they have shown their pride
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

R. HERRICK.

110

TO DAFFODILS

Fair Daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon :
As yet the early-rising Sun
Has not attain'd his noon.

Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song ;
And, having pray'd together, we
Will go with you along.

We have short time to stay, as you,
We have as short a Spring ;
As quick a growth to meet decay
As you, or any thing.
We die,
As your hours do, and dry
Away
Like to the Summer's rain ;
Or as the pearls of morning's dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

R. HERRICK.

111

THOUGHTS IN A GARDEN

How vainly men themselves amaze
To win the palm, the oak, or bays,
And their uncessant labours see
Crown'd from some single herb or tree,
Whose short and narrow-vergéd shade
Does prudently their toils upbraid ;
While all the flowers and trees do close
To weave the garlands of repose.

Fair Quiet, have I found thee here,
And Innocence thy sister dear !
Mistaken long, I sought you then
In busy companies of men :
Your sacred plants, if here below,
Only among the plants will grow :
Society is all but rude
To this delicious solitude.

No white nor red was ever seen
So amorous as this lovely green.
Fond lovers, cruel as their flame,
Cut in these trees their mistress' name :
Little, alas, they know or heed
How far these beauties hers exceed !
Fair trees ! wheres'e'er your barks I wound,
No name shall but your own be found.

When we have run our passions' heat
Love hither makes his best retreat :
The gods, that mortal beauty chase,
Still in a tree did end their race :
Apollo hunted Daphne so,
Only that she might laurel grow :
And Pan did after Syrinx speed
Not as a nymph, but for a reed.

What wondrous life in this I lead !
Ripe apples drop about my head ;
The luscious clusters of the vine
Upon my mouth do crush their wine ;
The nectarine and curious peach
Into my hands themselves do reach ;
Stumbling on melons, as I pass,
Ensnared with flowers, I fall on grass.

Meanwhile the mind, from pleasure less,
Withdraws into its happiness ;
The mind, that ocean where each kind
Does straight its own resemblance find ;
Yet it creates, transcending these,
Far other worlds, and other seas ;
Annihilating all that 's made
To a green thought in a green shade.

Here at the fountain's sliding foot
Or at some fruit-tree's mossy root,
Casting the body's vest aside,
My soul into the boughs does glide ;

There, like a bird, it sits and sings,
Then whets and combs its silver wings,
And, till prepared for longer flight,
Waves in its plumes the various light.

Such was that happy Garden-state
While man there walk'd without a mate :
After a place so pure and sweet,
What other help could yet be meet !
But 'twas beyond a mortal's share
To wander solitary there :
Two paradises 'twere in one,
To live in Paradise alone.

How well the skilful gardener drew
Of flowers and herbs this dial new !
Where, from above, the milder sun
Does through a fragrant zodiac run :
And, as it works, th' industrious bee
Computes its time as well as we.
How could such sweet and wholesome hours
Be reckon'd, but with herbs and flowers !

A. MARVELL.

112

L'ALLÉGRO

Hence, loathéd Melancholy,
Of Cerberus and blackest Midnight born
In Stygian cave forlorn
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks, and sights unholy !
Find out some uncouth cell,
Where brooding Darkness spreads his jealous wings
And the night-raven sings ;
There, under ebon shades and low-brow'd rocks
As ragged as thy locks,
In dark Cimmerian desert ever dwell.

But come, thou Goddess fair and free,
In heaven yclep'd Euphrosyne,

And by men, heart-easing Mirth,
Whom lovely Venus at a birth
With two sister Graces more
To ivy-crownéd Bacchus bore :
Or whether (as some sager sing)
The frolic wind that breathes the spring,
Zephyr, with Aurora playing,
As he met her once a-Maying—
There on beds of violets blue
And fresh-blown roses wash'd in dew
Fill'd her with thee, a daughter fair,
So buxom, blithe, and debonair.
Haste thee, Nymph, and bring with thee
Jest, and youthful jollity,
Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,
Nods, and becks, and wreathéd smiles,
Such as hang on Hebe's cheek,
And love to live in dimple sleek ;
Sport that wrinkled Care derides,
And Laughter holding both his sides.
Come, and trip it as you go
On the light fantastic toe ;
And in thy right hand lead with thee
The mountain nymph, sweet Liberty ;
And if I give thee honour due,
Mirth, admit me of thy crew,
To live with her, and live with thee
In unreprovéd pleasures free ;
To hear the lark begin his flight
And singing startle the dull night
From his watch-tower in the skies,
Till the dappled dawn doth rise ;
Then to come, in spite of sorrow,
And at my window bid good-morrow
Through the sweetbriar, or the vine,
Or the twisted eglantine :
While the cock with lively din
Scatters the rear of darkness thin,
And to the stack, or the barn-door,
Stoutly struts his dames before :

Oft listening how the hounds and horn
Cheerly rouse the slumbering morn,
From the side of some hoar hill,
Through the high wood echoing shrill.
Sometime walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,
Right against the eastern gate
Where the great Sun begins his state
Robed in flames and amber light
The clouds in thousand liveries dight ;
While the ploughman, near at hand,
Whistles o'er the furrow'd land,
And the milkmaid singeth blithe,
And the mower whets his scythe,
And every shepherd tells his tale
Under the hawthorn in the dale.
Straight mine eye hath caught new pleasures
Whilst the landscape round it measures ;
Russet lawns, and fallows grey,
Where the nibbling flocks do stray ;
Mountains, on whose barren breast
The labouring clouds do often rest ;
Meadows trim with daisies pied,
Shallow brooks, and rivers wide ;
Towers and battlements it sees
Bosom'd high in tufted trees,
Where perhaps some Beauty lies,
The Cynosure of neighbouring eyes.
Hard by, a cottage chimney smokes
From betwixt two aged oaks,
Where Corydon and Thyrsis, met,
Are at their savoury dinner set
Of herbs, and other country messes
Which the neat-handed Phillis dresses ;
And then in haste her bower she leaves
With Thestylis to bind the sheaves ;
Or, if the earlier season lead,
To the tann'd haycock in the mead.
Sometimes with secure delight
The upland hamlets will invite,

When the merry bells ring round,
And the jocund rebecks sound
To many a youth and many a maid,
Dancing in the chequer'd shade ;
And young and old come forth to play
On a sunshine holy-day,
Till the live-long daylight fail :
Then to the spicy nut-brown ale,
With stories told of many a feat,
How Faery Mab the junkets eat ;
She was pinch'd, and pull'd, she said ;
And he, by Friar's lantern led ;
Tells how the drudging Goblin sweat
To earn his cream-bowl duly set,
When in one night, ere glimpse of morn,
His shadowy flail hath thresh'd the corn
That ten day-labourers could not end ;
Then lies him down the lubber fiend,
And, stretch'd out all the chimney's length,
Basks at the fire his hairy strength ;
And crop-full out of doors he flings,
Ere the first cock his matin rings.
Thus done the tales, to bed they creep,
By whispering winds soon lull'd asleep.
Tower'd cities please us then
And the busy hum of men,
Where throngs of knights and barons bold,
In weeds of peace high triumphs hold,
With store of ladies, whose bright eyes
Rain influence, and judge the prize
Of wit or arms, while both contend
To win her grace, whom all commend.
There let Hymen oft appear
In saffron robe, with taper clear,
And pomp, and feast, and revelry,
With mask, and antique pageantry ;
Such sights as youthful poets dream
On summer eves by haunted stream.
Then to the well-trod stage anon,
If Jonson's learned sock be on,

Or sweetest Shakespeare, Fancy's child,
Warble his native wood-notes wild.
And ever against eating cares
Lap me in soft Lydian airs
Married to immortal verse,
Such as the meeting soul may pierce
In notes, with many a winding bout
Of linkéd sweetness long drawn out,
With wanton heed and giddy cunning,
The melting voice through mazes running,
Untwisting all the chains that tie
The hidden soul of harmony;
That Orpheus' self may heave his head
From golden slumber, on a bed
Of heap'd Elysian flowers, and hear
Such strains as would have won the ear
Of Pluto, to have quite set free
His half-regain'd Eurydice.

These delights if thou canst give,
Mirth, with thee I mean to live.

J. Milton.

113

IL PENSEROSO

Hence, vain deluding Joys,
The brood of Folly without father bred!
How little you bestead
Or fill the fixéd mind with all your toys!
Dwell in some idle brain,
And fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess
As thick and numberless
As the gay motes that people the sunbeams,
Or likest hovering dreams
The fickle pensioners of Morpheus' train.

But hail, thou goddess sage and holy,
Hail, divinest Melancholy!

Whose saintly visage is too bright
To hit the sense of human sight,
And therefore to our weaker view
O'erlaid with black, staid Wisdom's hue ;
Black, but such as in esteem
Prince Memnon's sister might beseem,
Or that starr'd Ethiop queen that strove
To set her beauty's praise above
The sea-nymphs, and their powers offended :
Yet thou art higher far descended :
Thee bright-hair'd Vesta, long of yore,
To solitary Saturn bore ;
His daughter she ; in Saturn's reign
Such mixture was not held a stain :
Oft in glimmering bowers and glades
He met her, and in secret shades
Of woody Ida's inmost grove,
Whilst yet there was no fear of Jove.
Come, pensive nun, devout and pure,
Sober, steadfast, and demure,
All in a robe of darkest grain
Flowing with majestic train,
And sable stole of cypres lawn
Over thy decent shoulders drawn
Come, but keep thy wonted state,
With even step, and musing gait,
And looks commercing with the skies,
Thy rapt soul sitting in thine eyes :
There, held in holy passion still,
Forget thyself to marble, till
With a sad leaden downward cast
Thou fix them on the earth as fast :
And join with thee calm Peace, and Quiet,
Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet,
And hears the Muses in a ring
Ay round about Jove's altar sing :
And add to these retired Leisure
That in trim gardens takes his pleasure :—
But first, and chiefest, with thee bring
Him that yon soars on golden wing

Guiding the fiery-wheeléd throne,
The cherub Contemplatión ;
And the mute Silence hist along,
'Less Philomel will deign a song
In her sweetest saddest plight,
Smoothing the rugged brow of Night,
While Cynthia checks her dragon yoke
Gently o'er the accustom'd oak.
—Sweet bird, that shunn'st the noise of folly,
Most musical, most melancholy !
Thee, chauntress, oft, the woods among
I woo, to hear thy even-song ;
And missing thee, I walk unseen
On the dry smooth-shaven green,
To behold the wandering Moon
Riding near her highest noon,
Like one that had been led astray
Through the heaven's wide pathless way,
And oft, as if her head she bow'd,
Stooping through a fleecy cloud.
Oft, on a plat of rising ground
I hear the far-off curfeu sound
Over some wide-water'd shore,
Swinging slow with sullen roar :
Or, if the air will not permit,
Some still removéd place will fit,
Where glowing embers through the room
Teach light to counterfeit a gloom ;
Far from all resort of mirth,
Save the cricket on the hearth,
Or the bellman's drowsy charm
To bless the doors from nightly harm.
Or let my lamp at midnight hour
Be seen in some high lonely tower,
Where I may oft out-watch the Bear
With thrice-great Hermes, or unsphere
The spirit of Plato, to unfold
What worlds or what vast regions hold
The immortal mind, that hath forsook
Her mansion in this fleshly nook :

And of those demons that are found
In fire, air, flood, or under ground,
Whose power hath a true consent
With planet, or with element.
Sometime let gorgeous Tragedy
In sceptered pall come sweeping by,
Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine;
Or what (though rare) of later age
Ennobled hath the buskin'd stage.

But, O sad Virgin, that thy power
Might raise Musæus from his bower,
Or bid the soul of Orpheus sing
Such notes as, warbled to the string,
Drew iron tears down Pluto's cheek
And made Hell grant what Love did seek!
Or call up him that left half-told
The story of Cambuscan bold,
Of Camball, and of Algarsife,
And who had Canacé to wife,
That own'd the virtuous ring and glass;
And of the wondrous horse of brass
On which the Tartar king did ride:
And if aught else great bards beside
In sage and solemn tunes have sung
Of turneys, and of trophies hung,
Of forests, and enchantments drear,
Where more is meant than meets the ear.

Thus, Night, oft see me in thy pale career,
Till civil-suited Morn appear,
Not trick'd and frounced as she was wont
With the Attic Boy to hunt,
But kercheft in a comely cloud
While rocking winds are piping loud,
Or usher'd with a shower still,
When the gust hath blown his fill,
Ending on the rustling leaves
With minute drops from off the eaves.
And when the sun begins to fling
His flaring beams, me, goddess, bring

To archéd walks of twilight groves,
And shadows brown, that Sylvan loves,
Of pine, or monumental oak,
Where the rude axe, with heavéd stroke,
Was never heard the nymphs to daunt
Or fright them from their hallow'd haunt.
There in close covert by some brook
Where no profaner eye may look,
Hide me from day's garish eye.
While the bee with honey'd thigh,
That at her flowery work doth sing,
And the waters murmuring,
With such consort as they keep
Entice the dewy-feather'd Sleep ;
And let some strange mysterious dream
Wave at his wings in airy stream
Of lively portraiture display'd,
Softly on my eyelids laid :
And, as I wake, sweet music breathe
Above, about, or underneath,
Sent by some Spirit to mortals good,
Or the unseen Genius of the wood.
  But let my due feet never fail
To walk the studious cloister's pale,
And love the high-embowéd roof,
With antique pillars massy-proof,
And storied windows richly dight
Casting a dim religious light :
There let the pealing organ blow
To the full-voiced quire below
In service high and anthems clear,
As may with sweetness, through mine ear,
Dissolve me into ecstasies,
And bring all Heaven before mine eyes.
  And may at last my weary age
Find out the peaceful hermitage,
The hairy gown and mossy cell
Where I may sit and rightly spell
Of every star that heaven doth show,
And every herb that sips the dew ;

Till old experience do attain
To something like prophetic strain.

These pleasures, Melancholy, give,
And I with thee will choose to live.

J. MILTON.

114

SONG OF THE EMIGRANTS IN BERMUDA

Where the remote Bermudas ride
In the ocean's bosom unespied,
From a small boat that row'd along
The listening winds received this song :
'What should we do but sing His praise
That led us through the watery maze
Unto an isle so long unknown,
And yet far kinder than our own ?
Where He the huge sea-monsters wracks,
That lift the deep upon their backs,
He lands us on a grassy stage,
Safe from the storms and prelate's rage :
He gave us this eternal spring
Which here enamels everything,
And sends the fowls to us in care
On daily visits through the air ;
He hangs in shades the orange bright
Like golden lamps in a green night,
And does in the pomegranates close
Jewels more rich than Ormus shows :
He makes the figs our mouths to meet,
And throws the melons at our feet ;
But apples plants of such a price,
No tree could ever bear them twice.
With cedars chosen by His hand
From Lebanon He stores the land ;
And makes the hollow seas that roar
Proclaim the ambergris on shore.
He cast (of which we rather boast)
The Gospel's pearl upon our coast ;

And in these rocks for us did frame
A temple where to sound His name.
Oh ! let our voice His praise exalt
Till it arrive at Heaven's vault.
Which thence (perhaps) rebounding may
Echo beyond the Mexique bay ! '
Thus sung they in the English boat
An holy and a cheerful note :
And all the way, to guide their chime,
With falling oars they kept the time.

A. MARVELL.

115

AT A SOLEMN MUSIC

Blest pair of Sirens, pledges of Heaven's joy,
Sphere-born harmonious Sisters, Voice and Verse!
Wed your divine sounds, and mixt power employ
Dead things with inbreathed sense able to pierce;
And to our high-raised phantasy present
That undisturbéd Song of pure concent
Ay sung before the sapphire-colour'd throne
To Him that sits thereon,
With saintly shout and solemn jubilee ;
Where the bright Seraphim in burning row
Their loud uplifted angel-trumpets blow ;
And the Cherubic host in thousand quires
Touch their immortal harps of golden wires,
With those just Spirits that wear victorious palms,
Hymns devout and holy psalms
Singing everlastingly :
That we on earth, with undiscording voice
May rightly answer that melodious noise ;
As once we did, till disproportion'd sin
Jarr'd against nature's chime, and with harsh din
Broke the fair music that all creatures made
To their great Lord, whose love their motion sway'd
In perfect diapason, whilst they stood
In first obedience, and their state of good.

O may we soon again renew that Song,
And keep in tune with Heaven, till God ere long
To His celestial consort us unite,
To live with Him, and sing in endless morn of light.

J. MILTON.

116

ALEXANDER'S FEAST, OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC

'Twas at the royal feast for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son—
Aloft in awful state
The godlike hero sate
On his imperial throne ;
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound
(So should desert in arms be crown'd) ;
The lovely Thais by his side
Sate like a blooming eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride :—
Happy, happy, happy pair !
None but the brave
None but the brave
None but the brave deserves the fair !

Timotheus placed on high
Amid the tuneful quire
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre :
The trembling notes ascend the sky
And heavenly joys inspire.
The song began from Jove
Who left his blissful seats above—
Such is the power of mighty love !
A dragon's fiery form belied the god ;
Sublime on radiant spires he rode
When he to fair Olympia prest,
And while he sought her snowy breast,

Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.
—The listening crowd admire the lofty sound ;
A present deity ! they shout around :
A present deity ! the vaulted roofs rebound :
With ravish'd ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod
And seems to shake the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus ever fair and ever young :
The jolly god in triumph comes !
Sound the trumpets, beat the drums !
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face :
Now give the hautboys breath ; he comes, he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain ;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure :
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure,
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain ;
Fought all his battles o'er again,
And thrice he routed all his foes, and thrice he slew the slain.
The master saw the madness rise,
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes :
And while he Heaven and Earth defied
Changed his hand and check'd his pride.
He chose a mournful Muse
Soft pity to infuse :
He sung Darius great and good,
By too severe a fate
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,

And weltering in his blood ;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed ;
On the bare earth exposed he lies
With not a friend to close his eyes.
—With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of Chance below ;
And now and then a sigh he stole,
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled to see
That love was in the next degree ;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.
Softly sweet, in Lydian measures
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures.
War, he sung, is toil and trouble,
Honour but an empty bubble ;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying ;
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, O think, it worth enjoying :
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee !
—The many rend the skies with loud applause ;
So Love was crown'd, but Music won the cause.
The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again :
At length with love and wine at once oppress
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again :
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain !
Break his bands of sleep asunder
And rouse him like a rattling peal of thunder.
Hark, hark ! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head :

As awaked from the dead
And amazed he stares around.
Revenge, revenge, Timotheus cries,
See the Furies arise !
See the snakes that they rear
How they hiss in their hair,
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes !
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand !
Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain
And unburied remain
Inglorious on the plain :
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew !
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.
—The princes applaud with a furious joy :
And the King seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way
To light him to his prey,
And like another Helen, fired another Troy !

—Thus, long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute,
Timotheus, to his breathing flute
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.
At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame ;
The sweet enthusiast from her sacred store
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With Nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.
—Let old Timotheus yield the prize
Or both divide the crown ;
He raised a mortal to the skies ;
She drew an angel down !

J Dryden.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY

BOOK THIRD

117

ODE ON THE PLEASURE ARISING FROM VICISSITUDE

Now the golden Morn aloft
  Waves her dew-bespangled wing,
With vermeil cheek and whisper soft
  She woos the tardy Spring :
Till April starts, and calls around
The sleeping fragrance from the ground,
And lightly o'er the living scene
Scatters his freshest, tenderest green.

New-born flocks, in rustic dance,
  Frisking ply their feeble feet ;
Forgetful of their wintry trance
  The birds his presence greet :
But chief, the sky-lark warbles high
His trembling thrilling ecstasy ;
And lessening from the dazzled sight,
Melts into air and liquid light.

Yesterday the sullen year
  Saw the snowy whirlwind fly ;
Mute was the music of the air,
  The herd stood drooping by :
Their raptures now that wildly flow
No yesterday nor morrow know ;
'Tis Man alone that joy descries
With forward and reverted eyes.

Smiles on past Misfortune's brow
  Soft Reflection's hand can trace,
And o'er the cheek of Sorrow throw
  A melancholy grace ;
While Hope prolongs our happier hour,
Or deepest shades, that dimly lour
And blacken round our weary way,
Gilds with a gleam of distant day.

Still, where rosy Pleasure leads,
  See a kindred Grief pursue ;
Behind the steps that Misery treads
  Approaching Comfort view :
The hues of bliss more brightly glow
Chastised by sabler tints of woe,
And blended form, with artful strife,
The strength and harmony of life.

See the wretch that long has tost
  On the thorny bed of pain,
At length repair his vigour lost
  And breathe and walk again :
The meanest floweret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him are opening Paradise.

T. Gray.

118

THE QUIET LIFE

Happy the man, whose wish and care
  A few paternal acres bound,
Content to breathe his native air
  In his own ground.

Whose herds with milk, whose fields with bread,
  Whose flocks supply him with attire ;
Whose trees in summer yield him shade,
  In winter fire.

Blest, who can unconcern'dly find
Hours, days, and years slide soft away
In health of body, peace of mind,
Quiet by day,
Sound sleep by night ; study and ease
Together mix'd ; sweet recreation,
And innocence, which most does please
With meditation.

Thus let me live, unseen, unknown ;
Thus unlamented let me die ;
Steal from the world, and not a stone
Tell where I lie.

A. POPE.

119

THE BLIND BOY

O say what is that thing call'd Light,
Which I must ne'er enjoy ;
What are the blessings of the sight,
O tell your poor blind boy !

You talk of wondrous things you see,
You say the sun shines bright ;
I feel him warm, but how can he
Or make it day or night ?

My day or night myself I make
Whene'er I sleep or play ;
And could I ever keep awake
With me 'twere always day.

With heavy sighs I often hear
You mourn my hapless woe ;
But sure with patience I can bear
A loss I ne'er can know.

Then let not what I cannot have
My cheer of mind destroy :
Whilst thus I sing, I am a king,
Although a poor blind boy.

C. CIBBER.

120

ON A FAVOURITE CAT, DROWNED IN A TUB OF GOLDFISHES

'Twas on a lofty vase's side,
Where China's gayest art had dyed
The azure flowers that blow,
Demurest of the tabby kind,
The pensive Selima, reclined,
Gazed on the lake below.

Her conscious tail her joy declared :
The fair round face, the snowy beard,
The velvet of her paws,
Her coat that with the tortoise vies,
Her ears of jet, and emerald eyes,
She saw ; and purr'd applause.

Still had she gazed, but 'midst the tide
Two angel forms were seen to glide,
The Genii of the stream :
Their scaly armour's Tyrian hue
Through richest purple to the view
Betray'd a golden gleam.

The hapless Nymph with wonder saw :
A whisker first, and then a claw
With many an ardent wish
She stretch'd, in vain, to reach the prize—
What female heart can gold despise ?
What Cat 's averse to Fish ?

Presumptuous maid ! with looks intent
Again she stretch'd, again she bent,
Nor knew the gulf between—
Malignant Fate sat by and smiled—
The slippery verge her feet beguiled ;
She tumbled headlong in !

Eight times emerging from the flood
She mew'd to every watery God
Some speedy aid to send :—
No Dolphin came, no Nereid stirr'd,
Nor cruel Tom nor Susan heard—
A favourite has no friend !

From hence, ye Beauties, undeceived,
Know one false step is ne'er retrieved,
And be with caution bold :
Not all that tempts your wandering eyes
And heedless hearts, is lawful prize,
Nor all that glisters, gold !

T. Gray.

121

TO CHARLOTTE PULTENEY

Timely blossom, Infant fair,
Fondling of a happy pair,
Every morn and every night
Their solicitous delight,
Sleeping, waking, still at ease,
Pleasing, without skill to please ;
Little gossip, blithe and hale,
Tattling many a broken tale,
Singing many a tuneless song,
Lavish of a heedless tongue ;
Simple maiden, void of art,
Babbling out the very heart,
Yet abandon'd to thy will,
Yet imagining no ill,
Yet too innocent to blush ;
Like the linnet in the bush
To the mother-linnet's note
Moduling her slender throat ;
Chirping forth thy petty joys,
Wanton in the change of toys,
Like the linnet green, in May
Flitting to each bloomy spray ;

Wearied then and glad of rest,
Like the linnet in the nest :—
This thy present happy lot,
This, in time will be forgot :
Other pleasures, other cares,
Ever-busy Time prepares ;
And thou shalt in thy daughter see,
This picture, once, resembled thee.

A. PHILIPS.

122

RULE, BRITANNIA

When Britain first at Heaven's command
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land,
And guardian angels sung this strain :
Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves !
Britons never will be slaves.

The nations not so blest as thee
Must in their turns to tyrants fall,
While thou shalt flourish great and free,
The dread and envy of them all.

Still more majestic shalt thou rise,
More dreadful from each foreign stroke ;
As the loud blast that tears the skies
Serves but to root thy native oak.

Thee haughty tyrants ne'er shall tame ;
All their attempts to bend thee down
Will but arouse thy generous flame,
But work their woe and thy renown.

To thee belongs the rural reign ;
Thy cities shall with commerce shine ;
All thine shall be the subject main,
And every shore it circles thine !

The Muses, still with Freedom found,
Shall to thy happy coast repair ;

Blest Isle, with matchless beauty crown'd,
And manly hearts to guard the fair :—
Rule, Britannia ! rule the waves !
Britons never will be slaves !

J. THOMSON.

123

THE BARD

A Pindaric Ode

'Ruin seize thee, ruthless King !
Confusion on thy banners wait !
Tho' fann'd by Conquest's crimson wing
They mock the air with idle state.
Helm, nor hauberk's twisted mail,
Nor e'en thy virtues, tyrant, shall avail
To save thy secret soul from nightly fears,
From Cambria's curse, from Cambria's tears ! '
—Such were the sounds that o'er the crested pride
Of the first Edward scatter'd wild dismay,
As down the steep of Snowdon's shaggy side
He wound with toilsome march his long array :—
Stout Glo'ster stood aghast in speechless trance ;
'To arms ! ' cried Mortimer, and couch'd his quivering lance.

On a rock, whose haughty brow
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
Robed in the sable garb of woe,
With haggard eyes the Poet stood ;
(Loose his beard and hoary hair
Stream'd like a meteor to the troubled air ;)
And with a master's hand and prophet's fire
Struck the deep sorrows of his lyre :
'Hark, how each giant oak and desert cave
Sighs to the torrent's awful voice beneath !
O'er thee, O King ! their hundred arms they wave,
Revenge on thee in hoarser murmurs breathe ;

Vocal no more, since Cambria's fatal day,
To high-born Hoel's harp, or soft Llewellyn's lay.

'Cold is Cadwallo's tongue,
That hush'd the stormy main :
Brave Urien sleeps upon his craggy bed :
Mountains, ye mourn in vain
Modred, whose magic song
Made huge Plinlimmon bow his cloud-topt head.
On dreary Arvon's shore they lie
Smear'd with gore and ghastly pale :
Far, far aloof the affrighted ravens sail ;
The famish'd eagle screams, and passes by.
Dear lost companions of my tuneful art,
Dear as the light that visits these sad eyes,
Dear as the ruddy drops that warm my heart,
Ye died amidst your dying country's cries—
No more I weep. They do not sleep ;
On yonder cliffs, a griesly band,
I see them sit ; they linger yet,
Avengers of their native land :
With me in dreadful harmony they join,
And weave with bloody hands the tissue of thy line.'

" Weave the warp and weave the woof,
The winding-sheet of Edward's race :
Give ample room and verge enough
The characters of hell to trace.
Mark the year and mark the night
When Severn shall re-echo with affright
The shrieks of death thro' Berkley's roofs that ring,
Shrieks of an agonizing king !
She-wolf of France, with unrelenting fangs
That tear'st the bowels of thy mangled mate,
From thee be born, who o'er thy country hangs
The scourge of Heaven ! What terrors round him wait !
Amazement in his van, with Flight combined,
And Sorrow's faded form, and Solitude behind.

" Mighty victor, mighty lord,
Low on his funeral couch he lies !

No pitying heart, no eye, afford
A tear to grace his obsequies.
Is the sable warrior fled ?
Thy son is gone. He rests among the dead.
The swarm that in thy noon-tide beam were born ?
—Gone to salute the rising morn.
Fair laughs the Morn, and soft the zephyr blows,
While proudly riding o'er the azure realm
In gallant trim the gilded Vessel goes :
Youth on the prow, and Pleasure at the helm :
Regardless of the sweeping Whirlwind's sway,
That, hush'd in grim repose, expects his evening prey.

" Fill high the sparkling bowl,
The rich repast prepare ;
Reft of a crown, he yet may share the feast :
Close by the regal chair
Fell Thirst and Famine scowl
A baleful smile upon their baffled guest.
Heard ye the din of battle bray,
Lance to lance, and horse to horse ?
Long years of havoc urge their destined course,
And thro' the kindred squadrons mow their way.
Ye towers of Julius, London's lasting shame,
With many a foul and midnight murder fed,
Revere his Consort's faith, his Father's fame,
And spare the meek usurper's holy head !
Above, below, the rose of snow,
Twined with her blushing foe, we spread :
The bristled boar in infant-gore
Wallows beneath the thorny shade.
Now, brothers, bending o'er the accurséd loom,
Stamp we our vengeance deep, and ratify his doom.

" Edward, lo ! to sudden fate
(Weave we the woof ; The thread is spun ;)
Half of thy heart we consecrate.
(The web is wove ; The work is done.) "
' Stay, O stay ! nor thus forlorn
Leave me unbless'd, unpitied, here to mourn :

In yon bright track that fires the western skies
They melt, they vanish from my eyes.
But O! what solemn scenes on Snowdon's height
Descending slow their glittering skirts unroll?
Visions of glory, spare my aching sight,
Ye unborn ages, crowd not on my soul!
No more our long-lost Arthur we bewail:—
All hail, ye genuine kings! Britannia's issue, hail!

'Girt with many a baron bold
Sublime their starry fronts they rear;
And gorgeous dames, and statesmen old
In bearded majesty, appear.
In the midst a form divine!
Her eye proclaims her of the Briton-Line:
Her lion-port, her awe-commanding face
Attemper'd sweet to virgin-grace.
What strings symphonious tremble in the air,
What strains of vocal transport round her play?
Hear from the grave, great Taliessin, hear;
They breathe a soul to animate thy clay.
Bright Rapture calls, and soaring as she sings,
Waves in the eye of Heaven her many-colour'd wings.

The verse adorn again
Fierce War, and faithful Love,
And Truth severe, by fairy Fiction drest.
In buskin'd measures move
Pale Grief, and pleasing Pain,
With Horror, tyrant of the throbbing breast.
A voice as of the cherub-choir
Gales from blooming Eden bear,
And distant warblings lessen on my ear,
That lost in long futurity expire.
Fond impious man, think'st thou yon sanguine cloud
Raised by thy breath, has quench'd the orb of day?
To-morrow he repairs the golden flood
And warms the nations with redoubled ray.
Enough for me: with joy I see
The different doom our fates assign:

Be thine Despair and sceptred Care ;
To triumph and to die are mine.'
—He spoke, and headlong from the mountain's height
Deep in the roaring tide he plunged to endless night.

T. Gray.

124

ODE WRITTEN IN MDCCXLVI

How sleep the Brave who sink to rest
By all their Country's wishes blest !
When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallow'd mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than Fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung,
By forms unseen their dirge is sung :
There Honour comes, a pilgrim grey,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay ;
And Freedom shall awhile repair
To dwell, a weeping hermit, there !

W. Collins.

125

LAMENT FOR CULLODEN

The lovely lass o' Inverness,
Nae joy nor pleasure can she see ;
For e'en and morn she cries, Alas !
And ay the saut tear blin's her ee :
Drumossie moor—Drumossie day—
A waefu' day it was to me !
For there I lost my father dear,
My father dear, and brethren three.

Their winding-sheet the bluidy clay,
Their graves are growing green to see :

And by them lies the dearest lad
That ever blest a woman's ee !
Now wae to thee, thou cruel lord,
A bluidy man I trow thou be ;
For mony a heart thou hast made sair
That ne'er did wrang to thine or thee.

R. BURNS.

126

LAMENT FOR FLODDEN

I've heard them lilting at the ewe-milking,
Lasses a' lilting before dawn of day ;
But now they are moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At bughts, in the morning, nae blythe lads are scorning,
Lasses are lonely and dowie and wae ;
Nae daffing, nae gabbing, but sighing and sabbing,
Ilk ane lifts her leglin and hies her away.

In har'st, at the shearing, nae youths now are jeering,
Bandsters are runkled, and lyart, or grey ;
At fair or at preaching, nae wooing, nae fleeching—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

At e'en, in the gloaming, nae younkers are roaming
'Bout stacks with the lasses at bogle to play ;
But ilk maid sits dreary, lamenting her dearie—
The Flowers of the Forest are weded away.

Dool and wae for the order, sent our lads to the Border !
The English, for ance, by guile wan the day ;
The Flowers of the Forest, that fought aye the foremost,
The prime of our land, are cauld in the clay.

We'll hear nae mair lilting at the ewe-milking ;
Women and bairns are heartless and wae ;
Sighing and moaning on ilka green loaning—
The Flowers of the Forest are a' wede away.

J. ELLIOT.

127

THE BRAES OF YARROW

'Thy braes were bonny, Yarrow stream,
When first on them I met my lover;
Thy braes how dreary, Yarrow stream,
When now thy waves his body cover!
For ever now, O Yarrow stream,
Thou art to me a stream of sorrow;
For never on thy banks shall I
Behold my love, the flower of Yarrow.

'He promised me a milk-white steed
To bear me to his father's bowers;
He promised me a little page
To squire me to his father's towers;
He promised me a wedding-ring,—
The wedding-day was fix'd to-morrow;—
Now he is wedded to his grave,
Alas, his watery grave, in Yarrow!

'Sweet were his words when last we met;
My passion I as freely told him;
Clasp'd in his arms, I little thought
That I should never more behold him!
Scarce was he gone, I saw his ghost;
It vanish'd with a shriek of sorrow;
Thrice did the water-wraith ascend,
And gave a doleful groan thro' Yarrow.

'His mother from the window look'd
With all the longing of a mother;
His little sister weeping walk'd
The green-wood path to meet her brother;
They sought him east, they sought him west,
They sought him all the forest thorough;
They only saw the cloud of night,
They only heard the roar of Yarrow.

'No longer from thy window look—
Thou hast no son, thou tender mother!
No longer walk, thou lovely maid;
Alas, thou hast no more a brother!
No longer seek him east or west
And search no more the forest thorough;
For, wandering in the night so dark,
He fell a lifeless corpse in Yarrow.

'The tear shall never leave my cheek,
No other youth shall be my marrow—
I'll seek thy body in the stream,
And then with thee I'll sleep in Yarrow.'
—The tear did never leave her cheek,
No other youth became her marrow;
She found his body in the stream,
And now with him she sleeps in Yarrow.

J. LOGAN.

128

WILLY DROWNED IN YARROW

Down in yon garden sweet and gay
Where bonnie grows the lily,
I heard a fair maid sighing say,
'My wish be wi' sweet Willie!

'Willie's rare, and Willie's fair,
And Willie's wondrous bonny;
And Willie hecht to marry me
Gin e'er he married ony.

'O gentle wind, that bloweth south
From where my Love repaireth,
Convey a kiss frae his dear mouth
And tell me how he fareth!

'O tell sweet Willie to come doun
And hear the mavis singing,
And see the birds on ilka bush
And leaves around them hinging.

'The lav'rock there, wi' her white breast
And gentle throat sae narrow;
There's sport eneuch for gentlemen
On Leader haughs and Yarrow.

'O Leader haughs are wide and braid
And Yarrow haughs are bonny;
There Willie hecht to marry me
If e'er he married ony.

'But Willie's gone, whom I thought on,
And does not hear me weeping;
Draws many a tear frae 's true love's e'e
When other maids are sleeping.

'Yestreen I made my bed fu' braid,
The night I'll mak' it narrow,
For a' the live-lang winter night
I lie twined o' my marrow.

'O came ye by yon water-side?
Pou'd you the rose or lily?
Or came you by yon meadow green,
Or saw you my sweet Willie?'

She sought him up, she sought him down,
She sought him braid and narrow;
Syne, in the cleaving of a craig,
She found him drown'd in Yarrow!

ANON.

129

LOSS OF THE ROYAL GEORGE

Toll for the Brave!
The brave that are no more!
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore!

Eight hundred of the brave,
Whose courage well was tried,
Had made the vessel heel
And laid her on her side.

A land-breeze shook the shrouds
And she was overset ;
Down went the Royal George,
With all her crew complete.

Toll for the brave !
Brave Kempenfelt is gone ;
His last sea-fight is fought,
His work of glory done.

It was not in the battle ;
No tempest gave the shock ;
She sprang no fatal leak,
She ran upon no rock.

His sword was in the sheath,
His fingers held the pen,
When Kempenfelt went down
With twice four hundred men.

Weigh the vessel up
Once dreaded by our foes,
And mingle with your cup
The tears that England owes.

Her timbers yet are sound,
And she may float again
Full charged with England's thunder,
And plough the distant main :

But Kempenfelt is gone,
His victories are o'er ;
And he and his eight hundred
Must plough the wave no more.

W. Cowper.

130

BLACK-EYED SUSAN

All in the Downs the fleet was moor'd,
The streamers waving in the wind,
When black-eyed Susan came aboard ;
'O ! where shall I my true-love find ?

Tell me, ye jovial sailors, tell me true
If my sweet William sails among the crew.'

William, who high upon the yard
Rock'd with the billow to and fro,
Soon as her well-known voice he heard,
He sigh'd, and cast his eyes below :
The cord slides swiftly through his glowing hands,
And quick as lightning on the deck he stands.

So the sweet lark, high poised in air,
Shuts close his pinions to his breast
If chance his mate's shrill call he hear,
And drops at once into her nest :—
The noblest captain in the British fleet
Might envy William's lips those kisses sweet.

'O Susan, Susan, lovely dear,
My vows shall ever true remain ;
Let me kiss off that falling tear ;
We only part to meet again.
Change as ye list, ye winds ; my heart shall be
The faithful compass that still points to thee.

'Believe not what the landmen say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind :
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,
In every port a mistress find :
Yes, yes, believe them when they tell thee so,
For Thou art present wheresoe'er I go.

'If to far India's coast we sail,
Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright,
Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
Thy skin is ivory so white.
Thus every beauteous object that I view
Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely Sue.

'Though battle call me from thy arms
Let not my pretty Susan mourn ;
Though cannons roar, yet safe from harms
William shall to his Dear return.
Love turns aside the balls that round me fly,
Lest precious tears should drop from Susan's eye.'

The boatswain gave the dreadful word,
The sails their swelling bosom spread ;
No longer must she stay aboard ;
They kiss'd, she sigh'd, he hung his head.
Her lessening boat unwilling rows to land ;
'Adieu ! ' she cries ; and waved her lily hand.

J. GAY.

131

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY

Of all the girls that are so smart
There's none like pretty Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.
There is no lady in the land
Is half so sweet as Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage-nets
And through the streets does cry 'em ;
Her mother she sells laces long
To such as please to buy 'em :
But sure such folks could ne'er beget
So sweet a girl as Sally !
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by, I leave my work,
I love her so sincerely ;
My master comes like any Turk,
And bangs me most severely—
But let him bang his bellyful,
I'll bear it all for Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that 's in the week
I dearly love but one day—

And that's the day that comes betwixt
A Saturday and Monday ;
For then I'm drest all in my best
To walk abroad with Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master carries me to church,
And often am I blamed
Because I leave him in the lurch
As soon as text is named ;
I leave the church in sermon-time
And slink away to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again
O then I shall have money ;
I'll hoard it up, and box and all,
I'll give it to my honey :
I would it were ten thousand pound,
I'd give it all to Sally ;
She is the darling of my heart,
And she lives in our alley.

My master and the neighbours all
Make game of me and Sally,
And, but for her, I'd better be
A slave and row a galley ;
But when my seven long years are out
O then I'll marry Sally,—
O then we'll wed, and then we'll bed,
But not in our alley !

H. CAREY.

132

A FAREWELL

Go fetch to me a pint o' wine,
An' fill it in a silver tassie ;
That I may drink before I go
A service to my bonnie lassie :

The boat rocks at the pier o' Leith,
Fu' loud the wind blaws frae the Ferry,
The ship rides by the Berwick-law,
And I maun leave my bonnie Mary.

The trumpets sound, the banners fly,
The glittering spears are rankéd ready ;
The shouts o' war are heard afar,
The battle closes thick and bloody ;
But it 's not the roar o' sea or shore
Wad make me langer wish to tarry ;
Nor shout o' war that 's heard afar—
It 's leaving thee, my bonnie Mary.

R. BURNS.

133

If doughty deeds my lady please
Right soon I'll mount my steed ;
And strong his arm, and fast his seat,
That bears frae me the meed.
I'll wear thy colours in my cap,
Thy picture in my heart ;
And he that bends not to thine eye
Shall rue it to his smart.
Then tell me how to woo thee, love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

If gay attire delight thine eye
I'll dight me in array ;
I'll tend thy chamber door all night,
And squire thee all the day.
If sweetest sounds can win thine ear,
These sounds I'll strive to catch ;
Thy voice I'll steal to woo thysell,
That voice that nane can match.

But if fond love thy heart can gain,
I never broke a vow ;

Nae maiden lays her skaith to me,
I never loved but you.
For you alone I ride the ring,
For you I wear the blue ;
For you alone I strive to sing,
O tell me how to woo !
Then tell me how to woo thee, love ;
O tell me how to woo thee !
For thy dear sake, nae care I'll take,
Tho' ne'er another trow me.

R. Graham of Gartmore.

134

TO A YOUNG LADY

Sweet stream, that winds through yonder glade,
Apt emblem of a virtuous maid—
Silent and chaste she steals along,
Far from the world's gay busy throng :
With gentle yet prevailing force,
Intent upon her destined course ;
Graceful and useful all she does,
Blessing and blest where'er she goes ;
Pure-bosom'd as that watery glass,
And Heaven reflected in her face.

W. Cowper.

135

THE SLEEPING BEAUTY

Sleep on, and dream of Heaven awhile—
Tho' shut so close thy laughing eyes,
Thy rosy lips still wear a smile
And move, and breathe delicious sighs !

Ah, now soft blushes tinge her cheeks
And mantle o'er her neck of snow :
Ah, now she murmurs, now she speaks
What most I wish—and fear to know !

She starts, she trembles, and she weeps !
  Her fair hands folded on her breast :
—And now, how like a saint she sleeps !
  A seraph in the realms of rest !

Sleep on secure ! Above control
  Thy thoughts belong to Heaven and thee :
And may the secret of thy soul
  Remain within its sanctuary !

S. Rogers.

136

For ever, Fortune, wilt thou prove
An unrelenting foe to Love,
And when we meet a mutual heart
Come in between, and bid us part ?

Bid us sigh on from day to day,
And wish and wish the soul away ;
Till youth and genial years are flown,
And all the life of life is gone ?

But busy, busy, still art thou,
To bind the loveless joyless vow,
The heart from pleasure to delude,
And join the gentle to the rude.

For once, O Fortune, hear my prayer,
And I absolve thy future care ;
All other blessings I resign,
Make but the dear Amanda mine.

J. Thomson.

137

The merchant, to secure his treasure,
  Conveys it in a borrow'd name :
Euphelia serves to grace my measure,
  But Cloe is my real flame.

My softest verse, my darling lyre
  Upon Euphelia's toilet lay—
When Cloe noted her desire
  That I should sing, that I should play.

My lyre I tune, my voice I raise,
  But with my numbers mix my sighs ;
And whilst I sing Euphelia's praise,
  I fix my soul on Cloe's eyes.

Fair Cloe blush'd : Euphelia frown'd :
  I sung, and gazed ; I play'd, and trembled :
And Venus to the Loves around
  Remark'd how ill we all dissembled.

M. Prior.

138

When lovely woman stoops to folly
  And finds too late that men betray,—
What charm can soothe her melancholy,
  What art can wash her guilt away ?

The only art her guilt to cover,
  To hide her shame from every eye,
To give repentance to her lover
  And wring his bosom, is—to die.

O. Goldsmith.

139

Ye flowery banks o' bonnie Doon,
  How can ye bloom sae fair !
How can ye chant, ye little birds,
  And I sae fu' o' care !

Thou'll break my heart, thou bonnie bird
  That sings upon the bough ;
Thou minds me o' the happy days
  When my fause Luve was true.

Thou'lt break my heart, thou bonnie bird
That sings beside thy mate ;
For sae I sat, and sae I sang,
And wist na o' my fate.

Aft hae I roved by bonnie Doon
To see the woodbine twine ;
And ilka bird sang o' its love,
And sae did I o' mine.

Wi' lightsome heart I pu'd a rose,
Frae aff its thorny tree ;
And my fause luver staw the rose,
But left the thorn wi' me.

R. BURNS.

140

THE PROGRESS OF POESY

A Pindaric Ode

Awake, Aeolian lyre, awake,
And give to rapture all thy trembling strings.
From Helicon's harmonious springs
A thousand rills their mazy progress take :
The laughing flowers that round them blow
Drink life and fragrance as they flow.
Now the rich stream of Music winds along
Deep, majestic, smooth, and strong,
Through verdant vales and Ceres' golden reign ;
Now rolling down the steep amain,
Headlong, impetuous, see it pour :
The rocks and nodding groves rebellow to the roar.

O Sovereign of the willing soul,
Parent of sweet and solemn-breathing airs,
Enchanting shell ! the sullen Cares
And frantic Passions hear thy soft control.
On Thracia's hills the Lord of War
Has curb'd the fury of his car

And dropt his thirsty lance at thy command.
Perching on the sceptred hand
Of Jove, thy magic lulls the feather'd king
With ruffled plumes, and flagging wing :
Quench'd in dark clouds of slumber lie
The terror of his beak, and lightnings of his eye.

Thee the voice, the dance, obey
Temper'd to thy warbled lay.
O'er Idalia's velvet green
The rosy-crownéd Loves are seen
On Cytherea's day,
With antic Sports, and blue-eyed Pleasures,
Frisking light in frolic measures ;
Now pursuing, now retreating,
Now in circling troops they meet :
To brisk notes in cadence beating
Glance their many-twinkling feet.
Slow melting strains their Queen's approach declare:
Where'er she turns the Graces homage pay :
With arms sublime that float upon the air
In gliding state she wins her easy way :
O'er her warm cheek and rising bosom move
The bloom of young Desire and purple light of Love.

Man's feeble race what ills await !
Labour, and Penury, the racks of Pain,
Disease, and Sorrow's weeping train,
And Death, sad refuge from the storms of Fate !
The fond complaint, my song, disprove,
And justify the laws of Jove.
Say, has he given in vain the heavenly Muse ?
Night, and all her sickly dews,
Her spectres wan, and birds of boding cry
He gives to range the dreary sky :
Till down the eastern cliffs afar
Hyperion's march they spy, and glittering shafts of war.

In climes beyond the solar road,
Where shaggy forms o'er ice-built mountains roam,
The Muse has broke the twilight gloom
To cheer the shivering native's dull abode.
And oft, beneath the odorous shade
Of Chili's boundless forests laid,
She deigns to hear the savage youth repeat
In loose numbers wildly sweet
Their feather-cinctured chiefs, and dusky loves.
Her track, where'er the Goddess roves,
Glory pursue, and generous Shame,
Th' unconquerable Mind, and Freedom's holy flame.

Woods, that wave o'er Delphi's steep,
Isles, that crown th' Aegean deep,
Fields that cool Ilissus laves,
Or where Maeander's amber waves
In lingering lab'rinths creep,
How do your tuneful echoes languish,
Mute, but to the voice of anguish!
Where each old poetic mountain
Inspiration breath'd around;
Every shade and hallow'd fountain
Murmur'd deep a solemn sound:
Till the sad Nine, in Greece's evil hour,
Left their Parnassus for the Latian plains.
Alike they scorn the pomp of tyrant Power,
And coward Vice, that revels in her chains.
When Latium had her lofty spirit lost,
They sought, O Albion, next thy sea-encircled coast.

Far from the sun and summer-gale
In thy green lap was Nature's Darling laid,
What time, where lucid Avon stray'd,
To him the mighty Mother did unveil
Her awful face: the dauntless Child
Stretch'd forth his little arms, and smiled.

This pencil take (she said), whose colours clear
Richly paint the vernal year :
Thine, too, these golden keys, immortal Boy !
This can unlock the gates of Joy ;
Of Horror that, and thrilling Fears,
Or ope the sacred source of sympathetic Tears.

Nor second He, that rode sublime
Upon the seraph-wings of Ecstasy,
The secrets of the Abyss to spy :
He pass'd the flaming bounds of Place and Time:
The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze,
Where Angels tremble while they gaze,
He saw ; but blasted with excess of light,
Closed his eyes in endless night.
Behold where Dryden's less presumptuous car
Wide o'er the fields of Glory bear
Two coursers of ethereal race
With necks in thunder clothed, and long-resounding pace.

Hark, his hands the lyre explore !
Bright-eyed Fancy, hovering o'er,
Scatters from her pictur'd urn
Thoughts that breathe, and words that burn.
But ah ! 'tis heard no more——
O ! Lyre divine, what daring Spirit
Wakes thee now ? Tho' he inherit
Nor the pride, nor ample pinion,
That the Theban Eagle bear,
Sailing with supreme dominion
Thro' the azure deep of air :
Yet oft before his infant eyes would run
Such forms as glitter in the Muse's ray
With orient hues, unborrow'd of the sun :
Yet shall he mount, and keep his distant way
Beyond the limits of a vulgar fate :
Beneath the Good how far—but far above the Great.

T. Gray.

141

THE PASSIONS

An Ode for Music

When Music, heavenly maid, was young,
While yet in early Greece she sung,
The Passions oft, to hear her shell,
Throng'd around her magic cell
Exulting, trembling, raging, fainting,
Possest beyond the Muse's painting ;
By turns they felt the glowing mind
Disturb'd, delighted, rais'd, refin'd :
Till once, 'tis said, when all were fir'd,
Fill'd with fury, rapt, inspir'd,
From the supporting myrtles round
They snatch'd her instruments of sound,
And, as they oft had heard apart
Sweet lessons of her forceful art,
Each, for Madness ruled the hour,
Would prove his own expressive power.

First Fear his hand, its skill to try,
Amid the chords bewilder'd laid,
And back recoil'd, he knew not why,
E'en at the sound himself had made.

Next Anger rush'd, his eyes on fire,
In lightnings own'd his secret stings ;
In one rude clash he struck the lyre
And swept with hurried hand the strings.

With woeful measures wan Despair,
Low sullen sounds, his grief beguiled,
A solemn, strange, and mingled air,
'Twas sad by fits, by starts 'twas wild.

But thou, O Hope, with eyes so fair,
What was thy delightful measure ?
Still it whisper'd promised pleasure
And bade the lovely scenes at distance hail !

Still would her touch the strain prolong ;
And from the rocks, the woods, the vale,
She call'd on Echo still through all the song ;
And, where her sweetest theme she chose,
A soft responsive voice was heard at every close ;
And Hope enchanted smiled, and waved her golden hair.

And longer had she sung,—but with a frown
Revenge impatient rose :
He threw his blood-stain'd sword in thunder down ;
And with a withering look
The war-denouncing trumpet took,
And blew a blast so loud and dread,
Were ne'er prophetic sounds so full of woe.
And ever and anon he beat
The doubling drum with furious heat ;
And, though sometimes, each dreary pause between,
Dejected Pity at his side
Her soul-subduing voice applied,
Yet still he kept his wild unalter'd mien,
While each strain'd ball of sight seem'd bursting from his head.

Thy numbers, Jealousy, to nought were fix'd :
Sad proof of thy distressful state !
Of differing themes the veering song was mix'd ;
And now it courted Love, now raving call'd on Hate.

With eyes up-rais'd, as one inspir'd,
Pale Melancholy sat retir'd ;
And from her wild sequester'd seat,
In notes by distance made more sweet,
Pour'd through the mellow horn her pensive soul :
And dashing soft from rocks around
Bubbling runnels join'd the sound ;
Through glades and glooms the mingled measure stole,
Or, o'er some haunted stream, with fond delay,
Round an holy calm diffusing,
Love of peace and lonely musing,
In hollow murmurs died away.

But O ! how alter'd was its sprightlier tone,
When Cheerfulness, a nymph of healthiest hue,
Her bow across her shoulder flung,
Her buskins gemm'd with morning dew,
Blew an inspiring air, that dale and thicket rung,
The hunter's call to Faun and Dryad known !
The oak-crown'd Sisters and their chaste-eyed Queen,
Satyrs and Sylvan Boys, were seen
Peeping from forth their alleys green :
Brown Exercise rejoic'd to hear ;
And Sport leap'd up, and seiz'd his beechen spear.

Last came Joy's ecstatic trial :
He, with viny crown advancing,
First to the lively pipe his hand addrest :
But soon he saw the brisk awak'ning viol,
Whose sweet entrancing voice he lov'd the best :
They would have thought who heard the strain
They saw, in Tempe's vale, her native maids
Amidst the festal-sounding shades
To some unwearied minstrel dancing ;
While, as his flying fingers kiss'd the strings,
Love fram'd with Mirth a gay fantastic round :
Loose were her tresses seen, her zone unbound ;
And he, amidst his frolic play,
As if he would the charming air repay,
Shook thousand odours from his dewy wings.

O Music ! sphere-descended maid,
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid !
Why, goddess, why, to us denied,
Lay'st thou thy ancient lyre aside ?
As in that lov'd Athenian bower
You learn'd an all-commanding power,
Thy mimic soul, O nymph endear'd,
Can well recall what then it heard.
Where is thy native simple heart
Devote to Virtue, Fancy, Art ?
Arise, as in that elder time,

Warm, energic, chaste, sublime !
Thy wonders in that god-like age
Fill thy recording Sister's page ;—
'Tis said, and I believe the tale,
Thy humblest reed could more prevail,
Had more of strength, diviner rage,
Than all which charms this laggard age,
E'en all at once together found,
Cecilia's mingled world of sound :—
O bid our vain endeavours cease :
Revive the just designs of Greece :
Return in all thy simple state !
Confirm the tales her sons relate !

W. COLLINS.

142

ODE ON THE SPRING

Lo ! where the rosy-bosom'd Hours,
Fair Venus' train, appear,
Disclose the long-expecting flowers
And wake the purple year !
The Attic warbler pours her throat
Responsive to the cuckoo's note,
The untaught harmony of Spring :
While, whispering pleasure as they fly,
Cool Zephyrs through the clear blue sky
Their gather'd fragrance fling.

Where'er the oak's thick branches stretch
A broader, browner shade,
Where'er the rude and moss-grown beech
O'er-canopies the glade,
Beside some water's rushy brink
With me the Muse shall sit, and think
(At ease reclined in rustic state)
How vain the ardour of the Crowd,
How low, how little are the Proud,
How indigent the Great !

Still is the toiling hand of Care ;
The panting herds repose :
Yet hark, how through the peopled air
The busy murmur glows !
The insect youth are on the wing,
Eager to taste the honied spring
And float amid the liquid noon :
Some lightly o'er the current skim,
Some show their gaily-gilded trim
Quick-glancing to the sun.

To Contemplation's sober eye
Such is the race of Man :
And they that creep, and they that fly,
Shall end where they began.
Alike the busy and the gay
But flutter through life's little day,
In Fortune's varying colours drest :
Brush'd by the hand of rough Mischance,
Or chill'd by Age, their airy dance
They leave, in dust to rest.

Methinks I hear in accents low
The sportive kind reply :
Poor moralist ! and what art thou ?
A solitary fly !
Thy joys no glittering female meets,
No hive hast thou of hoarded sweets,
No painted plumage to display :
On hasty wings thy youth is flown ;
Thy sun is set, thy spring is gone—
We frolic while 'tis May.

T. GRAY.

143

THE POPLAR FIELD

The poplars are fell'd ; farewell to the shade
And the whispering sound of the cool colonnade ;
The winds play no longer and sing in the leaves,
Nor Ouse on his bosom their image receives.

Twelve years have elapsed since I first took a view
Of my favourite field, and the bank where they grew :
And now in the grass behold they are laid,
And the tree is my seat that once lent me a shade.

The blackbird has fled to another retreat,
Where the hazels afford him a screen from the heat;
And the scene where his melody charm'd me before
Resounds with his sweet-flowing ditty no more.

My fugitive years are all hasting away,
And I must ere long lie as lowly as they,
With a turf on my breast and a stone at my head,
Ere another such grove shall arise in its stead.

'Tis a sight to engage me, if anything can,
To muse on the perishing pleasures of man ;
Though his life be a dream, his enjoyments, I see,
Have a being less durable even than he.

W. COWPER.

144

TO A MOUSE

On turning her up in her nest with the plough, November 1785.

Wee, sleekit, cow'rin', tim'rous beastie,
O what a panic 's in thy breastie !
Thou need na start awa sae hasty,
Wi' bickering brattle !
I wad be laith to rin an' chase thee
Wi' murd'ring pattle !

I'm truly sorry man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
An' justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor earth-born companion,
An' fellow-mortal !

I doubt na, whiles, but thou may thieve ;
What then ? poor beastie, thou maun live !

A daimen-icker in a thrave
'S a sma' request :
I'll get a blessin' wi' the lave,
And never miss't !

Thy wee bit housie, too, in ruin !
Its silly wa's the win's are strewin' :
And naething, now, to big a new ane,
O' foggage green !
An' bleak December's winds ensuin'
Baith snell an' keen !

Thou saw the fields laid bare and waste
An' weary winter comin' fast,
An' cozie here, beneath the blast,
Thou thought to dwell,
Till, crash ! the cruel coulter past
Out thro' thy cell.

That wee bit heap o' leaves an' stibble
Has cost thee mony a weary nibble !
Now thou's turn'd out, for a' thy trouble,
But house or hald,
To thole the winter's sleety dribble
An' cranreuch cauld !

But, Mousie, thou art no thy lane
In proving foresight may be vain :
The best laid schemes o' mice an' men
Gang aft a-gley,
An' lea'e us nought but grief an' pain,
For promised joy.

Still thou art blest, compared wi' me !
The present only toucheth thee :
But, och ! I backward cast my e'e
On prospects drear !
An' forward, tho' I canna see,
I guess an' fear !

R. BURNS.

145

A WISH

Mine be a cot beside the hill ;
A bee-hive's hum shall soothe my ear ;
A willowy brook that turns a mill,
With many a fall shall linger near.

The swallow, oft, beneath my thatch
Shall twitter from her clay-built nest ;
Oft shall the pilgrim lift the latch,
And share my meal, a welcome guest.

Around my ivied porch shall spring
Each fragrant flower that drinks the dew ;
And Lucy, at her wheel, shall sing
In russet gown and apron blue.

The village-church among the trees,
Where first our marriage-vows were given,
With merry peals shall swell the breeze
And point with taper spire to Heaven.

S. Rogers.

146

TO EVENING

If aught of oaten stop or pastoral song
May hope, O pensive Eve, to soothe thine ear,
Like thy own brawling springs,
Thy springs, and dying gales ;

O Nymph reserved,—while now the bright-hair'd sun
Sits in yon western tent, whose cloudy skirts
With brede ethereal wove
O'erhang his wavy bed ;

Now air is hush'd, save where the weak-ey'd bat
With short shrill shriek flits by on leathern wing,
Or where the beetle winds
His small but sullen horn,

As oft he rises 'midst the twilight path,
Against the pilgrim borne in heedless hum,—
Now teach me, maid composed,
To breathe some soften'd strain,

Whose numbers, stealing through thy dark'ning vale,
May not unseemly with its stillness suit;
As musing slow I hail
Thy genial loved return.

For when thy folding-star arising shows
His paly circlet, at his warning lamp
The fragrant Hours, and Elves
Who slept in buds the day,

And many a Nymph who wreathes her brows with sedge
And sheds the freshening dew, and lovelier still
The pensive Pleasures sweet,
Prepare thy shadowy car.

Then let me rove some wild and heathy scene;
Or find some ruin midst its dreary dells,
Whose walls more awful nod
By thy religious gleams.

Or if chill blustering winds or driving rain
Prevent my willing feet, be mine the hut
That, from the mountain's side,
Views wilds and swelling floods,

And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;
And hears their simple bell; and marks o'er all
Thy dewy fingers draw
The gradual dusky veil.

While Spring shall pour his showers, as oft he wont,
And bathe thy breathing tresses, meekest Eve!
While Summer loves to sport
Beneath thy lingering light;

While sallow Autumn fills thy lap with leaves;
Or Winter, yelling through the troublous air,
Affrights thy shrinking train
And rudely rends thy robes;

So long, regardful of thy quiet rule,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, smiling Peace,
Thy gentlest influence own,
And love thy favourite name !

W. COLLINS.

147

ELEGY

WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
The lowing herd wind slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
And leaves the world to darkness, and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds :

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower
The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
The rude Forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
Or busy housewife ply her evening care :
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke ;
How jocund did they drive their team afield !
How bow'd the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not Ambition mock their useful toil,
Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
The short and simple annals of the Poor.

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Awaits alike th' inevitable hour :—
The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these the fault
If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath ?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death ?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
Some heart once pregnant with celestial fire ;
Hands, that the rod of empire might have sway'd,
Or waked to ecstasy the living lyre :

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page
Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll ;
Chill Penury repress'd their noble rage,
And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
The dark unfathom'd caves of ocean bear :
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village-Hampden, that with dauntless breast
The little tyrant of his fields withstood,
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
Some Cromwell, guiltless of his country's blood.

Th' applause of list'ning senates to command,
The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbad : nor circumscribed alone
Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined ;
Forbad to wade through slaughter to a throne,
And shut the gates of mercy on mankind,

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide.
To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
Their sober wishes never learn'd to stray ;
Along the cool sequester'd vale of life
They kept the noiseless tenour of their way.

Yet e'en these bones from insult to protect
Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture deck'd,
Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by th' unletter'd Muse,
The place of fame and elegy supply :
And many a holy text around she strews,
That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb forgetfulness a prey,
This pleasing anxious being e'er resign'd,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
Nor cast one longing lingering look behind ?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
Some pious drops the closing eye requires ;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of th' unhonour'd dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate ;
If chance, by lonely contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate,

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say,
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn ;

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woeful wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or cross'd in hopeless love.

'One morn I miss'd him on the custom'd hill,
Along the heath, and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next with dirges due in sad array
Slow through the church-way path we saw him borne,—
Approach and read (for thou canst read) the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth
A Youth, to Fortune and to Fame unknown;
Fair Science frown'd not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy mark'd him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere;
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had, a tear,
He gain'd from Heaven, 'twas all he wish'd, a friend.

No farther seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode,
(There they alike in trembling hope repose,)
The bosom of his Father and his God.

T. GRAY.

148

MARY MORISON

O Mary, at thy window be,
  It is the wish'd, the trysted hour!
Those smiles and glances let me see
  That make the miser's treasure poor:
  How blythely wad I bide the stoure,
A weary slave frae sun to sun,
  Could I the rich reward secure,
The lovely Mary Morison.

Yestreen, when to the trembling string
  The dance gaed thro' the lighted ha',
To thee my fancy took its wing,—
  I sat, but neither heard nor saw:
  Tho' this was fair, and that was braw,
And yon the toast of a' the town,
  I sigh'd, and said amang them a',
'Ye arena Mary Morison.'

O Mary, canst thou wreck his peace
  Wha for thy sake wad gladly dee?
Or canst thou break that heart of his,
  Whase only faut is loving thee?
  If love for love thou wiltna gie,
At least be pity to me shown;
  A thought ungentle canna be
The thought o' Mary Morison.

R. Burns.

149

BONNIE LESLEY

O saw ye bonnie Lesley
  As she gaed o'er the border?
She 's gane, like Alexander,
  To spread her conquests farther.

To see her is to love her,
And love but her for ever;
For nature made her what she is,
And never made anither!

Thou art a queen, fair Lesley,
Thy subjects we, before thee;
Thou art divine, fair Lesley,
The hearts o' men adore thee.

The deil he couldna scaith thee,
Or aught that wad belang thee;
He'd look into thy bonnie face,
And say 'I canna wrang thee!'

The Powers aboon will tent thee;
Misfortune sha'na steer thee;
Thou'rt like themselves sae lovely,
That ill they'll ne'er let near thee.

Return again, fair Lesley,
Return to Caledonie!
That we may brag we hae a lass
There 's nane again sae bonnie.

R. BURNS.

150

O my Luve 's like a red, red rose
That 's newly sprung in June:
O my Luve 's like the melodie
That 's sweetly play'd in tune.

As fair art thou, my bonnie lass,
So deep in luve am I:
And I will luve thee still, my dear,
Till a' the seas gang dry:

Till a' the seas gang dry, my dear,
And the rocks melt wi' the sun;
I will luve thee still, my dear,
While the sands o' life shall run.

And fare thee weel, my only Luve !
And fare thee weel a while !
And I will come again, my Luve,
Tho' it were ten thousand mile.

R. BURNS.

151

HIGHLAND MARY

Ye banks and braes and streams around
The castle o' Montgomery,
Green be your woods, and fair your flowers,
Your waters never drumlie !
There simmer first unfauld her robes,
And there the langest tarry ;
For there I took the last fareweel
O' my sweet Highland Mary.

How sweetly bloom'd the gay green birk,
How rich the hawthorn's blossom,
As underneath their fragrant shade
I clasp'd her to my bosom !
The golden hours on angel wings
Flew o'er me and my dearie ;
For dear to me as light and life
Was my sweet Highland Mary.

Wi' mony a vow and lock'd embrace
Our parting was fu' tender ;
And pledging aft to meet again,
We tore oursels asunder ;
But, oh ! fell Death's untimely frost,
That nipt my flower sae early !
Now green 's the sod, and cauld 's the clay,
That wraps my Highland Mary !

O pale, pale now, those rosy lips,
I aft hae kiss'd sae fondly !
And closed for ay the sparkling glance
That dwelt on me sae kindly ;

And mouldering now in silent dust
That heart that lo'ed me dearly !
But still within my bosom's core
Shall live my Highland Mary.

R. BURNS.

152

AULD ROBIN GRAY

When the sheep are in the fauld, and the kye at hame,
And a' the warld to rest are gane,
The waes o' my heart fa' in showers frae my e'e,
While my gudeman lies sound by me.

Young Jamie lo'ed me weel, and sought me for his bride ;
But saving a croun he had naething else beside :
To make the croun a pund, young Jamie gaed to sea;
And the croun and the pund were baith for me.

He hadna been awa' a week but only twa,
When my father brak his arm, and the cow was stown awa ;
My mother she fell sick, and my Jamie at the sea—
And auld Robin Gray came a-courtin' me.

My father couldna work, and my mother couldna spin;
I toil'd day and night, but their bread I couldna win;
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and wi' tears in his e'e
Said, Jennie, for their sakes, O, marry me !

My heart it said nay ; I look'd for Jamie back ;
But the wind it blew high, and the ship it was a wrack ;
His ship it was a wrack—why didna Jamie dee ?
Or why do I live to cry, Wae's me ?

My father urgit sair : my mother didna speak ;
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break :
They gi'ed him my hand, but my heart was at the sea ;
Sae auld Robin Gray he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been a wife a week but only four,
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at the door,
I saw my Jamie's wraith, for I couldna think it he—
Till he said, I'm come hame to marry thee.

O sair, sair did we greet, and muckle did we say ;
We took but ae kiss, and I bad him gang away :
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee ;
And why was I born to say, Wae's me !

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena to spin ;
I daurna think on Jamie, for that wad be a sin ;
But I'll do my best a gude wife ay to be,
For auld Robin Gray he is kind unto me.

LADY A. LINDSAY.

153

DUNCAN GRAY

Duncan Gray cam here to woo,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't,
On blythe Yule night when we were fou,
Ha, ha, the wooing o't :
Maggie coost her head fu' high,
Look'd asklent and unco skeigh,
Gart poor Duncan stand abeigh ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

Duncan fleech'd, and Duncan pray'd ;
Meg was deaf as Ailsa Craig ;
Duncan sigh'd baith out and in,
Grat his een baith bleer't and blin',
Spak o' lowpin ower a linn !

Time and chance are but a tide,
Slighted love is sair to bide ;
Shall I, like a fool, quoth he,
For a haughty hizzie dee ?
She may gae to—France for me !

How it comes let doctors tell,
Meg grew sick—as he grew heal ;
Something in her bosom wrings,
For relief a sigh she brings ;
And O, her een, they spak sic things !

Duncan was a lad o' grace ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
Maggie's was a piteous case ;
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !
Duncan couldna be her death,
Swelling pity smoor'd his wrath ;
Now they're crouse and canty baith :
Ha, ha, the wooing o't !

R. Burns.

154

THE SAILOR'S WIFE

And are ye sure the news is true ?
And are ye sure he 's weel ?
Is this a time to think o' wark ?
Ye jades, lay by your wheel ;
Is this the time to spin a thread,
When Colin 's at the door ?
Reach down my cloak, I'll to the quay,
And see him come ashore.
For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a' ;
There's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'.

And gie to me my bigonet,
My bishop's satin gown ;
For I maun tell the baillie's wife
That Colin 's in the town.
My Turkey slippers maun gae on,
My stockins pearly blue ;
It 's a' to pleasure our gudeman,
For he 's baith leal and true.

Rise, lass, and mak a clean fireside,
Put on the muckle pot ;
Gie little Kate her button gown
And Jock his Sunday coat ;
And mak their shoon as black as slaes,
Their hose as white as snaw ;
It 's a' to please my ain gudeman,
For he 's been long awa'.

There 's twa fat hens upo' the coop
Been fed this month and mair ;
Mak haste and thraw their necks about,
That Colin weel may fare ;
And spread the table neat and clean,
Gar ilka thing look braw,
For wha can tell how Colin fared
When he was far awa' ?

Sae true his heart, sae smooth his speech,
His breath like caller air ;
His very foot has music in't
As he comes up the stair—
And will I see his face again ?
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet !

If Colin 's weel, and weel content,
I hae nae mair to crave :
And gin I live to keep him sae,
I'm blest aboon the lave :
And will I see his face again,
And will I hear him speak ?
I'm downright dizzy wi' the thought,
In troth I'm like to greet.
For there 's nae luck about the house,
There 's nae luck at a' ;
There 's little pleasure in the house
When our gudeman 's awa'.

W. J. Mickle.

155

JEAN

Of a' the airts the wind can blaw
I dearly like the West,
For there the bonnie lassie lives,
The lassie I lo'e best :
There's wild woods grow, and rivers row,
And mony a hill between ;
But day and night my fancy's flight
Is ever wi' my Jean.

I see her in the dewy flowers,
I see her sweet and fair :
I hear her in the tunefu' birds,
I hear her charm the air :
There 's not a bonnie flower that springs
By fountain, shaw, or green,
There 's not a bonnie bird that sings
But minds me o' my Jean.

O blaw ye westlin winds, blaw saft
Amang the leafy trees ;
Wi' balmy gale, frae hill and dale
Bring hame the laden bees ;
And bring the lassie back to me
That 's ay sae neat and clean ;
Ae smile o' her wad banish care,
Sae charming is my Jean.

What sighs and vows amang the knowes
Hae pass'd atween us twa !
How fond to meet, how wae to part
That night she gaed awa !
The Powers aboon can only ken
To whom the heart is seen,
That nane can be sae dear to me
As my sweet lovely Jean !

R. Burns.

156

JOHN ANDERSON

John Anderson my jo, John,
When we were first acquent
Your locks were like the raven,
Your bonnie brow was brent ;
But now your brow is beld, John,
Your locks are like the snow ;
But blessings on your frosty pow,
John Anderson my jo.

John Anderson my jo, John,
We clamb the hill thegither,
And mony a canty day, John,
We've had wi' ane anither :
Now we maun totter down, John,
But hand in hand we'll go,
And sleep thegither at the foot,
John Anderson my jo.

R. Burns.

157

THE LAND O' THE LEAL

I'm wearing awa', Jean,
Like snaw when it 's thaw, Jean,
I'm wearing awa'
To the land o' the leal.
There 's nae sorrow there, Jean,
There 's neither cauld nor care, Jean,
The day is ay fair
In the land o' the leal.

Ye were ay leal and true, Jean,
Your task 's ended noo, Jean,
And I'll welcome you
To the land o' the leal.

Our bonnie bairn 's there, Jean,
She was baith guid and fair, Jean ;
O we grudged her right sair
To the land o' the leal !

Then dry that tearfu' e'e, Jean,
My soul langs to be free, Jean,
And angels wait on me
To the land o' the leal.
Now fare ye weel, my ain Jean,
This warld's care is vain, Jean ;
We'll meet and ay be fain
In the land o' the leal.

LADY NAIRNE.

158

ODE ON A DISTANT PROSPECT OF ETON COLLEGE

Ye distant spires, ye antique towers
That crown the watery glade,
Where grateful Science still adores
Her Henry's holy shade ;
And ye, that from the stately brow
Of Windsor's heights th' expanse below
Of grove, of lawn, of mead survey,
Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers among
Wanders the hoary Thames along
His silver-winding way :

Ah happy hills ! ah pleasing shade !
Ah fields beloved in vain !
Where once my careless childhood stray'd,
A stranger yet to pain !
I feel the gales that from ye blow
A momentary bliss bestow,
As waving fresh their gladsome wing
My weary soul they seem to soothe,
And, redolent of joy and youth,
To breathe a second spring.

Say, Father Thames, for thou hast seen
  Full many a sprightly race
Disporting on thy margent green
  The paths of pleasure trace ;
Who foremost now delight to cleave
With pliant arm, thy glassy wave ?
  The captive linnet which enthral ?
What idle progeny succeed
To chase the rolling circle's speed
  Or urge the flying ball ?

While some on earnest business bent
  Their murmuring labours ply
'Gainst graver hours, that bring constraint
  To sweeten liberty :
Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign
  And unknown regions dare descry :
Still as they run they look behind,
They hear a voice in every wind,
  And snatch a fearful joy.

Gay hope is theirs by fancy fed,
  Less pleasing when possest ;
The tear forgot as soon as shed,
  The sunshine of the breast :
Theirs buxom health, of rosy hue,
Wild wit, invention ever new,
  And lively cheer, of vigour born ;
The thoughtless day, the easy night,
The spirits pure, the slumbers light
  That fly th' approach of morn.

Alas ! regardless of their doom
  The little victims play !
No sense have they of ills to come
  Nor care beyond to-day :
Yet see how all around them wait
The Ministers of human fate
  And black Misfortune's baleful train !

Ah show them where in ambush stand
To seize their prey, the murderous band !
Ah, tell them they are men !

These shall the fury Passions tear,
The vultures of the mind,
Disdainful Anger, pallid Fear,
And Shame that skulks behind ;
Or pining Love shall waste their youth,
Or Jealousy with rankling tooth
That inly gnaws the secret heart,
And Envy wan, and faded Care,
Grim-visaged comfortless Despair,
And Sorrow's piercing dart.

Ambition this shall tempt to rise,
Then whirl the wretch from high,
To bitter Scorn a sacrifice
And grinning Infamy.
The stings of Falsehood those shall try,
And hard Unkindness' alter'd eye,
That mocks the tear it forced to flow ;
And keen Remorse with blood defiled,
And moody Madness laughing wild
Amid severest woe.

Lo, in the vale of years beneath
A griesly troop are seen,
The painful family of Death,
More hideous than their Queen :
This racks the joints, this fires the veins,
That every labouring sinew strains,
Those in the deeper vitals rage :
Lo, Poverty, to fill the band,
That numbs the soul with icy hand,
And slow-consuming Age.

To each his sufferings : all are men,
Condemn'd alike to groan ;
The tender for another's pain,
Th' unfeeling for his own.
Yet, ah ! why should they know their fate,
Since sorrow never comes too late,

And happiness too swiftly flies ?
Thought would destroy their paradise.
No more ;—where ignorance is bliss,
'Tis folly to be wise.

T. GRAY.

159

HYMN TO ADVERSITY

Daughter of Jove, relentless power,
Thou tamer of the human breast,
Whose iron scourge and torturing hour
The bad affright, afflict the best !
Bound in thy adamantine chain
The proud are taught to taste of pain,
And purple tyrants vainly groan
With pangs unfelt before, unpitied and alone.

When first thy Sire to send on earth
Virtue, his darling child, design'd,
To thee he gave the heavenly birth
And bade to form her infant mind.
Stern, rugged Nurse ! thy rigid lore
With patience many a year she bore :
What sorrow was, thou bad'st her know,
And from her own she learn'd to melt at others' woe.

Scared at thy frown terrific, fly
Self-pleasing Folly's idle brood,
Wild Laughter, Noise, and thoughtless Joy,
And leave us leisure to be good.
Light they disperse, and with them go
The summer Friend, the flattering Foe ;
By vain Prosperity received,
To her they vow their truth, and are again believed.

Wisdom in sable garb array'd
Immersed in rapturous thought profound,
And Melancholy, silent maid,
With leaden eye, that loves the ground,

Still on thy solemn steps attend :
Warm Charity, the general friend,
With Justice, to herself severe,
And Pity dropping soft the sadly-pleasing tear.

O, gently on thy suppliant's head
Dread Goddess, lay thy chastening hand !
Not in thy Gorgon terrors clad,
Nor circled with the vengeful band
(As by the impious thou art seen)
With thundering voice, and threatening mien.
With screaming Horror's funeral cry,
Despair, and fell Disease, and ghastly Poverty :

Thy form benign, O Goddess, wear,
Thy milder influence impart,
Thy philosophic train be there
To soften, not to wound my heart.
The generous spark extinct revive,
Teach me to love and to forgive,
Exact my own defects to scan,
What others are to feel, and know myself a Man.

T. GRAY.

160

THE SOLITUDE OF ALEXANDER SELKIRK

I am monarch of all I survey,
My right there is none to dispute ;
From the centre all round to the sea
I am lord of the fowl and the brute.
O solitude ! where are the charms
That sages have seen in thy face ?
Better dwell in the midst of alarms
Than reign in this horrible place.

I am out of humanity's reach.
I must finish my journey alone,
Never hear the sweet music of speech ;
I start at the sound of my own.

The beasts that roam over the plain
My form with indifference see ;
They are so unacquainted with man,
Their tameness is shocking to me.

Society, friendship, and love
Divinely bestow'd upon man,
O had I the wings of a dove
How soon would I taste you again !
My sorrows I then might assuage
In the ways of religion and truth,
Might learn from the wisdom of age,
And be cheer'd by the sallies of youth.

Ye winds that have made me your sport,
Convey to this desolate shore
Some cordial endearing report
Of a land I shall visit no more :
My friends, do they now and then send
A wish or a thought after me ?
O tell me I yet have a friend,
Though a friend I am never to see.

How fleet is a glance of the mind !
Compared with the speed of its flight,
The tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-wingéd arrows of light.
When I think of my own native land
In a moment I seem to be there ;
But, alas ! recollection at hand
Soon hurries me back to despair.

But the seafowl is gone to her nest,
The beast is laid down in his lair ;
Even here is a season of rest,
And I to my cabin repair.
There is mercy in every place,
And mercy, encouraging thought !
Gives even affliction a grace
And reconciles man to his lot.

W. Cowper.

161

TO MARY UNWIN

Mary ! I want a lyre with other strings,
  Such aid from heaven as some have feign'd they drew,
  An eloquence scarce given to mortals, new
And undebased by praise of meaner things,

That ere through age or woe I shed my wings
  I may record thy worth with honour due,
  In verse as musical as thou art true,
Verse that immortalizes whom it sings :—

But thou hast little need. There is a Book
  By seraphs writ with beams of heavenly light,
On which the eyes of God not rarely look,
  A chronicle of actions just and bright—

There all thy deeds, my faithful Mary, shine ;
And since thou own'st that praise, I spare thee mine.

W. Cowper.

162

TO THE SAME

The twentieth year is well-nigh past
Since first our sky was overcast ;
Ah, would that this might be the last !
  My Mary !

Thy spirits have a fainter flow,
I see thee daily weaker grow—
'Twas my distress that brought thee low,
  My Mary !

Thy needles, once a shining store,
For my sake restless heretofore,
Now rust disused, and shine no more ;
  My Mary !

For though thou gladly wouldst fulfil
The same kind office for me still,
Thy sight now seconds not thy will,
My Mary !

But well thou play'dst the housewife's part,
And all thy threads with magic art
Have wound themselves about this heart,
My Mary !

Thy indistinct expressions seem
Like language utter'd in a dream ;
Yet me they charm, whate'er the theme,
My Mary !

Thy silver locks, once auburn bright,
Are still more lovely in my sight
Than golden beams of orient light,
My Mary !

For could I view nor them nor thee,
What sight worth seeing could I see ?
The sun would rise in vain for me,
My Mary !

Partakers of thy sad decline
Thy hands their little force resign ;
Yet, gently press'd, press gently mine,
My Mary !

Such feebleness of limbs thou prov'st
That now at every step thou mov'st
Upheld by two ; yet still thou lov'st,
My Mary !

And still to love, though press'd with ill,
In wintry age to feel no chill,
With me is to be lovely still,
My Mary !

But ah ! by constant heed I know
How oft the sadness that I show
Transforms thy smiles to looks of woe,
My Mary !

And should my future lot be cast
With much resemblance of the past,
Thy worn-out heart will break at last—
My Mary!

W. COWPER.

163

THE DYING MAN IN HIS GARDEN

Why, Damon, with the forward day
Dost thou thy little spot survey,
From tree to tree, with doubtful cheer,
Observe the progress of the year,
What winds arise, what rains descend,
When thou before that year shalt end?

What do thy noonday walks avail,
To clear the leaf, and pick the snail
Then wantonly to death decree
An insect usefuller than thee?
Thou and the worm are brother-kind,
As low, as earthy, and as blind.

Vain wretch! canst thou expect to see
The downy peach make court to thee?
Or that thy sense shall ever meet
The bean-flower's deep-embosom'd sweet
Exhaling with an evening's blast?
Thy evenings then will all be past!

Thy narrow pride, thy fancied green
(For vanity 's in little seen),
All must be left when Death appears,
In spite of wishes, groans, and tears;
Nor one of all thy plants that grow
But Rosemary will with thee go.

G. SEWELL.

164

TO-MORROW

In the downhill of life, when I find I'm declining,
May my lot no less fortunate be
Than a snug elbow-chair can afford for reclining,
And a cot that o'erlooks the wide sea ;
With an ambling pad-pony to pace o'er the lawn,
While I carol away idle sorrow,
And blithe as the lark that each day hails the dawn
Look forward with hope for to-morrow.

With a porch at my door, both for shelter and shade too,
As the sunshine or rain may prevail ;
And a small spot of ground for the use of the spade too,
With a barn for the use of the flail :
A cow for my dairy, a dog for my game,
And a purse when a friend wants to borrow ;
I'll envy no nabob his riches or fame,
Nor what honours await him to-morrow.

From the bleak northern blast may my cot be completely
Secured by a neighbouring hill ;
And at night may repose steal upon me more sweetly
By the sound of a murmuring rill :
And while peace and plenty I find at my board,
With a heart free from sickness and sorrow,
With my friends may I share what to-day may afford,
And let them spread the table to-morrow.

And when I at last must throw off this frail covering
Which I've worn for three-score years and ten,
On the brink of the grave I'll not seek to keep hovering,
Nor my thread wish to spin o'er again :

But my face in the glass I'll serenely survey,
And with smiles count each wrinkle and furrow ;
As this old worn-out stuff, which is threadbare to-day,
May become everlasting to-morrow.

J. Collins.

165

Life ! I know not what thou art,
But know that thou and I must part ;
And when, or how, or where we met
I own to me 's a secret yet.

Life ! we've been long together
Through pleasant and through cloudy weather ;
'Tis hard to part when friends are dear—
Perhaps 'twill cost a sigh, a tear ;
—Then steal away, give little warning,
Choose thine own time ;
Say not Good Night,—but in some brighter clime
Bid me Good Morning.

A. L. Barbauld.

THE GOLDEN TREASURY

BOOK FOURTH

166

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

Much have I travell'd in the realms of gold
And many goodly states and kingdoms seen ;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.

Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-brow'd Homer ruled as his demesne ;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold :

Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken ;
Or like stout Cortez, when with eagle eyes

He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Look'd at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

J. KEATS.

167

ODE ON THE POETS

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Have ye souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new ?

Yes, and those of heaven commune
With the spheres of sun and moon ;
With the noise of fountains wond'rous
And the parle of voices thund'rous ;
With the whisper of heaven's trees
And one another, in soft ease
Seated on Elysian lawns
Brows'd by none but Dian's fawns ;
Underneath large blue-bells tented,
Where the daisies are rose-scented,
And the rose herself has got
Perfume which on earth is not ;
Where the nightingale doth sing
Not a senseless, trancéd thing,
But divine melodious truth ;
Philosophic numbers smooth ;
Tales and golden histories
Of heaven and its mysteries.

Thus ye live on high, and then
On the earth ye live again ;
And the souls ye left behind you
Teach us, here, the way to find you,
Where your other souls are joying,
Never slumber'd, never cloying.
Here, your earth-born souls still speak
To mortals, of their little week ;
Of their sorrows and delights ;
Of their passions and their spites ;
Of their glory and their shame ;
What doth strengthen and what maim :—
Thus ye teach us, every day,
Wisdom, though fled far away.

Bards of Passion and of Mirth
Ye have left your souls on earth !
Ye have souls in heaven too,
Double-lived in regions new !

J. KEATS.

168

LOVE

All thoughts, all passions, all delights,
Whatever stirs this mortal frame,
All are but ministers of Love,
And feed his sacred flame.

Oft in my waking dreams do I
Live o'er again that happy hour,
When midway on the mount I lay
Beside the ruin'd tower.

The moonshine stealing o'er the scene
Had blended with the lights of eve;
And she was there, my hope, my joy,
My own dear Genevieve!

She lean'd against the arméd man,
The statue of the arméd knight;
She stood and listen'd to my lay,
Amid the lingering light.

Few sorrows hath she of her own,
My hope! my joy! my Genevieve!
She loves me best whene'er I sing
The songs that make her grieve.

I play'd a soft and doleful air,
I sang an old and moving story—
An old rude song, that suited well
That ruin wild and hoary.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace;
For well she knew I could not choose
But gaze upon her face.

I told her of the Knight that wore
Upon his shield a burning brand;
And that for ten long years he woo'd
The Lady of the Land.

I told her how he pined ; and ah !
The deep, the low, the pleading tone
With which I sang another's love
Interpreted my own.

She listen'd with a flitting blush,
With downcast eyes and modest grace ;
And she forgave me, that I gazed
Too fondly on her face.

But when I told the cruel scorn
That crazed that bold and lovely Knight,
And that he cross'd the mountain-woods,
Nor rested day nor night ;

That sometimes from the savage den,
And sometimes from the darksome shade,
And sometimes starting up at once
In green and sunny glade

There came and look'd him in the face
An angel beautiful and bright ;
And that he knew it was a Fiend,
This miserable Knight !

And that, unknowing what he did,
He leap'd amid a murderous band,
And saved from outrage worse than death
The Lady of the Land ;

And how she wept, and clasp'd his knees
And how she tended him in vain ;
And ever strove to expiate
The scorn that crazed his brain ;

And that she nursed him in a cave,
And how his madness went away,
When on the yellow forest leaves
A dying man he lay ;

—His dying words—but when I reach'd
That tenderest strain of all the ditty,
My faltering voice and pausing harp
Disturb'd her soul with pity !

All impulses of soul and sense
Had thrill'd my guileless Genevieve;
The music and the doleful tale,
The rich and balmy eve;

And hopes, and fears that kindle hope,
An undistinguishable throng,
And gentle wishes long subdued,
Subdued and cherish'd long!

She wept with pity and delight,
She blush'd with love and virgin shame;
And like the murmur of a dream,
I heard her breathe my name.

Her bosom heaved—she stepp'd aside,
As conscious of my look she stept—
Then suddenly, with timorous eye
She fled to me and wept.

She half enclosed me with her arms,
She press'd me with a meek embrace;
And bending back her head, look'd up,
And gazed upon my face.

'Twas partly love, and partly fear,
And partly 'twas a bashful art,
That I might rather feel, than see,
The swelling of her heart.

I calm'd her fears, and she was calm,
And told her love with virgin pride;
And so I won my Genevieve,
My bright and beauteous Bride.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

169

ALL FOR LOVE

O talk not to me of a name great in story;
The days of our youth are the days of our glory;
And the myrtle and ivy of sweet two-and-twenty
Are worth all your laurels, though ever so plenty.

What are garlands and crowns to the brow that is
wrinkled ?
'Tis but as a dead flower with May-dew besprinkled:
Then away with all such from the head that is hoary—
What care I for the wreaths that can only give glory?

O Fame !—if I e'er took delight in thy praises,
'Twas less for the sake of thy high-sounding phrases,
Than to see the bright eyes of the dear one discover
She thought that I was not unworthy to love her.

There chiefly I sought thee, there only I found thee;
Her glance was the best of the rays that surround
thee ;
When it sparkled o'er aught that was bright in my
story,
I knew it was love, and I felt it was glory.

LORD BYRON.

170

THE OUTLAW

O Brignall banks are wild and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.
And as I rode by Dalton Hall
Beneath the turrets high,
A Maiden on the castle-wall
Was singing merrily :
' O Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green ;
I'd rather rove with Ednund there
Than reign our English queen.'

' If, Maiden, thou wouldst wend with me,
To leave both tower and town,
Thou first must guess what life lead we
That dwell by dale and down.
And if thou canst that riddle read,
As read full well you may,
Then to the greenwood shalt thou speed
As blithe as Queen of May.'

Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair
And Greta woods are green;
I'd rather rove with Edmund there
Than reign our English queen.

'I read you by your bugle-horn
And by your palfrey good,
I read you for a ranger sworn
To keep the king's greenwood.'
'A ranger, lady, winds his horn,
And 'tis at peep of light;
His blast is heard at merry morn,
And mine at dead of night.'
Yet sung she, 'Brignall banks are fair,
And Greta woods are gay;
I would I were with Edmund there
To reign his Queen of May!

'With burnish'd brand and musketoon
So gallantly you come,
I read you for a bold Dragoon
That lists the tuck of drum.'
'I list no more the tuck of drum,
No more the trumpet hear;
But when the beetle sounds his hum
My comrades take the spear.
And O! though Brignall banks be fair
And Greta woods be gay,
Yet mickle must the maiden dare
Would reign my Queen of May!

'Maiden! a nameless life I lead,
A nameless death I'll die;
The fiend whose lantern lights the mead
Were better mate than I!
And when I'm with my comrades met
Beneath the greenwood bough,—
What once we were we all forget,
Nor think what we are now.'

Chorus

Yet Brignall banks are fresh and fair,
And Greta woods are green,
And you may gather garlands there
Would grace a summer queen.

SIR W. SCOTT.

171

There be none of Beauty's daughters
With a magic like thee ;
And like music on the waters
Is thy sweet voice to me :
When, as if its sound were causing
The charméd ocean's pausing,
The waves lie still and gleaming,
And the lull'd winds seem dreaming :

And the midnight moon is weaving
Her bright chain o'er the deep,
Whose breast is gently heaving
As an infant's asleep :
So the spirit bows before thee
To listen and adore thee ;
With a full but soft emotion,
Like the swell of Summer's ocean.

LORD BYRON.

172

LINES TO AN INDIAN AIR

I arise from dreams of thee
In the first sweet sleep of night,
When the winds are breathing low
And the stars are shining bright :
I arise from dreams of thee,
And a spirit in my feet
Has led me—who knows how ?
To thy chamber-window, sweet !

The wandering airs they faint
  On the dark, the silent stream—
The champak odours fail
  Like sweet thoughts in a dream ;
The nightingale's complaint
  It dies upon her heart,
As I must die on thine,
  O belovéd as thou art !

O lift me from the grass !
  I die, I faint, I fail !
Let thy love in kisses rain
  On my lips and eyelids pale.
My cheek is cold and white, alas !
  My heart beats loud and fast ;
O ! press it close to thine again
  Where it will break at last.

P. B. Shelley.

173

She walks in beauty, like the night
  Of cloudless climes and starry skies,
And all that 's best of dark and bright
  Meet in her aspect and her eyes,
Thus mellow'd to that tender light
  Which heaven to gaudy day denies.

One shade the more, one ray the less,
  Had half impair'd the nameless grace
Which waves in every raven tress,
  Or softly lightens o'er her face,
Where thoughts serenely sweet express
  How pure, how dear their dwelling-place.

And on that cheek and o'er that brow
  So soft, so calm, yet eloquent,
The smiles that win, the tints that glow
  But tell of days in goodness spent,
A mind at peace with all below,
  A heart whose love is innocent.

Lord Byron.

174

She was a phantom of delight
When first she gleam'd upon my sight ;
A lovely apparition, sent
To be a moment's ornament ;
Her eyes as stars of Twilight fair ;
Like Twilight's, too, her dusky hair ;
But all things else about her drawn
From May-time and the cheerful dawn ;
A dancing shape, an image gay,
To haunt, to startle, and waylay.

I saw her upon nearer view,
A spirit, yet a woman too !
Her household motions light and free,
And steps of virgin-liberty ;
A countenance in which did meet
Sweet records, promises as sweet ;
A creature not too bright or good
For human nature's daily food,
For transient sorrows, simple wiles,
Praise, blame, love, kisses, tears, and smiles.

And now I see with eye serene
The very pulse of the machine ;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller between life and death :
The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill ;
A perfect woman, nobly plann'd
To warn, to comfort, and command ;
And yet a Spirit still, and bright
With something of angelic light.

W. WORDSWORTH.

175

She is not fair to outward view
As many maidens be ;
Her loveliness I never knew
Until she smiled on me.

O then I saw her eye was bright,
A well of love, a spring of light.

But now her looks are coy and cold,
To mine they ne'er reply,
And yet I cease not to behold
The love-light in her eye :
Her very frowns are fairer far
Than smiles of other maidens are.

H. COLERIDGE.

176

I fear thy kisses, gentle maiden ;
Thou needest not fear mine ;
My spirit is too deeply laden
Ever to burthen thine.

I fear thy mien, thy tones, thy motion ;
Thou needest not fear mine ;
Innocent is the heart's devotion
With which I worship thine.

P. B. SHELLEY.

177

THE LOST LOVE

She dwelt among the untrodden ways
Beside the springs of Dove ;
A maid whom there were none to praise,
And very few to love :

A violet by a mossy stone
Half hidden from the eye !
—Fair as a star, when only one
Is shining in the sky.

She lived unknown, and few could know
When Lucy ceased to be ;
But she is in her grave, and oh,
The difference to me !

W. WORDSWORTH.

178

I travell'd among unknown men
In lands beyond the sea ;
Nor, England ! did I know till then
What love I bore to thee.

'Tis past, that melancholy dream !
Nor will I quit thy shore
A second time ; for still I seem
To love thee more and more.

Among thy mountains did I feel
The joy of my desire ;
And she I cherish'd turn'd her wheel
Beside an English fire.

Thy mornings show'd, thy nights conceal'd
The bowers where Lucy play'd :
And thine too is the last green field
That Lucy's eyes survey'd.

W. WORDSWORTH.

179

THE EDUCATION OF NATURE

Three years she grew in sun and shower ;
Then Nature said, ' A lovelier flower
On earth was never sown :
This child I to myself will take ;
She shall be mine, and I will make
A lady of my own.

' Myself will to my darling be
Both law and impulse : and with me
The girl, in rock and plain,
In earth and heaven, in glade and bower,
Shall feel an overseeing power
To kindle or restrain.

'She shall be sportive as the fawn
That wild with glee across the lawn
Or up the mountain springs;
And hers shall be the breathing balm,
And hers the silence and the calm
Of mute insensate things.

'The floating clouds their state shall lend
To her; for her the willow bend;
Nor shall she fail to see
E'en in the motions of the storm
Grace that shall mould the maiden's form
By silent sympathy.

'The stars of midnight shall be dear
To her; and she shall lean her ear
In many a secret place
Where rivulets dance their wayward round,
And beauty born of murmuring sound
Shall pass into her face.

'And vital feelings of delight
Shall rear her form to stately height,
Her virgin bosom swell;
Such thoughts to Lucy I will give
While she and I together live
Here in this happy dell.'

Thus Nature spake—The work was done—
How soon my Lucy's race was run!
She died, and left to me
This heath, this calm and quiet scene;
The memory of what has been,
And never more will be.

W. WORDSWORTH.

180

A slumber did my spirit seal;
I had no human fears:
She seem'd a thing that could not feel
The touch of earthly years.

No motion has she now, no force ;
She neither hears nor sees ;
Roll'd round in earth's diurnal course
With rocks, and stones, and trees.

W. WORDSWORTH.

181

LORD ULLIN'S DAUGHTER

A Chieftain to the Highlands bound
Cries ' Boatman, do not tarry !
And I'll give thee a silver pound
To row us o'er the ferry ! '

' Now who be ye, would cross Lochgyle
This dark and stormy water ? '
' O I'm the chief of Ulva's isle,
And this, Lord Ullin's daughter.

' And fast before her father's men
Three days we've fled together,
For should he find us in the glen,
My blood would stain the heather.

' His horsemen hard behind us ride—
Should they our steps discover,
Then who will cheer my bonny bride
When they have slain her lover ? '

Out spoke the hardy Highland wight,
' I'll go, my chief, I'm ready :
It is not for your silver bright,
But for your winsome lady :—

' And by my word ! the bonny bird
In danger shall not tarry ;
So though the waves are raging white
I'll row you o'er the ferry.'

By this the storm grew loud apace,
The water-wraith was shrieking ;
And in the scowl of heaven each face
Grew dark as they were speaking.

But still as wilder blew the wind
And as the night grew drearer,
Adown the glen rode arméd men,
Their trampling sounded nearer.

'O haste thee, haste!' the lady cries,
'Though tempests round us gather;
I'll meet the raging of the skies,
But not an angry father.'

The boat has left a stormy land,
A stormy sea before her,—
When, oh! too strong for human hand
The tempest gather'd o'er her.

And still they row'd amidst the roar
Of waters fast prevailing:
Lord Ullin reach'd that fatal shore,—
His wrath was changed to wailing.

For, sore dismay'd, through storm and shade
His child he did discover:—
One lovely hand she stretch'd for aid,
And one was round her lover.

'Come back! come back!' he cried in grief
'Across this stormy water:
And I'll forgive your Highland chief,
My daughter!—O my daughter!'

'Twas vain: the loud waves lash'd the shore,
Return or aid preventing:
The waters wild went o'er his child,
And he was left lamenting.

T. CAMPBELL.

182

JOCK O' HAZELDEAN

'Why weep ye by the tide, ladie?
Why weep ye by the tide?
I'll wed ye to my youngest son,
And ye sall be his bride:

And ye sall be his bride, ladie,
Sae comely to be seen '—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

'Now let this wilfu' grief be done,
And dry that cheek so pale ;
Young Frank is chief of Errington
And lord of Langley-dale ;
His step is first in peaceful ha',
His sword in battle keen '—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

'A chain of gold ye sall not lack,
Nor braid to bind your hair ;
Nor mettled hound, nor managed hawk,
Nor palfrey fresh and fair ;
And you, the foremost o' them a',
Shall ride our forest queen '—
But aye she loot the tears down fa'
For Jock o' Hazeldean.

The kirk was deck'd at morning-tide,
The tapers glimmer'd fair ;
The priest and bridegroom wait the bride,
And dame and knight are there.
They sought her baith by bower and ha' ;
The ladie was not seen !
She 's o'er the Border, and awa'
Wi' Jock o' Hazeldean

SIR W. SCOTT.

183

FREEDOM AND LOVE

How delicious is the winning
Of a kiss at love's beginning,
When two mutual hearts are sighing
For the knot there's no untying !

Yet remember, 'midst your wooing,
Love has bliss, but Love has ruing ;
Other smiles may make you fickle,
Tears for other charms may trickle.

Love he comes, and Love he tarries,
Just as fate or fancy carries ;
Longest stays, when sorest chidden ;
Laughs and flies, when press'd and bidden.

Bind the sea to slumber stilly,
Bind its odour to the lily,
Bind the aspen ne'er to quiver,
Then bind Love to last for ever.

Love's a fire that needs renewal
Of fresh beauty for its fuel :
Love's wing moults when caged and captured,
Only free, he soars enraptured.

Can you keep the bee from ranging
Or the ringdove's neck from changing ?
No ! nor fetter'd Love from dying
In the knot there's no untying.

T. CAMPBELL.

184

LOVE'S PHILOSOPHY

The fountains mingle with the river
And the rivers with the ocean,
The winds of heaven mix for ever
With a sweet emotion ;
Nothing in the world is single,
All things by a law divine
In one another's being mingle—
Why not I with thine ?

See the mountains kiss high heaven
And the waves clasp one another ;
No sister-flower would be forgiven
If it disdain'd its brother :

And the sunlight clasps the earth,
And the moonbeams kiss the sea—
What are all these kissings worth,
If thou kiss not me ?

P. B. Shelley.

185

ECHOES

How sweet the answer Echo makes
To Music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away o'er lawns and lakes
Goes answering light !

Yet Love hath echoes truer far
And far more sweet
Than e'er, beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn or lute or soft guitar
The songs repeat.

'Tis when the sigh,—in youth sincere
And only then—
The sigh that 's breathed for one to hear,
Is by that one, that only Dear
Breathed back again.

T. Moore.

186

A SERENADE

Ah ! County Guy, the hour is nigh,
The sun has left the lea,
The orange flower perfumes the bower,
The breeze is on the sea.
The lark, his lay who trill'd all day,
Sits hush'd his partner nigh ;
Breeze, bird, and flower confess the hour,
But where is County Guy ?

The village maid steals through the shade
  Her shepherd's suit to hear ;
To beauty shy, by lattice high,
  Sings high-born Cavalier.
The star of Love, all stars above,
  Now reigns o'er earth and sky,
And high and low the influence know—
  But where is County Guy ?

SIR W. SCOTT.

187

TO THE EVENING STAR

Gem of the crimson-colour'd Even,
  Companion of retiring day,
Why at the closing gates of heaven,
  Belovéd Star, dost thou delay ?

So fair thy pensile beauty burns
  When soft the tear of twilight flows ;
So due thy plighted love returns
  To chambers brighter than the rose ;

To Peace, to Pleasure, and to Love
  So kind a star thou seem'st to be,
Sure some enamour'd orb above
  Descends and burns to meet with thee.

Thine is the breathing, blushing hour,
  When all unheavenly passions fly,
Chased by the soul-subduing power
  Of Love's delicious witchery.

O ! sacred to the fall of day,
  Queen of propitious stars, appear,
And early rise, and long delay,
  When Caroline herself is here !

Shine on her chosen green resort,
  Whose trees the sunward summit crown,
And wanton flowers, that well may court
  An angel's feet to tread them down.

Shine on her sweetly-scented road,
  Thou star of evening's purple dome,
That lead'st the nightingale abroad,
  And guid'st the pilgrim to his home.

Shine where my charmer's sweeter breath
  Embalms the soft exhaling dew,
Where dying winds a sigh bequeath
  To kiss the cheek of rosy hue.

Where, winnow'd by the gentle air,
  Her silken tresses darkly flow,
And fall upon her brow so fair,
  Like shadows on the mountain snow.

Thus, ever thus, at day's decline
  In converse sweet to wander far—
O bring with thee my Caroline,
  And thou shalt be my Ruling Star!

T. CAMPBELL.

188

TO THE NIGHT

Swiftly walk over the western wave
  Spirit of Night!
Out of the misty eastern cave,
  Where, all the long and lone daylight,
Thou wovest dreams of joy and fear
Which make thee terrible and dear,—
  Swift be thy flight!

Wrap thy form in a mantle grey
  Star-inwrought!
Blind with thine hair the eyes of Day,
  Kiss her until she be wearied out,
Then wander o'er city, and sea, and land,
Touching all with thine opiate wand—
  Come, long-sought!

When I arose and saw the dawn,
I sigh'd for thee ;
When light rode high, and the dew was gone,
And noon lay heavy on flower and tree,
And the weary Day turn'd to his rest,
Lingering like an unloved guest,
I sigh'd for thee.

Thy brother Death came, and cried,
'Wouldst thou me ?'
Thy sweet child Sleep, the filmy-eyed,
Murmur'd like a noontide bee,
'Shall I nestle near thy side ?
Wouldst thou me ?'—And I replied,
'No, not thee !'

Death will come when thou art dead,
Soon, too soon—
Sleep will come when thou art fled ;
Of neither would I ask the boon
I ask of thee, belovéd Night—
Swift be thine approaching flight,
Come soon, soon !

P. B. Shelley.

189

TO A DISTANT FRIEND

Why art thou silent ? Is thy love a plant
Of such weak fibre that the treacherous air
Of absence withers what was once so fair ?
Is there no debt to pay, no boon to grant ?

Yet have my thoughts for thee been vigilant,
Bound to thy service with unceasing care—
The mind's least generous wish a mendicant
For nought but what thy happiness could spare.

Speak !—though this soft warm heart, once free to hold
A thousand tender pleasures, thine and mine,
Be left more desolate, more dreary cold

Than a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow
'Mid its own bush of leafless eglantine—
Speak, that my torturing doubts their end may know!
W. WORDSWORTH.

190

When we two parted
In silence and tears,
Half broken-hearted,
To sever for years,
Pale grew thy cheek and cold,
Colder thy kiss;
Truly that hour foretold
Sorrow to this!

The dew of the morning
Sunk chill on my brow;
It felt like the warning
Of what I feel now.
Thy vows are all broken,
And light is thy fame:
I hear thy name spoken
And share in its shame.

They name thee before me,
A knell to mine ear;
A shudder comes o'er me—
Why wert thou so dear?
They know not I knew thee
Who knew thee too well:
Long, long shall I rue thee
Too deeply to tell.

In secret we met:
In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive.
If I should meet thee
After long years,
How should I greet thee?—
With silence and tears.

LORD BYRON.

191

HAPPY INSENSIBILITY

In a drear-nighted December,
  Too happy, happy tree,
Thy branches ne'er remember
  Their green felicity :
The north cannot undo them
With a sleety whistle through them,
Nor frozen thawings glue them
  From budding at the prime.

In a drear-nighted December,
  Too happy, happy brook,
Thy bubblings ne'er remember
  Apollo's summer look ;
But with a sweet forgetting
They stay their crystal fretting,
Never, never petting
  About the frozen time.

Ah, would 'twere so with many
  A gentle girl and boy !
But were there ever any
  Writhed not at passéd joy ?
To know the change and feel it,
When there is none to heal it
Nor numbéd sense to steel it—
  Was never said in rhyme.

J. KEATS.

192

Where shall the lover rest
  Whom the fates sever
From his true maiden's breast,
  Parted for ever ?
Where, through groves deep and high,
  Sounds the far billow,

Where early violets die
  Under the willow.
    Eleu loro !
Soft shall be his pillow.

There, through the summer day,
  Cool streams are laving :
There, while the tempests sway,
  Scarce are boughs waving ;
There thy rest shalt thou take,
  Parted for ever,
Never again to wake,
  Never, O never !
    Eleu loro !
  Never, O never !

Where shall the traitor rest,
  He, the deceiver,
Who could win maiden's breast,
  Ruin, and leave her ?
In the lost battle,
  Borne down by the flying,
Where mingles war's rattle
  With groans of the dying ;
    Eleu loro !
  There shall he be lying.

Her wing shall the eagle flap
  O'er the falsehearted ;
His warm blood the wolf shall lap
  Ere life be parted :
Shame and dishonour sit
  By his grave ever ;
Blessing shall hallow it
  Never, O never !
    Eleu loro !
  Never, O never !

SIR W. SCOTT.

193

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms,
Alone and palely loitering?
The sedge has wither'd from the Lake,
And no birds sing.

'O what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!
So haggard and so woebegone?
The squirrel's granary is full,
And the harvest's done.

'I see a lily on thy brow
With anguish moist and fever dew,
And on thy cheeks a fading rose
Fast withereth too.'

'I met a Lady in the Meads,
Full beautiful—a fairy's child,
Her hair was long, her foot was light,
And her eyes were wild.

'I made a garland for her head,
And bracelets too, and fragrant zone;
She look'd at me as she did love,
And made sweet moan.

'I set her on my pacing steed
And nothing else saw all day long,
For sidelong would she bend, and sing
A fairy's song.

'She found me roots of relish sweet,
And honey wild and manna dew,
And sure in language strange she said
"I love thee true."

'She took me to her elfin grot,
And there she wept, and sigh'd full sore,
And there I shut her wild wild eyes
With kisses four.

'And there she lullèd me asleep,
And there I dream'd—Ah! woe betide!
The latest dream I ever dreamt
On the cold hill side.

'I saw pale Kings and Princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
They cried—"La belle Dame sans Merci
Thee hath in thrall!"

'I saw their starved lips in the gloam
With horrid warning gapèd wide.
And I awoke and found me here
On the cold hill's side.

'And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is wither'd from the Lake
And no birds sing.'

J. KEATS.

194

THE ROVER

'A weary lot is thine, fair maid,
A weary lot is thine!
To pull the thorn thy brow to braid,
And press the rue for wine.
A lightsome eye, a soldier's mien,
A feather of the blue,
A doublet of the Lincoln green—
No more of me you knew
My Love!
No more of me you knew.

'This morn is merry June, I trow,
The rose is budding fain;
But she shall bloom in winter snow
Ere we two meet again.'
He turn'd his charger as he spake
Upon the river shore,

He gave his bridle-reins a shake,
Said ‘ Adieu for evermore
My Love !
And adieu for evermore.’

SIR W. SCOTT.

195

THE FLIGHT OF LOVE

When the lamp is shattered,
The light in the dust lies dead—
When the cloud is scattered,
The rainbow’s glory is shed.
When the lute is broken,
Sweet tones are remembered not ;
When the lips have spoken,
Loved accents are soon forgot.

As music and splendour
Survive not the lamp and the lute,
The heart’s echoes render
No song when the spirit is mute—
No song but sad dirges,
Like the wind through a ruined cell,
Or the mournful surges
That ring the dead seaman’s knell.

When hearts have once mingled,
Love first leaves the well-built nest ;
The weak one is singled
To endure what it once possest.
O Love ! who bewailest
The frailty of all things here,
Why choose you the frailest
For your cradle, your home, and your bier ?

Its passions will rock thee
As the storms rock the ravens on high ;
Bright reason will mock thee
Like the sun from a wintry sky.

From thy nest every rafter
Will rot, and thine eagle home
Leave thee naked to laughter,
When leaves fall and cold winds come.

P. B. SHELLEY.

196

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

O lovers' eyes are sharp to see,
And lovers' ears in hearing;
And love, in life's extremity,
Can lend an hour of cheering.
Disease had been in Mary's bower
And slow decay from mourning,
Though now she sits on Neidpath's tower
To watch her love's returning.

All sunk and dim her eyes so bright,
Her form decay'd by pining,
Till through her wasted hand, at night,
You saw the taper shining.
By fits a sultry hectic hue
Across her cheek was flying;
By fits so ashy pale she grew
Her maidens thought her dying.

Yet keenest powers to see and hear
Seem'd in her frame residing;
Before the watch-dog prick'd his ear
She heard her lover's riding;
Ere scarce a distant form was kenn'd
She knew and waved to greet him,
And o'er the battlement did bend
As on the wing to meet him.

He came—he pass'd—an heedless gaze,
As o'er some stranger glancing;
Her welcome, spoke in faltering phrase,
Lost in his courser's prancing—

The castle-arch, whose hollow tone
Returns each whisper spoken,
Could scarcely catch the feeble moan
Which told her heart was broken.

SIR W. SCOTT.

197

THE MAID OF NEIDPATH

Earl March look'd on his dying child,
And, smit with grief to view her—
'The youth,' he cried, 'whom I exiled
Shall be restored to woo her.'

She's at the window many an hour
His coming to discover:
And he look'd up to Ellen's bower
And she look'd on her lover—

But ah! so pale, he knew her not,
Though her smile on him was dwelling—
'And am I then forgot—forgot?'
It broke the heart of Ellen.

In vain he weeps, in vain he sighs,
Her cheek is cold as ashes;
Nor love's own kiss shall wake those eyes
To lift their silken lashes.

T. CAMPBELL.

198

Bright Star, would I were steadfast as thou art—
Not in lone splendour hung aloft the night,
And watching, with eternal lids apart,
Like nature's patient sleepless Eremite,

The moving waters at their priestlike task
Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
Of snow upon the mountains and the moors—

No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
  Pillow'd upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell,
  Awake for ever in a sweet unrest ;

Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
And so live ever,—or else swoon to death.

J. KEATS.

199

THE TERROR OF DEATH

When I have fears that I may cease to be
  Before my pen has glean'd my teeming brain,
Before high-piléd books, in charact'ry
  Hold like rich garners the full-ripen'd grain ;

When I behold, upon the night's starr'd face,
  Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace
  Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance ;

And when I feel, fair creature of an hour !
  That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the fairy power
  Of unreflecting love—then on the shore

Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

J. KEATS.

200

DESIDERIA

Surprised by joy—impatient as the wind—
  I turn'd to share the transport—O with whom
  But Thee—deep buried in the silent tomb,
That spot which no vicissitude can find ?

Love, faithful love recall'd thee to my mind—
  But how could I forget thee ? Through what
    power

Even for the least division of an hour
Have I been so beguiled as to be blind
To my most grievous loss ?—That thought's return
Was the worst pang that sorrow ever bore,
Save one, one only, when I stood forlorn,
Knowing my heart's best treasure was no more ;
That neither present time, nor years unborn
Could to my sight that heavenly face restore.

W. WORDSWORTH.

201

At the mid hour of night, when stars are weeping, I fly
To the lone vale we loved, when life shone warm in thine eye ;
And I think oft, if spirits can steal from the regions of air
To revisit past scenes of delight, thou wilt come to me there
And tell me our love is remember'd, even in the sky !

Then I sing the wild song it once was rapture to hear,
When our voices, commingling, breathed like one on the ear ;
And as Echo far off through the vale my sad orison rolls,
I think, O my Love ! 'tis thy voice, from the Kingdom of Souls
Faintly answering still the notes that once were so dear.

T. MOORE.

202

ELEGY ON THYRZA

And thou art dead, as young and fair
As aught of mortal birth ;
And form so soft and charms so rare
Too soon return'd to Earth !

Though Earth received them in her bed,
And o'er the spot the crowd may tread
In carelessness or mirth,
There is an eye which could not brook
A moment on that grave to look.

I will not ask where thou liest low,
Nor gaze upon the spot ;
There flowers or weeds at will may grow,
So I behold them not :
It is enough for me to prove
That what I loved and long must love
Like common earth can rot ;
To me there needs no stone to tell
'Tis Nothing that I loved so well.

Yet did I love thee to the last,
As fervently as thou,
Who didst not change through all the past
And canst not alter now.
The love where Death has set his seal
Nor age can chill, nor rival steal,
Nor falsehood disavow :
And, what were worse, thou canst not see
Or wrong, or change, or fault in me.

The better days of life were ours ;
The worst can be but mine :
The sun that cheers, the storm that lours,
Shall never more be thine.
The silence of that dreamless sleep
I envy now too much to weep ;
Nor need I to repine
That all those charms have pass'd away
I might have watch'd through long decay.

The flower in ripen'd bloom unmatch'd
Must fall the earliest prey ;
Though by no hand untimely snatch'd,
The leaves must drop away.
And yet it were a greater grief

To watch it withering, leaf by leaf,
  Than see it pluck'd to-day ;
Since earthly eye but ill can bear
To trace the change to foul from fair.

I know not if I could have borne
  To see thy beauties fade ;
The night that follow'd such a morn
  Had worn a deeper shade :
Thy day without a cloud hath past,
And thou wert lovely to the last,
  Extinguish'd, not decay'd ;
As stars that shoot along the sky
Shine brightest as they fall from high.

As once I wept, if I could weep,
  My tears might well be shed,
To think I was not near, to keep
  One vigil o'er thy bed :
To gaze, how fondly ! on thy face,
To fold thee in a faint embrace,
  Uphold thy drooping head ;
And show that love, however vain,
Nor thou nor I can feel again.

Yet how much less it were to gain,
  Though thou hast left me free,
The loveliest things that still remain
  Than thus remember thee !
The all of thine that cannot die
Through dark and dread Eternity
  Returns again to me,
And more thy buried love endears
Than aught except its living years.

LORD BYRON.

203

One word is too often profaned
  For me to profane it,
One feeling too falsely disdain'd
  For thee to disdain it ;

One hope is too like despair
For prudence to smother,
And Pity from thee more dear
Than that from another.

I can give not what men call love;
But wilt thou accept not
The worship the heart lifts above
And the Heavens reject not,—
The desire of the moth for the star,
Of the night for the morrow,
The devotion to something afar
From the sphere of our sorrow?

P. B. SHELLEY.

204

GATHERING SONG OF DONALD THE BLACK

Pibroch of Donuil Dhu,
Pibroch of Donuil,
Wake thy wild voice anew,
Summon Clan Conuil.
Come away, come away,
Hark to the summons!
Come in your war-array,
Gentles and commons.

Come from deep glen, and
From mountain so rocky;
The war-pipe and pennon
Are at Inverlocky.
Come every hill-plaid, and
True heart that wears one,
Come every steel blade, and
Strong hand that bears one.

Leave untended the herd,
The flock without shelter;
Leave the corpse uninterr'd,
The bride at the altar;

Leave the deer, leave the steer,
  Leave nets and barges :
Come with your fighting gear,
  Broadswords and targes.

Come as the winds come, when
  Forests are rended ;
Come as the waves come, when
  Navies are stranded :
Faster come, faster come,
  Faster and faster,
Chief, vassal, page and groom,
  Tenant and master.

Fast they come, fast they come ;
  See how they gather !
Wide waves the eagle plume,
  Blended with heather.
Cast your plaids, draw your blades,
  Forward each man set !
Pibroch of Donuil Dhu
  Knell for the onset !

SIR W. SCOTT.

205

A wet sheet and a flowing sea,
  A wind that follows fast
And fills the white and rustling sail
  And bends the gallant mast ;
And bends the gallant mast, my boys,
  While like the eagle free
Away the good ship flies, and leaves
  Old England on the lee.

O for a soft and gentle wind !
  I heard a fair one cry ;
But give to me the snoring breeze
  And white waves heaving high ;

And white waves heaving high, my lads,
The good ship tight and free—
The world of waters is our home,
And merry men are we.

There's tempest in yon hornéd moon,
And lightning in yon cloud ;
But hark the music, mariners !
The wind is piping loud ;
The wind is piping loud, my boys,
The lightning flashes free—
While the hollow oak our palace is,
Our heritage the sea.

A. CUNNINGHAM.

206

Ye Mariners of England
That guard our native seas,
Whose flag has braved, a thousand years,
The battle and the breeze,
Your glorious standard launch again
To match another foe :
And sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

The spirits of your fathers
Shall start from every wave—
For the deck it was their field of fame,
And Ocean was their grave.
Where Blake and mighty Nelson fell
Your manly hearts shall glow,
As ye sweep through the deep,
While the stormy winds do blow ;
While the battle rages loud and long
And the stormy winds do blow.

Britannia needs no bulwarks,
No towers along the steep ;

Her march is o'er the mountain waves,
Her home is on the deep.
With thunders from her native oak
She quells the floods below—
As they roar on the shore,
When the stormy winds do blow;
When the battle rages loud and long,
And the stormy winds do blow.

The meteor flag of England
Shall yet terrific burn;
Till danger's troubled night depart
And the star of peace return.
Then, then, ye ocean warriors!
Our song and feast shall flow
To the fame of your name,
When the storm has ceased to blow;
When the fiery fight is heard no more,
And the storm has ceased to blow.

T. CAMPBELL.

207

BATTLE OF THE BALTIC

Of Nelson and the North
Sing the glorious day's renown,
When to battle fierce came forth
All the might of Denmark's crown,
And her arms along the deep proudly shone;
By each gun the lighted brand
In a bold, determined hand,
And the Prince of all the land
Led them on.

Like leviathans afloat
Lay their bulwarks on the brine;
While the sign of battle flew
On the lofty British line:
It was ten of April morn by the chime:
As they drifted on their path

There was silence deep as death ;
And the boldest held his breath
For a time.

But the might of England flush'd
To anticipate the scene ;
And her van the fleeter rush'd
O'er the deadly space between.
'Hearts of oak!' our captains cried, when each gun
From its adamantine lips
Spread a death-shade round the ships,
Like the hurricane eclipse
Of the sun.

Again! again! again!
And the havoc did not slack,
Till a feeble cheer the Dane
To our cheering sent us back ;
Their shots along the deep slowly boom :
Then ceased—and all is wail,
As they strike the shatter'd sail ;
Or in conflagration pale
Light the gloom.

Out spoke the victor then
As he hail'd them o'er the wave,
'Ye are brothers! ye are men!
And we conquer but to save :
So peace instead of death let us bring :
But yield, proud foe, thy fleet
With the crews, at England's feet,
And make submission meet
To our King.'

Then Denmark blest our chief
That he gave her wounds repose ;
And the sounds of joy and grief
From her people wildly rose,
As death withdrew his shades from the day :
While the sun look'd smiling bright
O'er a wide and woeful sight,
Where the fires of funeral light
Died away.

Now joy, old England, raise
For the tidings of thy might,
By the festal cities' blaze,
Whilst the wine cup shines in light ;
And yet amidst that joy and uproar,
Let us think of them that sleep
Full many a fathom deep
By thy wild and stormy steep,
Elsinore !

Brave hearts ! to Britain's pride
Once so faithful and so true,
On the deck of fame that died
With the gallant good Riou :
Soft sigh the winds of heaven o'er their grave !
While the billow mournful rolls
And the mermaid's song condoles,
Singing glory to the souls
Of the brave ! T. CAMPBELL.

208

ODE TO DUTY

Stern Daughter of the Voice of God !
O Duty ! if that name thou love
Who art a light to guide, a rod
To check the erring, and reprove ;
Thou, who art victory and law
When empty terrors overawe,
From vain temptations dost set free,
And calm'st the weary strife of frail humanity !

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them ; who, in love and truth
Where no misgiving is, rely
Upon the genial sense of youth :
Glad hearts ! without reproach or blot,
Who do thy work, and know it not :
O ! if through confidence misplaced
They fail, thy saving arms, dread Power ! around them cast.

Serene will be our days and bright,
And happy will our nature be,
When love is an unerring light,
And joy its own security.
And they a blissful course may hold
Ev'n now, who, not unwisely bold,
Live in the spirit of this creed,
Yet seek thy firm support, according to their need.

I, loving freedom, and untried,
No sport of every random gust,
Yet being to myself a guide,
Too blindly have reposed my trust :
And oft, when in my heart was heard
Thy timely mandate, I deferr'd
The task, in smoother walks to stray ;
But thee I now would serve more strictly, if I may.

Through no disturbance of my soul
Or strong compunction in me wrought,
I supplicate for thy control,
But in the quietness of thought :
Me this uncharter'd freedom tires ;
I feel the weight of chance desires :
My hopes no more must change their name ;
I long for a repose that ever is the same.

Stern Lawgiver ! yet thou dost wear
The Godhead's most benignant grace ;
Nor know we anything so fair
As is the smile upon thy face :
Flowers laugh before thee on their beds,
And fragrance in thy footing treads ;
Thou dost preserve the stars from wrong ;
And the most ancient heavens, through thee, are fresh and strong.

To humbler functions, awful Power !
I call thee : I myself commend
Unto thy guidance from this hour ;
O let my weakness have an end !

Give unto me, made lowly wise,
The spirit of self-sacrifice ;
The confidence of reason give ;
And in the light of Truth thy bondman let me live.

W. WORDSWORTH.

209

ON THE CASTLE OF CHILLON

Eternal Spirit of the chainless Mind !
Brightest in dungeons, Liberty, thou art—
For there thy habitation is the heart—
The heart which love of Thee alone can bind ;

And when thy sons to fetters are consign'd,
To fetters, and the damp vault's dayless gloom,
Their country conquers with their martyrdom,
And Freedom's fame finds wings on every wind.

Chillon ! thy prison is a holy place
And thy sad floor an altar, for 'twas trod,
Until his very steps have left a trace

Worn, as if thy cold pavement were a sod,
By Bonnivard ! May none those marks efface !
For they appeal from tyranny to God.

LORD BYRON.

210

ENGLAND AND SWITZERLAND

1802

Two Voices are there, one is of the Sea,
One of the Mountains, each a mighty voice :
In both from age to age thou didst rejoice,
They were thy chosen music, Liberty !

There came a tyrant, and with holy glee
Thou fought'st against him,—but hast vainly striven :
Thou from thy Alpine holds at length art driven,
Where not a torrent murmurs heard by thee.

Of one deep bliss thine ear hath been bereft ;
Then cleave, O cleave to that which still is left ;
For, high-soul'd Maid, what sorrow would it be

That Mountain floods should thunder as before,
And Ocean bellow from his rocky shore,
And neither awful Voice be heard by Thee !

W. WORDSWORTH.

211

ON THE EXTINCTION OF THE VENETIAN REPUBLIC

Once did She hold the gorgeous East in fee,
And was the safeguard of the West ; the worth
Of Venice did not fall below her birth,
Venice, the eldest child of liberty.

She was a maiden city, bright and free ;
No guile seduced, no force could violate ;
And when she took unto herself a mate,
She must espouse the everlasting Sea.

And what if she had seen those glories fade,
Those titles vanish, and that strength decay,—
Yet shall some tribute of regret be paid

When her long life hath reach'd its final day :
Men are we, and must grieve when even the shade
Of that which once was great is pass'd away.

W. WORDSWORTH.

212

LONDON, MDCCCII

O Friend ! I know not which way I must look
For comfort, being, as I am, opprest
To think that now our life is only drest
For show ; mean handiwork of craftsman, cook,

Or groom !—We must run glittering like a brook
In the open sunshine, or we are unblest ;
The wealthiest man among us is the best :
No grandeur now in Nature or in book

Delights us. Rapine, avarice, expense,
This is idolatry ; and these we adore :
Plain living and high thinking are no more :

The homely beauty of the good old cause
Is gone ; our peace, our fearful innocence,
And pure religion breathing household laws.

W. WORDSWORTH.

213

THE SAME

Milton ! thou shouldst be living at this hour :
England hath need of thee : she is a fen
Of stagnant waters : altar, sword, and pen,
Fireside, the heroic wealth of hall and bower,

Have forfeited their ancient English dower
Of inward happiness. We are selfish men :
O ! raise us up, return to us again ;
And give us manners, virtue, freedom, power.

Thy soul was like a Star, and dwelt apart :
Thou hadst a voice whose sound was like the sea,
Pure as the naked heavens, majestic, free ;

So didst thou travel on life's common way
In cheerful godliness ; and yet thy heart
The lowliest duties on herself did lay.

W. WORDSWORTH.

214

When I have borne in memory what has tamed
Great nations ; how ennobling thoughts depart
When men change swords for ledgers, and desert
The student's bower for gold,—some fears unnamed

I had, my Country !—am I to be blamed ?
Now, when I think of thee, and what thou art,
Verily, in the bottom of my heart
Of those unfilial fears I am ashamed.

For dearly must we prize thee ; we who find
In thee a bulwark for the cause of men ;
And I by my affection was beguiled :

What wonder if a Poet now and then,
Among the many movements of his mind,
Felt for thee as a lover or a child !

W. WORDSWORTH.

215

HOHENLINDEN

On Linden, when the sun was low,
All bloodless lay the untrodden snow ;
And dark as winter was the flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

But Linden saw another sight,
When the drum beat at dead of night,
Commanding fires of death to light
The darkness of her scenery.

By torch and trumpet fast array'd
Each horseman drew his battle blade
And furious every charger neigh'd
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the hills with thunder riven,
Then rush'd the steed, to battle driven,
And louder than the bolts of Heaven
Far flash'd the red artillery.

But redder yet that light shall glow
On Linden's hills of stainéd snow ;
And bloodier yet the torrent flow
Of Iser, rolling rapidly.

'Tis morn ; but scarce yon level sun
Can pierce the war-clouds, rolling dun,
Where furious Frank and fiery Hun
Shout in their sulphurous canopy.

The combat deepens. On, ye brave
Who rush to glory, or the grave !
Wave, Munich, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry !

Few, few shall part, where many meet !
The snow shall be their winding-sheet,
And every turf beneath their feet
Shall be a soldier's sepulchre.

T. CAMPBELL.

216

AFTER BLENHEIM

It was a summer evening,
Old Kaspar's work was done,
And he before his cottage door
Was sitting in the sun ;
And by him sported on the green
His little grandchild Wilhelmine.

She saw her brother Peterkin
Roll something large and round
Which he beside the rivulet
In playing there had found ;
He came to ask what he had found
That was so large and smooth and round.

Old Kaspar took it from the boy
Who stood expectant by ;
And then the old man shook his head,
And with a natural sigh
'' 'Tis some poor fellow's skull,' said he,
'' Who fell in the great victory.

'I find them in the garden,
For there 's many here about ;
And often when I go to plough
The ploughshare turns them out.
For many thousand men,' said he,
'Were slain in that great victory.'

'Now tell us what 'twas all about,'
Young Peterkin he cries ;
And little Wilhelmine looks up
With wonder-waiting eyes ;
'Now tell us all about the war,
And what they fought each other for.'

'It was the English,' Kaspar cried,
'Who put the French to rout ;
But what they fought each other for
I could not well make out.
But everybody said,' quoth he,
'That 'twas a famous victory.

'My father lived at Blenheim then,
Yon little stream hard by ;
They burnt his dwelling to the ground,
And he was forced to fly :
So with his wife and child he fled,
Nor had he where to rest his head.

'With fire and sword the country round
Was wasted far and wide,
And many a childing mother then
And new-born baby died :
But things like that, you know, must be
At every famous victory.

'They say it was a shocking sight
After the field was won ;
For many thousand bodies here
Lay rotting in the sun :
But things like that, you know, must be
After a famous victory.

'Great praise the Duke of Marlbro' won
And our good Prince Eugene;'
'Why, 'twas a very wicked thing!'
Said little Wilhelmine;
'Nay . . nay . . my little girl,' quoth he,
'It was a famous victory.

'And everybody praised the Duke
Who this great fight did win.'
'But what good came of it at last?'
Quoth little Peterkin:—
'Why, that I cannot tell,' said he,
'But 'twas a famous victory.'

R. SOUTHEY.

217

PRO PATRIA MORI

When he who adores thee has left but the name
Of his fault and his sorrows behind,
O! say wilt thou weep, when they darken the fame
Of a life that for thee was resign'd?
Yes, weep, and however my foes may condemn,
Thy tears shall efface their decree;
For, Heaven can witness, though guilty to them,
I have been but too faithful to thee.

With thee were the dreams of my earliest love,
Every thought of my reason was thine:
In my last humble prayer to the Spirit above
Thy name shall be mingled with mine!
O! blest are the lovers and friends who shall live
The days of thy glory to see;
But the next dearest blessing that Heaven can give
Is the pride of thus dying for thee.

T. MOORE.

218

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE AT CORUNNA

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried ;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our Hero we buried.

We buried him darkly at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning :
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet or in shroud we wound him ;
But he lay like a Warrior taking his rest
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow ;
But we steadfastly gaz'd on the face that was dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought, as we hollow'd his narrow bed
And smooth'd down his lonely pillow,
That the Foe and the Stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow !

Lightly they'll talk of the Spirit that's gone
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done
When the clock struck the hour for retiring :
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

C. WOLFE.

219

SIMON LEE THE OLD HUNTSMAN

In the sweet shire of Cardigan,
Not far from pleasant Ivor Hall,
An old man dwells, a little man,—
'Tis said he once was tall.
Full five-and-thirty years he lived
A running huntsman merry;
And still the centre of his cheek
Is red as a ripe cherry.

No man like him the horn could sound,
And hill and valley rang with glee
When Echo bandied round and round
The halloo of Simon Lee.
In those proud days he little cared
For husbandry or tillage;
To blither tasks did Simon rouse
The sleepers of the village.

He all the country could outrun,
Could leave both man and horse behind;
And often, ere the chase was done,
He reeled and was stone-blind.
And still there 's something in the world
At which his heart rejoices;
For when the chiming hounds are out,
He dearly loves their voices!

But O the heavy change!—bereft
Of health, strength, friends, and kindred, see!
Old Simon to the world is left
In liveried poverty:

His master's dead, and no one now
Dwells in the Hall of Ivor ;
Men, dogs, and horses, all are dead ;
He is the sole survivor.

And he is lean and he is sick ;
His body, dwindled and awry,
Rests upon ankles swoln and thick ;
His legs are thin and dry.
One prop he has, and only one,
His wife, an aged woman,
Lives with him, near the waterfall,
Upon the village common.

Beside their moss-grown hut of clay,
Not twenty paces from the door,
A scrap of land they have, but they
Are poorest of the poor.
This scrap of land he from the heath
Enclosed when he was stronger ;
But what to them avails the land
Which he can till no longer ?

Oft, working by her husband's side,
Ruth does what Simon cannot do ;
For she, with scanty cause for pride,
Is stouter of the two.
And, though you with your utmost skill
From labour could not wean them,
'Tis little, very little, all
That they can do between them.

Few months of life has he in store
As he to you will tell,
For still, the more he works, the more
Do his weak ankles swell.
My gentle reader, I perceive
How patiently you've waited,
And now I fear that you expect
Some tale will be related.

O reader ! had you in your mind
  Such stores as silent thought can bring,
O gentle reader ! you would find
  A tale in every thing.
What more I have to say is short,
  And you must kindly take it :
It is no tale ; but, should you think,
  Perhaps a tale you'll make it.

One summer-day I chanced to see
  This old man doing all he could
To unearth the root of an old tree,
  A stump of rotten wood.
The mattock totter'd in his hand ;
  So vain was his endeavour
That at the root of the old tree
  He might have work'd for ever.

'You're overtask'd, good Simon Lee,
  Give me your tool,' to him I said ;
And at the word right gladly he
  Received my proffer'd aid.
I struck, and with a single blow
  The tangled root I sever'd,
At which the poor old man so long
  And vainly had endeavour'd.

The tears into his eyes were brought,
  And thanks and praises seem'd to run
So fast out of his heart, I thought
  They never would have done.
—I've heard of hearts unkind, kind deeds
  With coldness still returning ;
Alas ! the gratitude of men
  Hath oftener left me mourning.

W. WORDSWORTH.

220

THE OLD FAMILIAR FACES

I have had playmates, I have had companions
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school-days ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women :
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man :
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly ;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood ;
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert not thou born in my father's dwelling ?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces,

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me ; all are departed ;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

C. Lamb.

221

THE JOURNEY ONWARDS

As slow our ship her foamy track
Against the wind was cleaving,
Her trembling pennant still look'd back
To that dear isle 'twas leaving.
So loth we part from all we love,
From all the links that bind us ;
So turn our hearts, as on we rove,
To those we've left behind us !

When, round the bowl, of vanish'd years
We talk with joyous seeming—
With smiles that might as well be tears,
So faint, so sad their beaming ;
While memory brings us back again
Each early tie that twined us,
O, sweet's the cup that circles then
To those we've left behind us !

And when in other climes we meet
Some isle or vale enchanting,
Where all looks flowery, wild, and sweet,
And nought but love is wanting ;
We think how great had been our bliss
If Heaven had but assign'd us
To live and die in scenes like this,
With some we've left behind us !

As travellers oft look back at eve
When eastward darkly going,
To gaze upon that light they leave
Still faint behind them glowing,—
So, when the close of pleasure's day
To gloom hath near consign'd us,
We turn to catch one fading ray
Of joy that's left behind us.

T. MOORE.

222

YOUTH AND AGE

There's not a joy the world can give like that it takes away,
When the glow of early thought declines in feeling's dull decay ;
'Tis not on youth's smooth cheek the blush alone which fades so fast,
But the tender bloom of heart is gone, ere youth itself be past.

Then the few whose spirits float above the wreck of happiness
Are driven o'er the shoals of guilt or ocean of excess :
The magnet of their course is gone, or only points in vain
The shore to which their shiver'd sail shall never stretch again.

Then the mortal coldness of the soul like death itself comes down ;
It cannot feel for others' woes, it dare not dream its own ;
That heavy chill has frozen o'er the fountain of our tears,
And though the eye may sparkle still, 'tis where the ice appears.

Though wit may flash from fluent lips, and mirth distract the breast,
Through midnight hours that yield no more their former hope of rest ;
'Tis but as ivy-leaves around the ruin'd turret wreathe,
All green and wildly fresh without, but worn and grey beneath.

O could I feel as I have felt, or be what I have been,
Or weep as I could once have wept o'er many a vanish'd scene,—
As springs in deserts found seem sweet, all brackish though they be,
So midst the wither'd waste of life, those tears would flow to me !

LORD BYRON.

223

A LESSON

There is a flower, the Lesser Celandine,
That shrinks like many more from cold and rain,
And, the first moment that the sun may shine,
Bright as the sun himself, 'tis out again !

When hailstones have been falling, swarm on swarm,
Or blasts the green field and the trees distrest,
Oft have I seen it muffled up from harm
In close self-shelter, like a thing at rest.

But lately, one rough day, this flower I past,
And recognized it, though an alter'd form,
Now standing forth an offering to the blast,
And buffeted at will by rain and storm.

I stopp'd and said, with inly-mutter'd voice,
'It doth not love the shower, nor seek the cold;
This neither is its courage nor its choice,
But its necessity in being old.

'The sunshine may not cheer it, nor the dew;
It cannot help itself in its decay;
Stiff in its members, wither'd, changed of hue,'
And, in my spleen, I smiled that it was grey.

To be a prodigal's favourite—then, worse truth,
A miser's pensioner—behold our lot!
O Man! that from thy fair and shining youth
Age might but take the things Youth needed not!

W. WORDSWORTH.

224

PAST AND PRESENT

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon
Nor brought too long a day;
But now, I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses, red and white,
The violets, and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light!

The lilacs where the robin built,
And where my brother set
The laburnum on his birth-day,—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air must rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
My spirit flew in feathers then
That is so heavy now,
And summer pools could hardly cool
The fever on my brow.

I remember, I remember
The fir trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops
Were close against the sky:
It was a childish ignorance,
But now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from Heaven
Than when I was a boy.

T. Hood.

225

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS

Oft in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Fond Memory brings the light
Of other days around me:
The smiles, the tears
Of boyhood's years,
The words of love then spoken;
The eyes that shone,
Now dimm'd and gone,
The cheerful hearts now broken!
Thus in the stilly night,
Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
Of other days around me.

When I remember all
  The friends so link'd together
I've seen around me fall
  Like leaves in wintry weather,
    I feel like one
    Who treads alone
  Some banquet-hall deserted,
    Whose lights are fled
    Whose garlands dead,
  And all but he departed !
Thus in the stilly night,
  Ere slumber's chain has bound me,
Sad Memory brings the light
  Of other days around me.

T. MOORE.

226

INVOCATION

Rarely, rarely, comest thou,
  Spirit of Delight !
Wherefore hast thou left me now
  Many a day and night ?
Many a weary night and day
'Tis since thou art fled away.

How shall ever one like me
  Win thee back again ?
With the joyous and the free
  Thou wilt scoff at pain.
Spirit false ! thou hast forgot
All but those who need thee not.

As a lizard with the shade
  Of a trembling leaf,
Thou with sorrow art dismay'd ;
  Even the sighs of grief
Reproach thee, that thou art not near,
And reproach thou wilt not hear.

Let me set my mournful ditty
To a merry measure ;
Thou wilt never come for pity,
Thou wilt come for pleasure ;
Pity then will cut away
Those cruel wings, and thou wilt stay.

I love all that thou lovest,
Spirit of Delight !
The fresh Earth in new leaves drest
And the starry night ;
Autumn evening, and the morn
When the golden mists are born.

I love snow and all the forms
Of the radiant frost ;
I love waves, and winds, and storms,
Everything almost
Which is Nature's, and may be
Untainted by man's misery.

I love tranquil solitude,
And such society
As is quiet, wise, and good ;
Between thee and me
What diff'rence ? but thou dost possess
The things I seek, not love them less.

I love Love—though he has wings,
And like light can flee,
But above all other things,
Spirit, I love thee—
Thou art love and life ! O come !
Make once more my heart thy home !

P. B. SHELLEY.

227

STANZAS WRITTEN IN DEJECTION NEAR NAPLES

The sun is warm, the sky is clear,
The waves are dancing fast and bright,
Blue isles and snowy mountains wear
The purple noon's transparent might:
The breath of the moist earth is light
Around its unexpanded buds;
Like many a voice of one delight—
The winds, the birds, the ocean-floods—
The City's voice itself is soft like Solitude's.

I see the Deep's untrampled floor
With green and purple seaweeds strown;
I see the waves upon the shore,
Like light dissolved in star-showers, thrown:
I sit upon the sands alone;
The lightning of the noontide ocean
Is flashing round me, and a tone
Arises from its measured motion—
How sweet! did any heart now share in my emotion.

Alas! I have nor hope nor health,
Nor peace within nor calm around,
Nor that content, surpassing wealth,
The sage in meditation found,
And walked with inward glory crowned—
Nor fame, nor power, nor love, nor leisure;
Others I see whom these surround—
Smiling they live, and call life pleasure;
To me that cup has been dealt in another measure.

Yet now despair itself is mild
Even as the winds and waters are;
I could lie down like a tired child,
And weep away the life of care

Which I have borne, and yet must bear,
Till death like sleep might steal on me,
And I might feel in the warm air
My cheek grow cold, and hear the sea
Breathe o'er my dying brain its last monotony.

P. B. SHELLEY.

228

THE SCHOLAR

My days among the Dead are past;
Around me I behold,
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,
The mighty minds of old:
My never-failing friends are they,
With whom I converse day by day.

With them I take delight in weal
And seek relief in woe;
And while I understand and feel
How much to them I owe,
My cheeks have often been bedew'd
With tears of thoughtful gratitude.

My thoughts are with the Dead; with them
I live in long-past years,
Their virtues love, their faults condemn,
Partake their hopes and fears,
And from their lessons seek and find
Instruction with an humble mind.

My hopes are with the Dead; anon
My place with them will be,
And I with them shall travel on
Through all Futurity;
Yet leaving here a name, I trust,
That will not perish in the dust.

R. SOUTHEY.

229

THE MERMAID TAVERN

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known,
Happy field or mossy cavern,
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?
Have ye tippled drink more fine
Than mine host's Canary wine ?
Or are fruits of Paradise
Sweeter than those dainty pies
Of venison ? O generous food !
Drest as though bold Robin Hood
Would, with his Maid Marian,
Sup and bowse from horn and can.

I have heard that on a day
Mine host's signboard flew away
Nobody knew whither, till
An astrologer's old quill
To a sheepskin gave the story—
Said he saw you in your glory
Underneath a new-old Sign
Sipping beverage divine,
And pledging with contented smack
The Mermaid in the Zodiac.

Souls of Poets dead and gone,
What Elysium have ye known—
Happy field or mossy cavern—
Choicer than the Mermaid Tavern ?

J. KEATS.

230

THE PRIDE OF YOUTH

Proud Maisie is in the wood,
Walking so early ;
Sweet Robin sits on the bush
Singing so rarely.

'Tell me, thou bonny bird,
When shall I marry me?'
—'When six braw gentlemen
Kirkward shall carry ye.'

'Who makes the bridal bed,
Birdie, say truly?'
—'The grey-headed sexton
That delves the grave duly.

'The glow-worm o'er grave and stone
Shall light thee steady;
The owl from the steeple sing
Welcome, proud lady.'

SIR W. SCOTT.

231

THE BRIDGE OF SIGHS

One more Unfortunate
Weary of breath,
Rashly importunate,
Gone to her death!

Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!

Look at her garments
Clinging like cerements,
Whilst the wave constantly
Drips from her clothing;
Take her up instantly,
Loving, not loathing.

Touch her not scornfully;
Think of her mournfully,
Gently and humanly;
Not of the stains of her—
All that remains of her
Now is pure womanly.

Make no deep scrutiny
Into her mutiny
  Rash and undutiful :
Past all dishonour,
Death has left on her
  Only the beautiful.

Still, for all slips of hers,
  One of Eve's family—
Wipe those poor lips of hers
  Oozing so clammily.

Loop up her tresses
  Escaped from the comb,
Her fair auburn tresses ;
Whilst wonderment guesses
  Where was her home ?

Who was her father ?
  Who was her mother ?
Had she a sister ?
  Had she a brother ?
Or was there a dearer one
Still, and a nearer one
  Yet, than all other ?

Alas ! for the rarity
Of Christian charity
  Under the sun !
O ! it was pitiful !
Near a whole city full,
  Home she had none.

Sisterly, brotherly,
Fatherly, motherly
  Feelings had changed :
Love, by harsh evidence,
Thrown from its eminence,
Even God's providence
  Seeming estranged.

Where the lamps quiver
So far in the river,
With many a light
From window and casement,
From garret to basement,
She stood, with amazement,
Houseless by night.
The bleak wind of March
Made her tremble and shiver;
But not the dark arch,
Or the black flowing river:
Mad from life's history,
Glad to death's mystery
Swift to be hurl'd—
Any where, any where
Out of the world!
In she plunged boldly,
No matter how coldly
The rough river ran,
Over the brink of it,—
Picture it, think of it,
Dissolute Man!
Lave in it, drink of it
Then, if you can!
Take her up tenderly,
Lift her with care;
Fashion'd so slenderly,
Young, and so fair!
Ere her limbs frigidly
Stiffen too rigidly,
Decently, kindly,
Smooth and compose them;
And her eyes, close them,
Staring so blindly!
Dreadfully staring
Thro' muddy impurity,
As when with the daring
Last look of despairing
Fix'd on futurity

Perishing gloomily,
Spurr'd by contumely,
Cold inhumanity,
Burning insanity,
Into her rest.
—Cross her hands humbly,
As if praying dumbly,
Over her breast!

Owning her weakness,
Her evil behaviour,
And leaving, with meekness,
Her sins to her Saviour!

T. HOOD.

232

ELEGY

O snatch'd away in beauty's bloom!
On thee shall press no ponderous tomb;
But on thy turf shall roses rear
Their leaves, the earliest of the year,
And the wild cypress wave in tender gloom:

And oft by yon blue gushing stream
Shall Sorrow lean her drooping head,
And feed deep thought with many a dream,
And lingering pause and lightly tread;
Fond wretch! as if her step disturb'd the dead!

Away! we know that tears are vain,
That Death nor heeds nor hears distress:
Will this unteach us to complain?
Or make one mourner weep the less?
And thou, who tell'st me to forget,
Thy looks are wan, thine eyes are wet.

LORD BYRON.

233

HESTER

When maidens such as Hester die,
Their place ye may not well supply,
Though ye among a thousand try
With vain endeavour.
A month or more hath she been dead,
Yet cannot I by force be led
To think upon the wormy bed
And her together.

A springy motion in her gait,
A rising step, did indicate
Of pride and joy no common rate
That flush'd her spirit :
I know not by what name beside
I shall it call : if 'twas not pride,
It was a joy to that allied
She did inherit.

Her parents held the Quaker rule,
Which doth the human feeling cool ;
But she was train'd in Nature's school,
Nature had blest her.
A waking eye, a prying mind,
A heart that stirs, is hard to bind ;
A hawk's keen sight ye cannot blind,
Ye could not Hester.

My sprightly neighbour ! gone before
To that unknown and silent shore,
Shall we not meet, as heretofore
Some summer morning—
When from thy cheerful eyes a ray
Hath struck a bliss upon the day,
A bliss that would not go away,
A sweet fore-warning ?

C. LAMB.

234

CORONACH

He is gone on the mountain,
  He is lost to the forest,
Like a summer-dried fountain,
  When our need was the sorest.
The font reappearing
  From the raindrops shall borrow,
But to us comes no cheering,
  To Duncan no morrow!

The hand of the reaper
  Takes the ears that are hoary,
But the voice of the weeper
  Wails manhood in glory.
The autumn winds rushing
  Waft the leaves that are serest,
But our flower was in flushing
  When blighting was nearest.

Fleet foot on the correi,
  Sage counsel in cumber,
Red hand in the foray,
  How sound is thy slumber!
Like the dew on the mountain,
  Like the foam on the river,
Like the bubble on the fountain,
  Thou art gone, and for ever!

SIR W. SCOTT.

235

THE DEATH-BED

We watch'd her breathing thro' the night,
  Her breathing soft and low,
As in her breast the wave of life
  Kept heaving to and fro.

But when the morn came dim and sad
And chill with early showers,
Her quiet eyelids closed—she had
Another morn than ours.

T. Hood.

236

ROSABELLE

O listen, listen, ladies gay !
No haughty feat of arms I tell ;
Soft is the note, and sad the lay
That mourns the lovely Rosabelle.

Moor, moor the barge, ye gallant crew !
And, gentle ladye, deign to stay !
Rest thee in Castle Ravensheuch,
Nor tempt the stormy firth to-day.

'The blackening wave is edged with white ;
To inch and rock the sea-mews fly ;
The fishers have heard the Water-Sprite,
Whose screams forebode that wreck is nigh.

'Last night the gifted Seer did view
A wet shroud swathed round ladye gay ;
Then stay thee, Fair, in Ravensheuch ;
Why cross the gloomy firth to-day ? '

' 'Tis not because Lord Lindesay's heir
To-night at Roslin leads the ball,
But that my ladye-mother there
Sits lonely in her castle-hall.

' 'Tis not because the ring they ride,
And Lindesay at the ring rides well,
But that my sire the wine will chide
If 'tis not fill'd by Rosabelle.'

—O'er Roslin all that dreary night
A wondrous blaze was seen to gleam ;
'Twas broader than the watch-fire's light,
And redder than the bright moonbeam.

It glared on Roslin's castled rock,
It ruddied all the copse-wood glen ;
'Twas seen from Dryden's groves of oak,
And seen from cavern'd Hawthornden.

Seem'd all on fire that chapel proud,
Where Roslin's chiefs uncoffin'd lie,
Each Baron, for a sable shroud,
Sheath'd in his iron panoply.

Seem'd all on fire within, around,
Deep sacristy and altar's pale ;
Shone every pillar foliage-bound,
And glimmer'd all the dead men's mail.

Blazed battlement and pinnet high,
Blazed every rose-carved buttress fair—
So still they blaze, when fate is nigh
The lordly line of high St. Clair.

There are twenty of Roslin's barons bold
Lie buried within that proud chapelle ;
Each one the holy vault doth hold,
But the sea holds lovely Rosabelle !

And each St. Clair was buried there
With candle, with book, and with knell ;
But the sea-caves rung, and the wild winds sung
The dirge of lovely Rosabelle.

SIR W. SCOTT.

237

ON AN INFANT DYING AS SOON AS BORN

I saw where in the shroud did lurk
A curious frame of Nature's work ;
A flow'ret crushéd in the bud,
A nameless piece of Babyhood,
Was in her cradle-coffin lying ;
Extinct, with scarce the sense of dying :
So soon to exchange the imprisoning womb
For darker closets of the tomb !

She did but ope an eye, and put
A clear beam forth, then straight up shut
For the long dark: ne'er more to see
Through glasses of mortality.
Riddle of destiny, who can show
What thy short visit meant, or know
What thy errand here below?
Shall we say, that Nature blind
Check'd her hand, and changed her mind,
Just when she had exactly wrought
A finish'd pattern without fault?
Could she flag, or could she tire,
Or lack'd she the Promethean fire
(With her nine moons' long workings sicken'd)
That should thy little limbs have quicken'd?
Limbs so firm, they seem'd to assure
Life of health, and days mature;
Woman's self in miniature!
Limbs so fair, they might supply
(Themselves now but cold imagery)
The sculptor to make Beauty by.
Or did the stern-eyed Fate descry
That babe or mother, one must die;
So in mercy left the stock
And cut the branch; to save the shock
Of young years widow'd, and the pain
When Single State comes back again
To the lone man who, 'reft of wife,
Thenceforward drags a maiméd life?
The economy of Heaven is dark,
And wisest clerks have miss'd the mark,
Why human buds, like this, should fall
More brief than fly ephemeral
That has his day; while shrivell'd crones
Stiffen with age to stocks and stones;
And crabbéd use the conscience sears
In sinners of an hundred years.
—Mother's prattle, mother's kiss,
Baby fond, thou ne'er wilt miss:
Rites, which custom does impose,

Silver bells, and baby clothes ;
Coral redder than those lips
Which pale death did late eclipse ;
Music framed for infants' glee,
Whistle never tuned for thee ;
Though thou want'st not, thou shalt have them,
Loving hearts were they which gave them.
Let not one be missing ; nurse,
See them laid upon the hearse
Of infant slain by doom perverse.
Why should kings and nobles have
Pictured trophies to their grave,
And we, churls, to thee deny
Thy pretty toys with thee to lie—
A more harmless vanity ?

C. LAMB.

238

THE AFFLICTION OF MARGARET

Where art thou, my beloved Son,
Where art thou, worse to me than dead ?
O find me, prosperous or undone !
Or, if the grave be now thy bed,
Why am I ignorant of the same
That I may rest ; and neither blame
Nor sorrow may attend thy name ?

Seven years, alas ! to have received
No tidings of an only child ;
To have despaired, have hoped, believed,
And been for evermore beguiled,—
Sometimes with thoughts of very bliss !
I catch at them, and then I miss ;
Was ever darkness like to this ?

He was among the prime in worth,
An object beauteous to behold ;
Well born, well bred ; I sent him forth
Ingenuous, innocent, and bold :

If things ensued that wanted grace,
As hath been said, they were not base ;
And never blush was on my face.

Ah ! little doth the young one dream,
When full of play and childish cares,
What power is in his wildest scream
Heard by his mother unawares !
He knows it not, he cannot guess :
Years to a mother bring distress ;
But do not make her love the less.

Neglect me ! no, I suffered long
From that ill thought ; and being blind
Said, ' Pride shall help me in my wrong :
Kind mother have I been, as kind
As ever breathed : ' and that is true ;
I've wet my path with tears like dew,
Weeping for him when no one knew.

My Son, if thou be humbled, poor,
Hopeless of honour and of gain,
O ! do not dread thy mother's door ;
Think not of me with grief and pain :
I now can see with better eyes ;
And worldly grandeur I despise,
And fortune with her gifts and lies.

Alas ! the fowls of heaven have wings,
And blasts of heaven will aid their flight ;
They mount—how short a voyage brings
The wanderers back to their delight !
Chains tie us down by land and sea ;
And wishes, vain as mine, may be
All that is left to comfort thee.

Perhaps some dungeon hears thee groan,
Maim'd, mangled by inhuman men ;
Or thou upon a desert thrown
Inheritest the lion's den ;
Or hast been summon'd to the deep,
Thou, thou, and all thy mates, to keep
An incommunicable sleep.

I look for ghosts ; but none will force
Their way to me : 'tis falsely said
That there was ever intercourse
Between the living and the dead ;
For surely then I should have sight
Of him I wait for day and night
With love and longings infinite.

My apprehensions come in crowds ;
I dread the rustling of the grass ;
The very shadows of the clouds
Have power to shake me as they pass :
I question things, and do not find
One that will answer to my mind ;
And all the world appears unkind.

Beyond participation lie
My troubles, and beyond relief :
If any chance to heave a sigh,
They pity me, and not my grief.
Then come to me, my Son, or send
Some tidings, that my woes may end ;
I have no other earthly friend.

W. WORDSWORTH.

239

HUNTING SONG

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
On the mountain dawns the day ;
All the jolly chase is here
With hawk and horse and hunting-spear ;
Hounds are in their couples yelling,
Hawks are whistling, horns are knelling,
Merrily merrily mingle they,
' Waken, lords and ladies gay ! '

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
The mist has left the mountain grey,
Springlets in the dawn are steaming,
Diamonds on the brake are gleaming ;

And foresters have busy been
To track the buck in thicket green ;
Now we come to chant our lay,
' Waken, lords and ladies gay ! '

Waken, lords and ladies gay !
To the greenwood haste away ,
We can show you where he lies,
Fleet of foot and tall of size ;
We can show the marks he made
When 'gainst the oak his antlers fray'd ;
You shall see him brought to bay ;
' Waken, lords and ladies gay ! '

Louder, louder chant the lay,
Waken, lords and ladies gay !
Tell them youth and mirth and glee
Run a course as well as we ;
Time, stern huntsman ! who can balk,
Stanch as hound and fleet as hawk ;
Think of this, and rise with day,
Gentle lords and ladies gay !

SIR W. SCOTT.

240

TO THE SKYLARK

Ethereal minstrel ! pilgrim of the sky !
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound ?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground ?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still !

To the last point of vision, and beyond,
Mount, daring warbler !—that love-prompted strain
('Twixt thee and thine a never-failing bond),
Thrills not the less the bosom of the plain :
Yet might'st thou seem, proud privilege ! to sing
All independent of the leafy spring.

Leave to the nightingale her shady wood ;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine ;
Type of the wise, who soar, but never roam—
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home !

W. WORDSWORTH.

241

TO A SKYLARK

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit !
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire ;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are brightening,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight ;
Like a star of heaven
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight :

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere,
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear
Until we hardly see, we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflow'd.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love, which overflows her bower:

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aerial hue
Among the flowers and grass, which screen it from the view:

Like a rose embower'd
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflower'd,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-wingéd thieves.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awaken'd flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous, and clear, and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine :
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus hymeneal,
Or triumphal chant,
Match'd with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain ?
What fields, or waves, or mountains ?
What shapes of sky or plain ?
What love of thine own kind ? what ignorance of pain ?

With thy clear keen joyance
Languor cannot be :
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee :
Thou lovest ; but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not :
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught ;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate, and pride, and fear ;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then, as I am listening now!

P. B. SHELLEY.

242

THE GREEN LINNET

Beneath these fruit-tree boughs that shed
Their snow-white blossoms on my head,
With brightest sunshine round me spread
Of spring's unclouded weather,
In this sequestered nook how sweet
To sit upon my orchard-seat!
And birds and flowers once more to greet,
My last year's friends together.

One have I marked, the happiest guest
In all this covert of the blest:
Hail to Thee, far above the rest
In joy of voice and pinion!
Thou, Linnet! in thy green array,
Presiding Spirit here to-day,
Dost lead the revels of the May,
And this is thy dominion.

While birds, and butterflies, and flowers,
Make all one band of paramours,
Thou, ranging up and down the bowers,
Art sole in thy employment;
A Life, a Presence like the Air,
Scattering thy gladness without care,
Too blest with any one to pair,
Thyself thy own enjoyment.

Amid yon tuft of hazel trees,
That twinkle to the gusty breeze,
Behold him perch'd in ecstasies,
  Yet seeming still to hover ;
There ! where the flutter of his wings
Upon his back and body flings
Shadows and sunny glimmerings,
  That cover him all over.

My dazzled sight he oft deceives—
A Brother of the dancing leaves ;
Then flits, and from the cottage-eaves
  Pours forth his song in gushes ;
As if by that exulting strain
He mocked and treated with disdain
The voiceless Form he chose to feign,
  While fluttering in the bushes.

W. WORDSWORTH.

243

TO THE CUCKOO

O blithe new-comer ! I have heard,
  I hear thee and rejoice :
O Cuckoo ! shall I call thee Bird,
  Or but a wandering Voice ?

While I am lying on the grass
  Thy twofold shout I hear ;
From hill to hill it seems to pass,
  At once far off and near.

Though babbling only to the vale
  Of sunshine and of flowers,
Thou bringest unto me a tale
  Of visionary hours.

Thrice welcome, darling of the Spring !
  Even yet thou art to me
No bird, but an invisible thing,
  A voice, a mystery ;

The same whom in my school-boy days
I listen'd to ; that Cry
Which made me look a thousand ways
In bush, and tree, and sky.

To seek thee did I often rove
Through woods and on the green ;
And thou wert still a hope, a love ;
Still longed for, never seen.

And I can listen to thee yet ;
Can lie upon the plain
And listen, till I do beget
That golden time again.

O blesséd Bird ! the earth we pace
Again appears to be
An unsubstantial, fairy place,
That is fit home for Thee !

W. WORDSWORTH.

244

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk :
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thine happiness,—
That thou, light-wingéd Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O for a draught of vintage ! that hath been
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delvéd earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth !
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,

With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stainéd mouth ;
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
And with thee fade away into the forest dim :

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan ;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last grey hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs ;
Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away ! away ! for I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain perplexes and retards :
Already with thee ! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays ;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding
mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
But, in embalméd darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild ;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine ;
Fast-fading violets cover'd up in leaves ;
And mid-May's eldest child
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen ; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death,
Call'd him soft names in many a muséd rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath ;

Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstasy!
Still wouldst thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown:
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faery lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hill-side; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—do I wake or sleep?

J. KEATS.

245

UPON WESTMINSTER BRIDGE,

SEPT. 3, 1802

Earth has not anything to show more fair:
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty:
This City now doth like a garment wear

The beauty of the morning: silent, bare,
Ships, towers, domes, theatres, and temples lie
Open unto the fields, and to the sky,
All bright and glittering in the smokeless air.

Never did sun more beautifully steep
In his first splendour valley, rock, or hill;
Ne'er saw I, never felt, a calm so deep!

The river glideth at his own sweet will:
Dear God! the very houses seem asleep;
And all that mighty heart is lying still!

W. Wordsworth.

246

OZYMANDIAS OF EGYPT

I met a traveller from an antique land
Who said: Two vast and trunkless legs of stone
Stand in the desert. Near them on the sand,
Half sunk, a shatter'd visage lies, whose frown

And wrinkled lip and sneer of cold command
Tell that its sculptor well those passions read
Which yet survive, stamp'd on these lifeless things,
The hand that mock'd them and the heart that fed;

And on the pedestal these words appear:
'My name is Ozymandias, king of kings:
Look on my works, ye Mighty, and despair!'

Nothing beside remains. Round the decay
Of that colossal wreck, boundless and bare,
The lone and level sands stretch far away.

P. B. Shelley.

247

COMPOSED AT NEIDPATH CASTLE, THE PROPERTY OF LORD QUEENSBERRY, 1803

Degenerate Douglas! O the unworthy lord!
Whom mere despite of heart could so far please
And love of havoc, (for with such disease
Fame taxes him,) that he could send forth word

To level with the dust a noble horde,
A brotherhood of venerable trees,
Leaving an ancient dome, and towers like these,
Beggar'd and outraged!—Many hearts deplored

The fate of those old trees; and oft with pain
The traveller at this day will stop and gaze
On wrongs, which Nature scarcely seems to heed:

For sheltered places, bosoms, nooks, and bays,
And the pure mountains, and the gentle Tweed,
And the green silent pastures, yet remain.

W. WORDSWORTH.

248

ADMONITION TO A TRAVELLER

Yes, there is holy pleasure in thine eye!
The lovely cottage in the guardian nook
Hath stirr'd thee deeply; with its own dear brook,
Its own small pasture, almost its own sky!

But covet not the abode; forbear to sigh
As many do, repining while they look;
Intruders who would tear from Nature's book
This precious leaf with harsh impiety:

Think what the home must be if it were thine,
Even thine, though few thy wants!—Roof, window, door,
The very flowers are sacred to the Poor,

The roses to the porch which they entwine :
Yea, all that now enchants thee, from the day
On which it should be touch'd, would melt away !
W. WORDSWORTH.

249

TO THE HIGHLAND GIRL OF INVERSNEYDE

Sweet Highland Girl, a very shower
Of beauty is thy earthly dower !
Twice seven consenting years have shed
Their utmost bounty on thy head :
And these grey rocks ; that household lawn ;
Those trees—a veil just half withdrawn ;
This fall of water that doth make
A murmur near the silent lake ;
This little bay ; a quiet road
That holds in shelter thy abode ;
In truth together do ye seem
Like something fashion'd in a dream ;
Such forms as from their covert peep
When earthly cares are laid asleep !
But O fair Creature ! in the light
Of common day, so heavenly bright,
I bless Thee, Vision as thou art,
I bless thee with a human heart :
God shield thee to thy latest years !
Thee, neither know I, nor thy peers ;
And yet my eyes are fill'd with tears.

With earnest feeling I shall pray
For thee when I am far away ;
For never saw I mien or face
In which more plainly I could trace
Benignity and home-bred sense
Ripening in perfect innocence.
Here scattered like a random seed,
Remote from men, Thou dost not need
The embarrassed look of shy distress,
And maidenly shamefacedness :

Thou wear'st upon thy forehead clear
The freedom of a mountaineer :
A face with gladness overspread ;
Soft smiles, by human kindness bred ;
And seemliness complete, that sways
Thy courtesies, about thee plays ;
With no restraint, but such as springs
From quick and eager visitings
Of thoughts that lie beyond the reach
Of thy few words of English speech :
A bondage sweetly brook'd, a strife
That gives thy gestures grace and life !
So have I, not unmoved in mind,
Seen birds of tempest-loving kind
Thus beating up against the wind.

What hand but would a garland cull
For thee who art so beautiful ?
O happy pleasure ! here to dwell
Beside thee in some heathy dell ;
Adopt your homely ways and dress,
A shepherd, thou a shepherdess !
But I could frame a wish for thee
More like a grave reality :
Thou art to me but as a wave
Of the wild sea : and I would have
Some claim upon thee, if I could,
Though but of common neighbourhood,
What joy to hear thee, and to see !
Thy elder brother I would be,
Thy father—anything to thee !

Now thanks to Heaven ! that of its grace
Hath led me to this lonely place.
Joy have I had ; and going hence
I bear away my recompense.
In spots like these it is we prize
Our memory, feel that she hath eyes :
Then why should I be loth to stir ?
I feel this place was made for her ;

To give new pleasure like the past,
Continued long as life shall last.
Nor am I loth, though pleased at heart,
Sweet Highland Girl! from thee to part;
For I, methinks, till I grow old,
As fair before me shall behold
As I do now, the cabin small,
The lake, the bay, the waterfall;
And Thee, the Spirit of them all!

W. WORDSWORTH.

250

THE REAPER

Behold her, single in the field,
  Yon solitary Highland Lass!
Reaping and singing by herself;
  Stop here, or gently pass!
Alone she cuts and binds the grain,
And sings a melancholy strain;
O listen! for the vale profound
Is overflowing with the sound.

No nightingale did ever chant
  More welcome notes to weary bands
Of travellers in some shady haunt,
  Among Arabian sands:
A voice so thrilling ne'er was heard
In spring-time from the cuckoo-bird,
Breaking the silence of the seas
Among the farthest Hebrides.

Will no one tell me what she sings?
  Perhaps the plaintive numbers flow
For old, unhappy, far-off things,
  And battles long ago:
Or is it some more humble lay,
Familiar matter of to-day?
Some natural sorrow, loss, or pain,
That has been, and may be again?

Whate'er the theme, the maiden sang
  As if her song could have no ending ;
I saw her singing at her work,
  And o'er the sickle bending ;
I listen'd, motionless and still ;
And, as I mounted up the hill,
The music in my heart I bore,
Long after it was heard no more.

W. WORDSWORTH.

251

THE REVERIE OF POOR SUSAN

At the corner of Wood Street, when daylight appears,
Hangs a Thrush that sings loud, it has sung for three years :
Poor Susan has pass'd by the spot, and has heard
In the silence of morning the song of the bird.

'Tis a note of enchantment ; what ails her ? She sees
A mountain ascending, a vision of trees ;
Bright volumes of vapour through Lothbury glide,
And a river flows on through the vale of Cheapside.

Green pastures she views in the midst of the dale,
Down which she so often has tripp'd with her pail ;
And a single small cottage, a nest like a dove's,
The one only dwelling on earth that she loves.

She looks, and her heart is in heaven : but they fade,
The mist and the river, the hill and the shade ;
The stream will not flow, and the hill will not rise,
And the colours have all pass'd away from her eyes !

W. WORDSWORTH.

252

TO A LADY, WITH A GUITAR

Ariel to Miranda :—Take
This slave of Music, for the sake
Of him who is the slave of thee ;
And teach it all the harmony
In which thou canst, and only thou,
Make the delighted spirit glow,
Till joy denies itself again
And, too intense, is turn'd to pain.
For by permission and command
Of thine own Prince Ferdinand,
Poor Ariel sends this silent token
Of more than ever can be spoken ;
Your guardian spirit, Ariel, who
From life to life must still pursue
Your happiness ; for thus alone
Can Ariel ever find his own.
From Prospero's enchanted cell,
As the mighty verses tell,
To the throne of Naples he
Lit you o'er the trackless sea,
Flitting on, your prow before,
Like a living meteor.
When you die, the silent Moon
In her interlunar swoon
Is not sadder in her cell
Than deserted Ariel.
When you live again on earth,
Like an unseen star of birth
Ariel guides you o'er the sea
Of life from your nativity.
Many changes have been run
Since Ferdinand and you begun
Your course of love, and Ariel still
Has tracked your steps and served your will.
Now in humbler, happier lot,
This is all remember'd not ;

And now, alas ! the poor sprite is
Imprisoned for some fault of his
In a body like a grave ;—
From you he only dares to crave,
For his service and his sorrow,
A smile to-day, a song to-morrow.

The artist who this idol wrought
To echo all harmonious thought,
Felled a tree, while on the steep
The woods were in their winter sleep,
Rocked in that repose divine
On the wind-swept Apennine ;
And dreaming, some of Autumn past,
And some of Spring approaching fast,
And some of April buds and showers,
And some of songs in July bowers,
And all of love ; and so this tree,—
O that such our death may be !—
Died in sleep, and felt no pain,
To live in happier form again :
From which, beneath Heaven's fairest star,
The artist wrought this loved Guitar ;
And taught it justly to reply
To all who question skilfully
In language gentle as thine own ;
Whispering in enamoured tone
Sweet oracles of woods and dells,
And summer winds in sylvan cells ;
—For it had learnt all harmonies
Of the plains and of the skies,
Of the forests and the mountains,
And the many-voicéd fountains ;
The clearest echoes of the hills,
The softest notes of falling rills,
The melodies of birds and bees,
The murmuring of summer seas,
And pattering rain, and breathing dew,
And airs of evening ; and it knew
That seldom-heard mysterious sound

Which, driven on its diurnal round,
As it floats through boundless day,
Our world enkindles on its way :
—All this it knows, but will not tell
To those who cannot question well
The Spirit that inhabits it ;
It talks according to the wit
Of its companions ; and no more
Is heard than has been felt before
By those who tempt it to betray
These secrets of an elder day.
But, sweetly as its answers will
Flatter hands of perfect skill,
It keeps its highest holiest tone
For our beloved friend alone.

P. B. SHELLEY.

253

THE DAFFODILS

I wandered lonely as a cloud
That floats on high o'er vales and hills,
When all at once I saw a crowd,
A host, of golden daffodils,
Beside the lake, beneath the trees,
Fluttering and dancing in the breeze.

Continuous as the stars that shine
And twinkle on the milky way,
They stretched in never-ending line
Along the margin of a bay :
Ten thousand saw I at a glance
Tossing their heads in sprightly dance.

The waves beside them danced, but they
Out-did the sparkling waves in glee :
A Poet could not but be gay
In such a jocund company !
I gazed—and gazed—but little thought
What wealth the show to me had brought :

For oft, when on my couch I lie
In vacant or in pensive mood,
They flash upon that inward eye
Which is the bliss of solitude;
And then my heart with pleasure fills,
And dances with the daffodils.

W. WORDSWORTH.

254

TO THE DAISY

With little here to do or see
Of things that in the great world be,
Daisy! again I talk to thee,
For thou art worthy,
Thou unassuming Commonplace
Of Nature, with that homely face,
And yet with something of a grace
Which love makes for thee!

Oft on the dappled turf at ease
I sit and play with similes,
Loose types of things through all degrees,
Thoughts of thy raising;
And many a fond and idle name
I give to thee, for praise or blame,
As is the humour of the game,
While I am gazing.

A nun demure, of lowly port;
Or sprightly maiden, of Love's court,
In thy simplicity the sport
Of all temptations;
A queen in crown of rubies drest;
A starveling in a scanty vest;
Are all, as seems to suit thee best,
Thy appellations.

A little Cyclops, with one eye
Staring to threaten and defy,
That thought comes next—and instantly
The freak is over.

The shape will vanish, and behold!
A silver shield with boss of gold
That spreads itself, some fairy bold
In fight to cover.

I see thee glittering from afar—
And then thou art a pretty star,
Not quite so fair as many are
In heaven above thee!
Yet like a star, with glittering crest,
Self-poised in air thou seem'st to rest;—
May peace come never to his nest
Who shall reprove thee!

Sweet Flower! for by that name at last
When all my reveries are past
I call thee, and to that cleave fast,
Sweet silent creature!
That breath'st with me in sun and air,
Do thou, as thou art wont, repair
My heart with gladness, and a share
Of thy meek nature!

W. WORDSWORTH.

255

ODE TO AUTUMN

Season of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the moss'd cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more,
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease;
For Summer has o'erbrimm'd their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store ?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind ;
Or on a half-reap'd furrow sound asleep,
Drows'd with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinéd flowers ;
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook ;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings, hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring ? Aye, where are they ?
Think not of them,—thou hast thy music too,
While barréd clouds bloom the soft-dying day
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue ;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies ;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-crickets sing, and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden-croft,
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

J. KEATS.

256

ODE TO WINTER

Germany, December 1800

When first the fiery-mantled Sun
His heavenly race began to run,
Round the earth and ocean blue
His children four the Seasons flew :—
First, in green apparel dancing,
The young Spring smiled with angel-grace ;
Rosy Summer, next advancing,
Rush'd into her sire's embrace—
Her bright-hair'd sire, who bade her keep
For ever nearest to his smiles.

On Calpe's olive-shaded steep
Or India's citron-cover'd isles.
More remote, and buxom-brown,
The Queen of vintage bow'd before his throne;
A rich pomegranate gemm'd her crown,
A ripe sheaf bound her zone.

But howling Winter fled afar
To hills that prop the polar star;
And loves on deer-borne car to ride
With barren darkness at his side,
Round the shore where loud Lofoden
Whirls to death the roaring whale.
Round the hall where Runic Odin
Howls his war-song to the gale—
Save when adown the ravaged globe
He travels on his native storm,
Deflowering Nature's grassy robe
And trampling on her faded form;
Till light's returning lord assume
The shaft that drives him to his polar field,
Of power to pierce his raven plume
And crystal-cover'd shield.

O sire of storms! whose savage ear
The Lapland drum delights to hear,
When Frenzy with her bloodshot eye
Implores thy dreadful deity—
Archangel! power of desolation!
Fast descending as thou art,
Say, hath mortal invocation
Spells to touch thy stony heart?
Then, sullen Winter! hear my prayer
And gently rule the ruin'd year;
Nor chill the wanderer's bosom bare,
Nor freeze the wretch's falling tear:
To shuddering Want's unmantled bed
Thy horror-breathing agues cease to lend,
And gently on the orphan head
Of innocence descend.

But chiefly spare, O king of clouds!
The sailor on his airy shrouds,
When wrecks and beacons strew the steep
And spectres walk along the deep.
Milder yet thy snowy breezes
Pour on yonder tented shores,
Where the Rhine's broad billow freezes,
Or the dark-brown Danube roars.
O winds of Winter! list ye there
To many a deep and dying groan?
Or start, ye demons of the midnight air,
At shrieks and thunders louder than your own?
Alas! e'en your unhallow'd breath
May spare the victim fallen low;
But man will ask no truce to death,
No bounds to human woe.

T. CAMPBELL.

257

YARROW UNVISITED

1803

From Stirling Castle we had seen
The mazy Forth unravell'd,
Had trod the banks of Clyde and Tay,
And with the Tweed had travell'd;
And when we came to Clovenford,
Then said my 'winsome Marrow,'
'Whate'er betide, we'll turn aside,
And see the Braes of Yarrow.'

'Let Yarrow folk, frae Selkirk town,
Who have been buying, selling,
Go back to Yarrow, 'tis their own,
Each maiden to her dwelling!
On Yarrow's banks let herons feed,
Hares couch, and rabbits burrow,
But we will downward with the Tweed,
Nor turn aside to Yarrow.

'There's Galla Water, Leader Haughs,
Both lying right before us;
And Dryburgh, where with chiming Tweed
The lintwhites sing in chorus;
There's pleasant Tiviot-dale, a land
Made blithe with plough and harrow:
Why throw away a needful day
To go in search of Yarrow?

'What's Yarrow but a river bare
That glides the dark hills under?
There are a thousand such elsewhere
As worthy of your wonder.'
—Strange words they seem'd of slight and scorn;
My True-love sigh'd for sorrow,
And look'd me in the face, to think
I thus could speak of Yarrow!

'O green,' said I, 'are Yarrow's holms,
And sweet is Yarrow flowing!
Fair hangs the apple frae the rock,
But we will leave it growing.
O'er hilly path and open Strath
We'll wander Scotland thorough;
But, though so near, we will not turn
Into the dale of Yarrow.

'Let beeves and home-bred kine partake
The sweets of Burn-mill meadow;
The swan on still St. Mary's Lake
Float double, swan and shadow!
We will not see them; will not go
To-day, nor yet to-morrow;
Enough if in our hearts we know
There's such a place as Yarrow.

'Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown!
It must, or we shall rue it:
We have a vision of our own,
Ah! why should we undo it?

The treasured dreams of times long past,
We'll keep them, winsome Marrow!
For when we're there, although 'tis fair,
'Twill be another Yarrow!

'If Care with freezing years should come,
And wandering seem but folly,—
Should we be loth to stir from home,
And yet be melancholy;
Should life be dull, and spirits low,
'Twill soothe us in our sorrow
That earth has something yet to show,
The bonny holms of Yarrow!'

W. WORDSWORTH.

258

YARROW VISITED

September 1814

And is this—Yarrow?—*This* the Stream
Of which my fancy cherish'd
So faithfully, a waking dream,
An image that hath perish'd?
O that some Minstrel's harp were near
To utter notes of gladness
And chase this silence from the air,
That fills my heart with sadness!

Yet why?—a silvery current flows
With uncontroll'd meanderings;
Nor have these eyes by greener hills
Been soothed, in all my wanderings.
And, through her depths, St. Mary's Lake
Is visibly delighted;
For not a feature of those hills
Is in the mirror slighted.

A blue sky bends o'er Yarrow Vale,
Save where that pearly whiteness
Is round the rising sun diffused,
A tender hazy brightness;

Mild dawn of promise! that excludes
All profitless dejection;
Though not unwilling here to admit
A pensive recollection.

Where was it that the famous Flower
Of Yarrow Vale lay bleeding?
His bed perchance was yon smooth mound
On which the herd is feeding:
And haply from this crystal pool,
Now peaceful as the morning,
The Water-wraith ascended thrice,
And gave his doleful warning.

Delicious is the Lay that sings
The haunts of happy lovers,
The path that leads them to the grove,
The leafy grove that covers:
And pity sanctifies the verse
That paints, by strength of sorrow,
The unconquerable strength of love;
Bear witness, rueful Yarrow!

But thou, that didst appear so fair
To fond imagination,
Dost rival in the light of day
Her delicate creation:
Meek loveliness is round thee spread,
A softness still and holy:
The grace of forest charms decay'd,
And pastoral melancholy.

That region left, the vale unfolds
Rich groves of lofty stature,
With Yarrow winding through the pomp
Of cultivated nature;
And, rising from those lofty groves,
Behold a ruin hoary,
The shatter'd front of Newark's Towers,
Renown'd in Border story.

Fair scenes for childhood's opening bloom,
For sportive youth to stray in,
For manhood to enjoy his strength,
And age to wear away in!
Yon cottage seems a bower of bliss,
A covert for protection
Of tender thoughts, that nestle there—
The brood of chaste affection.

How sweet on this autumnal day
The wild-wood fruits to gather,
And on my True-love's forehead plant
A crest of blooming heather!
And what if I enwreathed my own?
'Twere no offence to reason;
The sober hills thus deck their brows
To meet the wintry season.

I see—but not by sight alone,
Loved Yarrow, have I won thee;
A ray of Fancy still survives—
Her sunshine plays upon thee!
Thy ever-youthful waters keep
A course of lively pleasure;
And gladsome notes my lips can breathe
Accordant to the measure.

The vapours linger round the heights,
They melt, and soon must vanish;
One hour is theirs, nor more is mine—
Sad thought! which I would banish,
But that I know, where'er I go,
Thy genuine image, Yarrow!
Will dwell with me—to heighten joy,
And cheer my mind in sorrow.

W. WORDSWORTH.

259

THE INVITATION

Best and brightest, come away,
Fairer far than this fair Day,
Which, like thee to those in sorrow,
Comes to bid a sweet good-morrow
To the rough Year just awake
In its cradle on the brake.
The brightest hour of unborn Spring
Through the winter wandering,
Found, it seems, the halcyon Morn
To hoar February born ;
Bending from Heaven, in azure mirth,
It kiss'd the forehead of the Earth,
And smiled upon the silent sea,
And bade the frozen streams be free,
And waked to music all their fountains,
And breathed upon the frozen mountains,
And like a prophetess of May
Strew'd flowers upon the barren way,
Making the wintry world appear
Like one on whom thou smilest, dear.

Away, away, from men and towns,
To the wild wood and the downs—
To the silent wilderness
Where the soul need not repress
Its music, lest it should not find
An echo in another's mind,
While the touch of Nature's art
Harmonizes heart to heart.

Radiant Sister of the Day
Awake ! arise ! and come away !
To the wild woods and the plains,
And the pools where winter rains
Image all their roof of leaves,
Where the pine its garland weaves

Of sapless green and ivy dun
Round stems that never kiss the sun ;
Where the lawns and pastures be
And the sandhills of the sea ;
Where the melting hoar-frost wets
The daisy-star that never sets,
And wind-flowers and violets,
Which yet join not scent to hue,
Crown the pale year weak and new;
When the night is left behind
In the deep east, dun and blind,
And the blue noon is over us,
And the multitudinous
Billows murmur at our feet,
Where the earth and ocean meet,
And all things seem only one
In the universal sun.

P. B. Shelley.

260

THE RECOLLECTION

Now the last day of many days,
All beautiful and bright as thou,
The loveliest and the last, is dead,
Rise, Memory, and write its praise !
Up,—to thy wonted work ! come, trace
The epitaph of glory fled,
For now the Earth has changed its face,
A frown is on the Heaven's brow.

We wander'd to the Pine Forest
That skirts the Ocean's foam ;
The lightest wind was in its nest,
The tempest in its home.
The whispering waves were half asleep,
The clouds were gone to play,
And on the bosom of the deep
The smile of Heaven lay;

It seem'd as if the hour were one
Sent from beyond the skies
Which scatter'd from above the sun
A light of Paradise.

We paused amid the pines that stood
The giants of the waste,
Tortured by storms to shapes as rude
As serpents interlaced,
And soothed by every azure breath
That under Heaven is blown
To harmonies and hues beneath,
As tender as its own :
Now all the tree-tops lay asleep
Like green waves on the sea,
As still as in the silent deep
The ocean woods may be.

How calm it was !—the silence there
By such a chain was bound,
That even the busy woodpecker
Made stiller by her sound
The inviolable quietness ;
The breath of peace we drew
With its soft motion made not less
The calm that round us grew.
There seem'd from the remotest seat
Of the wide mountain waste,
To the soft flower beneath our feet
A magic circle traced,—
A spirit interfused around,
A thrilling silent life ;
To momentary peace it bound
Our mortal nature's strife ;—
And still I felt the centre of
The magic circle there
Was one fair form that fill'd with love
The lifeless atmosphere.

We paused beside the pools that lie
Under the forest bough ;

Each seem'd as 'twere a little sky
  Gulf'd in a world below ;
A firmament of purple light
  Which in the dark earth lay,
More boundless than the depth of night,
  And purer than the day—
In which the lovely forests grew
  As in the upper air,
More perfect both in shape and hue
  Than any spreading there.
There lay the glade and neighbouring lawn,
  And through the dark green wood
The white sun twinkling like the dawn
  Out of a speckled cloud.
Sweet views which in our world above
  Can never well be seen
Were imaged by the water's love
  Of that fair forest green :
And all was interfused beneath
  With an Elysian glow,
An atmosphere without a breath,
  A softer day below.
Like one beloved, the scene had lent
  To the dark water's breast
Its every leaf and lineament
  With more than truth exprest ;
Until an envious wind crept by,
  Like an unwelcome thought
Which from the mind's too faithful eye
  Blots one dear image out.
Though thou art ever fair and kind,
  The forests ever green,
Less oft is peace in Shelley's mind
  Than calm in waters seen.

P. B. Shelley.

261

BY THE SEA

It is a beauteous evening, calm and free ;
The holy time is quiet as a Nun
Breathless with adoration ; the broad sun
Is sinking down in its tranquillity;

The gentleness of heaven broods o'er the Sea :
Listen ! the mighty Being is awake,
And doth with his eternal motion make
A sound like thunder—everlastingly.

Dear child ! dear girl ! that walkest with me here,
If thou appear untouch'd by solemn thought
Thy nature is not therefore less divine :

Thou liest in Abraham's bosom all the year,
And worshipp'st at the Temple's inner shrine,
God being with thee when we know it not.

W. WORDSWORTH.

262

TO THE EVENING STAR

Star that bringest home the bee,
And sett'st the weary labourer free !
If any star shed peace, 'tis thou,
That send'st it from above,
Appearing when Heaven's breath and brow
Are sweet as hers we love.

Come to the luxuriant skies,
Whilst the landscape's odours rise,
Whilst far-off lowing herds are heard,
And songs when toil is done,
From cottages whose smoke unstirr'd
Curls yellow in the sun.

Star of love's soft interviews,
Parted lovers on thee muse ;
Their remembrancer in Heaven
Of thrilling vows thou art,
Too delicious to be riven
By absence from the heart.

T. CAMPBELL.

263

DATUR HORA QUIETI

The sun upon the lake is low,
The wild birds hush their song,
The hills have evening's deepest glow,
Yet Leonard tarries long.
Now all whom varied toil and care
From home and love divide,
In the calm sunset may repair
Each to the loved one's side.

The noble dame on turret high,
Who waits her gallant knight,
Looks to the western beam to spy
The flash of armour bright.
The village maid, with hand on brow
The level ray to shade,
Upon the footpath watches now
For Colin's darkening plaid.

Now to their mates the wild swans row,
By day they swam apart,
And to the thicket wanders slow
The hind beside the hart.
The woodlark at his partner's side
Twitters his closing song—
All meet whom day and care divide,
But Leonard tarries long !

SIR W. SCOTT.

264

TO THE MOON

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven, and gazing on the earth,
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth,—
And ever-changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy ?

P. B. Shelley.

265

A widow bird sate mourning for her love
Upon a wintry bough ;
The frozen wind crept on above,
The freezing stream below.

There was no leaf upon the forest bare,
No flower upon the ground,
And little motion in the air
Except the mill-wheel's sound.

P. B. Shelley.

266

TO SLEEP

A flock of sheep that leisurely pass by,
One after one ; the sound of rain, and bees
Murmuring ; the fall of rivers, winds and seas,
Smooth fields, white sheets of water, and pure sky ;

I have thought of all by turns, and yet do lie
Sleepless ; and soon the small birds' melodies
Must hear, first uttered from my orchard trees,
And the first cuckoo's melancholy cry.

Even thus last night, and two nights more, I lay,
And could not win thee, Sleep! by any stealth:
So do not let me wear to-night away:
Without Thee what is all the morning's wealth?
Come, blesséd barrier between day and day,
Dear mother of fresh thoughts and joyous health!

W. WORDSWORTH.

267

THE SOLDIER'S DREAM

Our bugles sang truce, for the night-cloud had lower'd,
And the sentinel stars set their watch in the sky;
And thousands had sunk on the ground overpower'd,
The weary to sleep, and the wounded to die.
When reposing that night on my pallet of straw
By the wolf-scaring faggot that guarded the slain,
At the dead of the night a sweet vision I saw;
And thrice ere the morning I dreamt it again.
Methought from the battle-field's dreadful array
Far, far I had roam'd on a desolate track:
'Twas autumn,—and sunshine arose on the way
To the home of my fathers, that welcomed me back.
I flew to the pleasant fields traversed so oft
In life's morning march, when my bosom was young;
I heard my own mountain-goats bleating aloft,
And knew the sweet strain that the corn-reapers sung.
Then pledged we the wine-cup, and fondly I swore
From my home and my weeping friends never to part;
My little ones kiss'd me a thousand times o'er,
And my wife sobb'd aloud in her fullness of heart.
'Stay—stay with us!—rest!—thou art weary and worn!'—
And fain was their war-broken soldier to stay;—
But sorrow return'd with the dawning of morn,
And the voice in my dreaming ear melted away.

T. CAMPBELL.

268

A DREAM OF THE UNKNOWN

I dream'd that as I wander'd by the way
Bare Winter suddenly was changed to Spring,
And gentle odours led my steps astray,
Mix'd with a sound of waters murmuring
Along a shelving bank of turf, which lay
Under a copse, and hardly dared to fling
Its green arms round the bosom of the stream,
But kiss'd it and then fled, as thou mightest in dream.

There grew pied wind-flowers and violets,
Daisies, those pearl'd Arcturi of the earth,
The constellated flower that never sets;
Faint oxlips; tender blue-bells, at whose birth
The sod scarce heaved; and that tall flower that wets—
Like a child, half in tenderness and mirth—
Its mother's face with heaven's collected tears,
When the low wind, its playmate's voice, it hears.

And in the warm hedge grew lush eglantine,
Green cow-bind and the moonlight-colour'd may,
And cherry-blossoms, and white cups, whose wine
Was the bright dew yet drain'd not by the day;
And wild roses, and ivy serpentine
With its dark buds and leaves, wandering astray;
And flowers azure, black, and streak'd with gold,
Fairer than any waken'd eyes behold.

And nearer to the river's trembling edge
There grew broad flag-flowers, purple prank'd with white,
And starry river buds among the sedge,
And floating water-lilies, broad and bright,
Which lit the oak that overhung the hedge
With moonlight beams of their own watery light;
And bulrushes, and reeds of such deep green
As soothed the dazzled eye with sober sheen.

Methought that of these visionary flowers
I made a nosegay, bound in such a way
That the same hues, which in their natural bowers
Were mingled or opposed, the like array
Kept these imprison'd children of the Hours
Within my hand,—and then, elate and gay,
I hasten'd to the spot whence I had come,
That I might there present it—O! to Whom?

P. B. SHELLEY.

269

THE INNER VISION

Most sweet it is with unuplifted eyes
To pace the ground, if path be there or none,
While a fair region round the traveller lies
Which he forbears again to look upon;

Pleased rather with some soft ideal scene,
The work of Fancy, or some happy tone
Of meditation, slipping in between
The beauty coming and the beauty gone.

If Thought and Love desert us, from that day
Let us break off all commerce with the Muse:
With Thought and Love companions of our way—

Whate'er the senses take or may refuse,—
The Mind's internal heaven shall shed her dews
Of inspiration on the humblest lay.

W. WORDSWORTH.

270

THE REALM OF FANCY

Ever let the Fancy roam!
Pleasure never is at home:
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth,
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth;

Then let wingéd Fancy wander
Through the thought still spread beyond her :
Open wide the mind's cage-door,
She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
And the enjoying of the Spring
Fades as does its blossoming :
Autumn's red-lipp'd fruitage too,
Blushing through the mist and dew,
Cloys with tasting : What do then ?
Sit thee by the ingle, when
The sear faggot blazes bright,
Spirit of a winter's night ;
When the soundless earth is muffled,
And the cakéd snow is shuffled
From the ploughboy's heavy shoon ;
When the Night doth meet the Noon
In a dark conspiracy
To banish Even from her sky.
—Sit thee there, and send abroad,
With a mind self-overawed,
Fancy, high-commission'd :—send her !
She has vassals to attend her ;
She will bring, in spite of frost,
Beauties that the earth hath lost ;
She will bring thee, all together,
All delights of summer weather ;
All the buds and bells of May
From dewy sward or thorny spray ;
All the heapéd Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth ;
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it ;—thou shalt hear
Distant harvest-carols clear ;
Rustle of the reapéd corn ;
Sweet birds antheming the morn :
And in the same moment—hark !
'Tis the early April lark,

Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt, at one glance, behold
The daisy and the marigold ;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst ;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May ;
And every leaf, and every flower
Pearléd with the self-same shower.
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its celléd sleep ;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin ;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest ;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm ;
Acorns ripe down-pattering
While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy ! let her loose ;
Everything is spoilt by use :
Where 's the cheek that doth not fade,
Too much gazed at ? Where 's the maid
Whose lip mature is ever new ?
Where 's the eye, however blue,
Doth not weary ? Where 's the face
One would meet in every place ?
Where 's the voice, however soft,
One would hear so very oft ?
At a touch sweet Pleasure melteth
Like to bubbles when rain pelteth.
Let then wingéd Fancy find
Thee a mistress to thy mind :
Dulcet-eyed as Ceres' daughter,
Ere the God of Torment taught her
How to frown and how to chide ;

With a waist and with a side
White as Hebe's, when her zone
Slipt its golden clasp, and down
Fell her kirtle to her feet,
While she held the goblet sweet,
And Jove grew languid.—Break the mesh
Of the Fancy's silken leash ;
Quickly break her prison-string,
And such joys as these she'll bring.
—Let the wingéd Fancy roam !
Pleasure never is at home.

J. KEATS.

271

HYMN TO THE SPIRIT OF NATURE

Life of Life ! thy lips enkindle
With their love the breath between them ;
And thy smiles before they dwindle
Make the cold air fire ; then screen them
In those looks, where whoso gazes
Faints, entangled in their mazes.

Child of Light ! thy limbs are burning
Through the vest which seems to hide them,
As the radiant lines of morning
Through the clouds, ere they divide them ;
And this atmosphere divinest
Shrouds thee wheresoe'er thou shinest.

Fair are others : none beholds thee ;
But thy voice sounds low and tender
Like the fairest, for it folds thee
From the sight, that liquid splendour ;
And all feel, yet see thee never,—
As I feel now, lost for ever !

Lamp of Earth ! where'er thou movest
Its dim shapes are clad with brightness

And the souls of whom thou lovest
Walk upon the winds with lightness
Till they fail, as I am failing,
Dizzy, lost, yet unbewailing!

P. B. SHELLEY.

272

WRITTEN IN EARLY SPRING

I heard a thousand blended notes
While in a grove I sat reclined,
In that sweet mood when pleasant thoughts
Bring sad thoughts to the mind.

To her fair works did Nature link
The human soul that through me ran;
And much it grieved my heart to think
What man has made of man.

Through primrose tufts, in that green bower,
The periwinkle trail'd its wreaths;
And 'tis my faith that every flower
Enjoys the air it breathes.

The birds around me hopp'd and play'd,
Their thoughts I cannot measure—
But the least motion which they made
It seem'd a thrill of pleasure.

The budding twigs spread out their fan
To catch the breezy air;
And I must think, do all I can,
That there was pleasure there.

If this belief from heaven be sent,
If such be Nature's holy plan,
Have I not reason to lament
What man has made of man?

W. WORDSWORTH.

273

RUTH: OR THE INFLUENCES OF NATURE

When Ruth was left half desolate
Her father took another mate;
And Ruth, not seven years old,
A slighted child, at her own will
Went wandering over dale and hill,
In thoughtless freedom, bold.

And she had made a pipe of straw,
And music from that pipe could draw
Like sounds of winds and floods;
Had built a bower upon the green,
As if she from her birth had been
An infant of the woods.

Beneath her father's roof, alone
She seem'd to live; her thoughts her own;
Herself her own delight:
Pleased with herself, nor sad nor gay.
And, passing thus the live-long day,
She grew to woman's height.

There came a youth from Georgia's shore—
A military casque he wore
With splendid feathers drest;
He brought them from the Cherokees;
The feathers nodded in the breeze
And made a gallant crest.

From Indian blood you deem him sprung:
But no! he spake the English tongue
And bore a soldier's name;
And, when America was free
From battle and from jeopardy,
He 'cross the ocean came.

With hues of genius on his cheek,
In finest tones the youth could speak:

—While he was yet a boy
The moon, the glory of the sun,
And streams that murmur as they run,
Had been his dearest joy.

He was a lovely youth ! I guess
The panther in the wilderness
Was not so fair as he ;
And when he chose to sport and play,
No dolphin ever was so gay
Upon the tropic sea.

Among the Indians he had fought ;
And with him many tales he brought
Of pleasure and of fear ;
Such tales as, told to any maid
By such a youth, in the green shade,
Were perilous to hear.

He told of girls, a happy rout !
Who quit their fold with dance and shout,
Their pleasant Indian town,
To gather strawberries all day long ;
Returning with a choral song
When daylight is gone down.

He spake of plants that hourly change
Their blossoms, through a boundless range
Of intermingling hues ;
With budding, fading, faded flowers,
They stand the wonder of the bowers
From morn to evening dews.

He told of the magnolia, spread
High as a cloud, high over head !
The cypress and her spire ;
—Of flowers that with one scarlet gleam
Cover a hundred leagues, and seem
To set the hills on fire.

The youth of green savannahs spake,
And many an endless, endless lake

With all its fairy crowds
Of islands, that together lie
As quietly as spots of sky
Among the evening clouds.

'How pleasant,' then he said, 'it were
A fisher or a hunter there,
In sunshine or in shade
To wander with an easy mind,
And build a household fire, and find
A home in every glade!

'What days and what bright years! Ah me!
Our life were life indeed, with thee
So pass'd in quiet bliss;
And all the while,' said he, 'to know
That we were in a world of woe,
On such an earth as this!'

And then he sometimes interwove
Fond thoughts about a father's love,
'For there,' said he, 'are spun
Around the heart such tender ties,
That our own children to our eyes
Are dearer than the sun.

'Sweet Ruth! and could you go with me
My helpmate in the woods to be,
Our shed at night to rear;
Or run, my own adopted bride,
A sylvan huntress at my side,
And drive the flying deer!

'Beloved Ruth!'—No more he said.
The wakeful Ruth at midnight shed
A solitary tear:
She thought again—and did agree
With him to sail across the sea,
And drive the flying deer.

'And now, as fitting is and right,
We in the church our faith will plight,

A husband and a wife.'
Even so they did ; and I may say
That to sweet Ruth that happy day
Was more than human life.

Through dream and vision did she sink,
Delighted all the while to think
That, on those lonesome floods
And green savannahs, she should share
His board with lawful joy, and bear
His name in the wild woods.

But, as you have before been told,
This Stripling, sportive, gay, and bold,
And with his dancing crest
So beautiful, through savage lands
Had roam'd about, with vagrant bands
Of Indians in the West.

The wind, the tempest roaring high,
The tumult of a tropic sky
Might well be dangerous food
For him, a youth to whom was given
So much of earth—so much of heaven,
And such impetuous blood.

Whatever in those climes he found
Irregular in sight or sound
Did to his mind impart
A kindred impulse, seem'd allied
To his own powers, and justified
The workings of his heart.

Nor less, to feed voluptuous thought,
The beauteous forms of Nature wrought,—
Fair trees and gorgeous flowers ;
The breezes their own languor lent ;
The stars had feelings, which they sent
Into those favour'd bowers.

Yet, in his worst pursuits, I ween
That sometimes there did intervene

Pure hopes of high intent :
For passions, link'd to forms so fair
And stately, needs must have their share
Of noble sentiment.

But ill he lived, much evil saw,
With men to whom no better law
Nor better life was known ;
Deliberately and undeceived
Those wild men's vices he received,
And gave them back his own.

His genius and his moral frame
Were thus impair'd, and he became
The slave of low desires :
A man who without self-control
Would seek what the degraded soul
Unworthily admires.

And yet he with no feign'd delight
Had woo'd the maiden, day and night
Had loved her, night and morn :
What could he less than love a maid
Whose heart with so much nature play'd—
So kind and so forlorn ?

Sometimes most earnestly he said,
'O Ruth ! I have been worse than dead ;
False thoughts, thoughts bold and vain
Encompass'd me on every side
When I, in confidence and pride,
Had cross'd the Atlantic main.

'Before me shone a glorious world
Fresh as a banner bright, unfurl'd
To music suddenly :
I look'd upon those hills and plains,
And seem'd as if let loose from chains
To live at liberty.

'No more of this—for now, by thee,
Dear Ruth ! more happily set free,

With nobler zeal I burn ;
My soul from darkness is released
Like the whole sky when to the east
The morning doth return.'

Full soon that better mind was gone ;
No hope, no wish remain'd, not one,—
They stirr'd him now no more ;
New objects did new pleasure give,
And once again he wish'd to live
As lawless as before.

Meanwhile, as thus with him it fared,
They for the voyage were prepared,
And went to the sea-shore :
But, when they thither came, the youth
Deserted his poor bride, and Ruth
Could never find him more.

God help thee, Ruth !—Such pains she had,
That she in half a year was mad,
And in a prison housed ;
And there, with many a doleful song
Made of wild words, her cup of wrong
She fearfully caroused.

Yet sometimes milder hours she knew,
Nor wanted sun, nor rain, nor dew,
Nor pastimes of the May,
—They all were with her in her cell ;
And a clear brook with cheerful knell
Did o'er the pebbles play.

When Ruth three seasons thus had lain,
There came a respite to her pain ;
She from her prison fled ;
But of the Vagrant none took thought ;
And where it liked her best she sought
Her shelter and her bread.

Among the fields she breathed again
The master-current of her brain

Ran permanent and free ;
And, coming to the banks of Tone,
There did she rest ; and dwell alone
Under the greenwood tree.

The engines of her pain, the tools
That shaped her sorrow, rocks and pools,
And airs that gently stir
The vernal leaves—she loved them still,
Nor ever tax'd them with the ill
Which had been done to her.

A barn her winter bed supplies ;
But, till the warmth of summer skies
And summer days is gone,
(And all do in this tale agree)
She sleeps beneath the greenwood tree,
And other home hath none.

An innocent life, yet far astray !
And Ruth will, long before her day,
Be broken down and old.
Sore aches she needs must have ! but less
Of mind, than body's wretchedness,
From damp, and rain, and cold.

If she is prest by want of food
She from her dwelling in the wood
Repairs to a road-side ;
And there she begs at one steep place,
Where up and down with easy pace
The horsemen-travellers ride.

That oaten pipe of hers is mute
Or thrown away : but with a flute
Her loneliness she cheers ;
This flute, made of a hemlock stalk,
At evening in his homeward walk
The Quantock woodman hears.

I, too, have pass'd her on the hills
Setting her little water-mills

By spouts and fountains wild—
Such small machinery as she turn'd
Ere she had wept, ere she had mourn'd,
A young and happy child!

Farewell! and when thy days are told,
Ill-fated Ruth! in hallow'd mould
Thy corpse shall buried be;
For thee a funeral bell shall ring,
And all the congregation sing
A Christian psalm for thee.

W. WORDSWORTH.

274

WRITTEN IN THE EUGANEAN HILLS, NORTH ITALY

Many a green isle needs must be
In the deep wide sea of misery,
Or the mariner, worn and wan,
Never thus could voyage on
Day and night, and night and day,
Drifting on his dreary way,
With the solid darkness black
Closing round his vessel's track;
Whilst above, the sunless sky,
Big with clouds, hangs heavily,
And behind, the tempest fleet
Hurries on with lightning feet,
Riving sail, and cord, and plank,
Till the ship has almost drank
Death from the o'er-brimming deep;
And sinks down, down, like that sleep
When the dreamer seems to be
Weltering through eternity;
And the dim low line before
Of a dark and distant shore
Still recedes, as ever still
Longing with divided will,

But no power to seek or shun,
He is ever drifted on
O'er the unreposing wave,
To the haven of the grave.

Aye, many flowering islands lie
In the waters of wide Agony :
To such a one this morn was led
My bark, by soft winds piloted.
—'Mid the mountains Euganean
I stood listening to the paean
With which the legion'd rooks did hail
The sun's uprise majestical :
Gathering round with wings all hoar,
Through the dewy mist they soar
Like gray shades, till the eastern heaven
Bursts, and then,—as clouds of even,
Fleck'd with fire and azure, lie
In the unfathomable sky,—
So their plumes of purple grain
Starr'd with drops of golden rain
Gleam above the sunlight woods,
As in silent multitudes
On the morning's fitful gale
Through the broken mist they sail ;
And the vapours cloven and gleaming
Follow down the dark steep streaming,
Till all is bright, and clear, and still
Round the solitary hill.

Beneath is spread like a green sea
The waveless plain of Lombardy,
Bounded by the vaporous air,
Islanded by cities fair ;
Underneath Day's azure eyes,
Ocean's nursling, Venice lies,—
A peopled labyrinth of walls,
Amphitrite's destined halls,
Which her hoary sire now paves
With his blue and beaming waves.

Lo! the sun upsprings behind,
Broad, red, radiant, half-reclined
On the level quivering line
Of the waters crystalline;
And before that chasm of light,
As within a furnace bright,
Column, tower, and dome, and spire,
Shine like obelisks of fire,
Pointing with inconstant motion
From the altar of dark ocean
To the sapphire-tinted skies;
As the flames of sacrifice
From the marble shrines did rise,
As to pierce the dome of gold
Where Apollo spoke of old.

Sun-girt City! thou hast been
Ocean's child, and then his queen;
Now is come a darker day,
And thou soon must be his prey,
If the power that raised thee here
Hallow so thy watery bier.
A less drear ruin then than now,
With thy conquest-branded brow
Stooping to the slave of slaves
From thy throne, among the waves
Wilt thou be,—when the sea-mew
Flies, as once before it flew,
O'er thine isles depopulate,
And all is in its ancient state,
Save where many a palace gate,
With green sea-flowers overgrown
Like a rock of ocean's own,
Topples o'er the abandon'd sea
As the tides change sullenly.
The fisher on his watery way
Wandering at the close of day,
Will spread his sail and seize his oar
Till he pass the gloomy shore,
Lest thy dead should, from their sleep
Bursting o'er the starlight deep,

Lead a rapid masque of death
O'er the waters of his path.

Noon descends around me now :
'Tis the noon of autumn's glow,
When a soft and purple mist
Like a vaporous amethyst,
Or an air-dissolvéd star
Mingling light and fragrance, far
From the curved horizon's bound
To the point of Heaven's profound,
Fills the overflowing sky ;
And the plains that silent lie
Underneath ; the leaves unsodden
Where the infant Frost has trodden
With his morning-wingéd feet
Whose bright print is gleaming yet ;
And the red and golden vines
Piercing with their trellised lines
The rough, dark-skirted wilderness ;
The dun and bladed grass no less,
Pointing from this hoary tower
In the windless air ; the flower
Glimmering at my feet ; the line
Of the olive-sandall'd Apennine
In the south dimly islanded ;
And the Alps, whose snows are spread
High between the clouds and sun ;
And of living things each one ;
And my spirit, which so long
Darken'd this swift stream of song,—
Interpenetrated lie
By the glory of the sky ;
Be it love, light, harmony,
Odour, or the soul of all
Which from Heaven like dew doth fall,
Or the mind which feeds this verse
Peopling the lone universe.

Noon descends, and after noon
Autumn's evening meets me soon.

Leading the infantine moon
And that one star, which to her
Almost seems to minister
Half the crimson light she brings
From the sunset's radiant springs :
And the soft dreams of the morn
(Which like wingéd winds had borne
To that silent isle, which lies
'Mid remember'd agonies,
The frail bark of this lone being),
Pass, to other sufferers fleeing,
And its ancient pilot, Pain,
Sits beside the helm again.

Other flowering isles must be
In the sea of Life and Agony :
Other spirits float and flee
O'er that gulf : even now, perhaps,
On some rock the wild wave wraps,
With folding wings they waiting sit
For my bark, to pilot it
To some calm and blooming cove,
Where for me, and those I love,
May a windless bower be built,
Far from passion, pain, and guilt,
In a dell 'mid lawny hills
Which the wild sea-murmur fills,
And soft sunshine, and the sound
Of old forests echoing round,
And the light and smell divine,
Of all flowers that breathe and shine.
—We may live so happy there,
That the Spirits of the Air
Envying us, may even entice
To our healing Paradise
The polluting multitude ;
But their rage would be subdued
By that clime divine and calm,
And the winds whose wings rain balm
On the uplifted soul, and leaves

Under which the bright sea heaves ;
While each breathless interval
In their whisperings musical
The inspired soul supplies
With its own deep melodies ;
And the love which heals all strife
Circling, like the breath of life,
All things in that sweet abode
With its own mild brotherhood.
They, not it, would change ; and soon
Every sprite beneath the moon
Would repent its envy vain,
And the earth grow young again.

P. B. SHELLEY.

275

ODE TO THE WEST WIND

(1)

O wild West Wind, thou breath of Autumn's being,
Thou, from whose unseen presence the leaves dead
Are driven, like ghosts from an enchanter fleeing,

Yellow, and black, and pale, and hectic red,
Pestilence-stricken multitudes : O thou
Who chariotest to their dark wintry bed

The wingéd seeds, where they lie cold and low,
Each like a corpse within its grave, until
Thine azure sister of the Spring shall blow

Her clarion o'er the dreaming earth, and fill
(Driving sweet buds like flocks to feed in air)
With living hues and odours plain and hill :

Wild Spirit, which art moving everywhere ;
Destroyer and Preserver ; hear, oh, hear !

(2)

Thou on whose stream, mid the steep sky's commotion,
Loose clouds like earth's decaying leaves are shed,
Shook from the tangled boughs of Heaven and Ocean,

Angels of rain and lightning: there are spread
On the blue surface of thine airy surge,
Like the bright hair uplifted from the head

Of some fierce Maenad, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm. Thou dirge

Of the dying year, to which this closing night
Will be the dome of a vast sepulchre,
Vaulted with all thy congregated might

Of vapours, from whose solid atmosphere
Black rain, and fire, and hail, will burst: oh, hear

(3)

Thou who didst waken from his summer dreams
The blue Mediterranean, where he lay,
Lull'd by the coil of his crystalline streams,

Beside a pumice isle in Baiae's bay,
And saw in sleep old palaces and towers
Quivering within the wave's intenser day,

All overgrown with azure moss and flowers
So sweet, the sense faints picturing them! Thou
For whose path the Atlantic's level powers

Cleave themselves into chasms, while far below
The sea-blooms and the oozy woods which wear
The sapless foliage of the ocean, know

Thy voice, and suddenly grow grey with fear,
And tremble and despoil themselves: oh, hear!

(4)

If I were a dead leaf thou mightest bear ;
If I were a swift cloud to fly with thee ;
A wave to pant beneath thy power, and share

The impulse of thy strength, only less free
Than thou, O uncontrollable ! If even
I were as in my boyhood, and could be

The comrade of thy wanderings over Heaven,
As then, when to outstrip thy skyey speed
Scarce seemed a vision, I would ne'er have striven

As thus with thee in prayer in my sore need.
Oh, lift me as a wave, a leaf, a cloud !
I fall upon the thorns of life ! I bleed !

A heavy weight of hours has chained and bowed
One too like thee : tameless, and swift, and proud.

(5)

Make me thy lyre, even as the forest is :
What if my leaves are falling like its own !
The tumult of thy mighty harmonies

Will take from both a deep, autumnal tone,
Sweet though in sadness. Be thou, Spirit fierce,
My spirit ! Be thou me, impetuous one !

Drive my dead thoughts over the universe
Like withered leaves to quicken a new birth !
And, by the incantation of this verse,

Scatter, as from an unextinguished hearth
Ashes and sparks, my words among mankind !
Be through my lips to unawakened earth

The trumpet of a prophecy ! O Wind,
If Winter comes, can Spring be far behind ?

P. B. Shelley.

276

NATURE AND THE POET

Suggested by a Picture of Peele Castle in a Storm, painted by Sir George Beaumont

I was thy neighbour once, thou rugged Pile!
Four summer weeks I dwelt in sight of thee:
I saw thee every day; and all the while
Thy Form was sleeping on a glassy sea.

So pure the sky, so quiet was the air!
So like, so very like, was day to day!
Whene'er I look'd, thy image still was there;
It trembled, but it never pass'd away.

How perfect was the calm! It seem'd no sleep,
No mood, which season takes away, or brings:
I could have fancied that the mighty Deep
Was even the gentlest of all gentle things.

Ah! then if mine had been the Painter's hand
To express what then I saw; and add the gleam,
The light that never was on sea or land,
The consecration, and the Poet's dream,—

I would have planted thee, thou hoary Pile,
Amid a world how different from this!
Beside a sea that could not cease to smile;
On tranquil land, beneath a sky of bliss.

A picture had it been of lasting ease,
Elysian quiet, without toil or strife;
No motion but the moving tide, a breeze,
Or merely silent Nature's breathing life.

Such, in the fond illusion of my heart,
Such picture would I at that time have made;
And seen the soul of truth in every part,
A steadfast peace that might not be betray'd.

So once it would have been,—'tis so no more ;
I have submitted to a new control :
A power is gone, which nothing can restore ;
A deep distress hath humanized my soul.

Not for a moment could I now behold
A smiling sea, and be what I have been
The feeling of my loss will ne'er be old ;
This, which I know, I speak with mind serene.

Then, Beaumont, Friend ! who would have been the Friend
If he had lived, of him whom I deplore,
This work of thine I blame not, but commend ;
This sea in anger, and that dismal shore.

O 'tis a passionate work !—yet wise and well,
Well chosen is the spirit that is here ;
That hulk which labours in the deadly swell,
This rueful sky, this pageantry of fear !

And this huge Castle, standing here sublime,
I love to see the look with which it braves,
—Cased in the unfeeling armour of old time—
The lightning, the fierce wind, and trampling waves.

Farewell, farewell the heart that lives alone,
Housed in a dream, at distance from the Kind !
Such happiness, wherever it be known,
Is to be pitied ; for 'tis surely blind.

But welcome fortitude, and patient cheer,
And frequent sights of what is to be borne !
Such sights, or worse, as are before me here :—
Not without hope we suffer and we mourn.

W. WORDSWORTH.

277

THE POET'S DREAM

On a poet's lips I slept
Dreaming like a love-adept
In the sound his breathing kept ;
Nor seeks nor finds he mortal blisses,
But feeds on the aerial kisses
Of shapes that haunt thought's wildernesses.
He will watch from dawn to gloom
The lake-reflected sun illume
The yellow bees in the ivy-bloom,
Nor heed nor see what things they be ;
But from these create he can
Forms more real than living man,
Nurslings of immortality !

P. B. Shelley.

278

The world is too much with us ; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers
Little we see in Nature that is ours ;
We have given our hearts away, a sordid boon !

This Sea that bares her bosom to the moon,
The winds that will be howling at all hours
And are up-gather'd now like sleeping flowers,
For this, for everything, we are out of tune ;

It moves us not.—Great God ! I'd rather be
A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,

Have glimpses that would make me less forlorn ;
Have sight of Proteus rising from the sea ;
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathéd horn.

W. Wordsworth.

279

WITHIN KING'S COLLEGE CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE

Tax not the royal Saint with vain expense,
With ill-match'd aims the Architect who plann'd
(Albeit labouring for a scanty band
Of white-robed Scholars only) this immense

And glorious work of fine intelligence !
Give all thou canst ; high Heaven rejects the lore
Of nicely-calculated less or more :
So deem'd the man who fashion'd for the sense

These lofty pillars, spread that branching roof
Self-poised, and scoop'd into ten thousand cells,
Where light and shade repose, where music dwells

Lingering—and wandering on as loth to die ;
Like thoughts whose very sweetness yieldeth proof
That they were born for immortality.

W. WORDSWORTH.

280

YOUTH AND AGE

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine ! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young !

When I was young ?—Ah, woeful When !
Ah ! for the change 'twixt Now and Then
This breathing house not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands
How lightly then it flash'd along :
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,

That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering tree;
O! the joys, that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!

Ere I was old? Ah woeful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth 's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet
'Tis known that Thou and I were one,
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper bell hath not yet toll'd:—
And thou wert ay a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on
To make believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this alter'd size:
But Springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dew-drops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life 's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:

—That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking-leave,
Like some poor nigh-related guest
That may not rudely be dismist,
Yet hath outstay'd his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

S. T. COLERIDGE.

281

THE TWO APRIL MORNINGS

We walk'd along, while bright and red
Uprose the morning sun ;
And Matthew stopp'd, he look'd, and said,
'The will of God be done ! '

A village schoolmaster was he,
With hair of glittering grey ;
As blithe a man as you could see
On a spring holiday.

And on that morning, through the grass
And by the steaming rills
We travell'd merrily, to pass
A day among the hills.

'Our work,' said I, 'was well begun ;
Then, from thy breast what thought,
Beneath so beautiful a sun,
So sad a sigh has brought ? '

A second time did Matthew stop ;
And fixing still his eye
Upon the eastern mountain-top,
To me he made reply :

'Yon cloud with that long purple cleft
Brings fresh into my mind
A day like this, which I have left
Full thirty years behind.

'And just above yon slope of corn
Such colours, and no other,
Were in the sky, that April morn,
Of this the very brother.

'With rod and line I sued the sport
Which that sweet season gave,
And, to the churchyard come, stopp'd short
Beside my daughter's grave.

'Nine summers had she scarcely seen,
The pride of all the vale;
And then she sang;—she would have been
A very nightingale.

'Six feet in earth my Emma lay;
And yet I loved her more—
For so it seem'd,—than till that day
I e'er had loved before.

'And turning from her grave, I met
Beside the churchyard yew
A blooming Girl, whose hair was wet
With points of morning dew.

'A basket on her head she bare;
Her brow was smooth and white:
To see a child so very fair,
It was a pure delight!

'No fountain from its rocky cave
E'er tripp'd with foot so free;
She seem'd as happy as a wave
That dances on the sea.

'There came from me a sigh of pain
Which I could ill confine;
I looked at her, and looked again:
And did not wish her mine!'

—Matthew is in his grave, yet now
Methinks I see him stand
As at that moment, with a bough
Of wilding in his hand.

W. WORDSWORTH.

282

THE FOUNTAIN

A Conversation

We talk'd with open heart, and tongue
Affectionate and true,
A pair of friends, though I was young,
And Matthew seventy-two.

We lay beneath a spreading oak,
Beside a mossy seat;
And from the turf a fountain broke
And gurgled at our feet.

'Now, Matthew!' said I, 'let us match
This water's pleasant tune
With some old border-song, or catch
That suits a summer's noon;

'Or of the church-clock and the chimes
Sing here beneath the shade
That half-mad thing of witty rhymes
Which you last April made!'

In silence Matthew lay, and eyed
The spring beneath the tree:
And thus the dear old man replied,
The grey-hair'd man of glee:

'No check, no stay, this Streamlet fears,
How merrily it goes!
'Twill murmur on a thousand years
And flow as now it flows.

'And here, on this delightful day,
I cannot choose but think
How oft, a vigorous man, I lay
Beside this fountain's brink.

'My eyes are dim with childish tears,
My heart is idly stirr'd,
For the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

'Thus fares it still in our decay:
And yet the wiser mind
Mourns less for what age takes away,
Than what it leaves behind.

'The blackbird amid leafy trees,
The lark above the hill,
Let loose their carols when they please,
Are quiet when they will.

'With Nature never do they wage
A foolish strife; they see
A happy youth, and their old age
Is beautiful and free:

'But we are press'd by heavy laws;
And often, glad no more,
We wear a face of joy, because
We have been glad of yore.

'If there be one who need bemoan
His kindred laid in earth,
The household hearts that were his own,—
It is the man of mirth.

'My days, my friend, are almost gone,
My life has been approved,
And many love me; but by none
Am I enough beloved.'

'Now both himself and me he wrongs,
The man who thus complains!
I live and sing my idle songs
Upon these happy plains:

'And, Matthew, for thy children dead
I'll be a son to thee!'
At this he grasp'd my hand and said,
'Alas! that cannot be.'

We rose up from the fountain-side;
And down the smooth descent
Of the green sheep-track did we glide;
And through the wood we went;

And, ere we came to Leonard's rock,
He sang those witty rhymes
About the crazy old church-clock
And the bewilder'd chimes.

W. WORDSWORTH.

283

THE RIVER OF LIFE

The more we live, more brief appear
  Our life's succeeding stages :
A day to childhood seems a year,
  And years like passing ages.

The gladsome current of our youth,
  Ere passion yet disorders,
Steals lingering like a river smooth
  Along its grassy borders.

But as the careworn cheek grows wan,
  And sorrow's shafts fly thicker,
Ye stars, that measure life to man,
  Why seem your courses quicker ?

When joys have lost their bloom and breath,
  And life itself is vapid,
Why, as we reach the Falls of death,
  Feel we its tide more rapid ?

It may be strange—yet who would change
  Time's course to slower speeding,
When one by one our friends have gone
  And left our bosoms bleeding ?

Heaven gives our years of fading strength
  Indemnifying fleetness ;
And those of youth, a seeming length,
  Proportion'd to their sweetness.

T. Campbell.

284

THE HUMAN SEASONS

Four seasons fill the measure of the year ;
  There are four seasons in the mind of man :
He has his lusty Spring, when fancy clear
  Takes in all beauty with an easy span :

He has his Summer, when luxuriously
  Spring's honey'd cud of youthful thought he loves
To ruminate, and by such dreaming nigh
  His nearest unto heaven : quiet coves

His soul has in its Autumn, when his wings
  He furleth close ; contented so to look
On mists in idleness—to let fair things
  Pass by unheeded as a threshold brook :

He has his Winter too of pale misfeature,
Or else he would forgo his mortal nature.

J. KEATS.

285

A LAMENT

O World ! O Life ! O Time !
On whose last steps I climb,
  Trembling at that where I had stood before ;
When will return the glory of your prime ?
  No more—Oh, never more !

Out of the day and night
A joy has taken flight :
  Fresh spring, and summer, and winter hoar
Move my faint heart with grief, but with delight
  No more—Oh, never more !

P. B. SHELLEY.

286

My heart leaps up when I behold
  A rainbow in the sky :
So was it when my life began,
So is it now I am a man,
So be it when I shall grow old,
    Or let me die !
The Child is father of the Man :
And I could wish my days to be
Bound each to each by natural piety.

W. WORDSWORTH.

287

ODE ON INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD

There was a time when meadow, grove, and stream,
The earth, and every common sight,
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore ;—
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose ;
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare ;
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair ;
The sunshine is a glorious birth ;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That there hath pass'd away a glory from the earth.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief :
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong.
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep,—
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong :
I hear the echoes through the mountains throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay ;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,

And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday ;—
Thou child of joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts, thou happy
Shepherd-boy !

Ye blesséd Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make ; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee ;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fulness of your bliss, I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day ! if I were sullen
While Earth herself is adorning
This sweet May-morning ;
And the children are culling
On every side
In a thousand valleys far and wide
Fresh flowers ; while the sun shines warm,
And the babe leaps up on his mother's arm :—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear !
—But there 's a tree, of many, one,
A single field which I have look'd upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone :
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat :
Whither is fled the visionary gleam ?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream ?

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting ;
The Soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar ;
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home :
Heaven lies about us in our infancy !
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing Boy,

But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy ;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended ;
At length the Man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own ;
Yearnings she hath in her own natural kind,
And, even with something of a mother's mind
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her foster-child, her inmate, Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

Behold the Child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' darling of a pigmy size !
See, where 'mid work of his own hand he lies.
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes !
See, at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly-learnéd art ;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral ;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song :
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love, or strife ;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part ;
Filling from time to time his 'humorous stage'
With all the Persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her equipage ;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy soul's immensity ;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That, deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted for ever by the eternal Mind,—
Mighty Prophet ! Seer blest !
On whom those truths do rest
Which we are toiling all our lives to find,
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave ;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the Day, a Master o'er a Slave,
A Presence which is not to be put by ;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife ?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life !

O joy ! that in our embers
Is something that doth live,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive !
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction : not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast :
—Not for these I raise
The song of thanks and praise ;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things,
Fallings from us, vanishings,
Blank misgivings of a creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,

High instincts, before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised :
But for those first affections,
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may,
Are yet the fountain-light of all our day,
Are yet a master-light of all our seeing ;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal silence : truths that wake,
To perish never ;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavour,
Nor man nor boy
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy !
Hence in a season of calm weather
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither ;
Can in a moment travel thither—
And see the children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

Then, sing ye birds, sing, sing a joyous song !
And let the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound !
We, in thought, will join your throng
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May !
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now for ever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendour in the grass, of glory in the flower ;
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind ;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be ;
In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering ;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

And O, ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills, and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves !
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might ;
I only have relinquish'd one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway ;
I love the brooks which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they ;
The innocent brightness of a new-born day
Is lovely yet ;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do take a sober colouring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality ;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys, and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

W. WORDSWORTH.

288

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory—
Odours, when sweet violets sicken,
Live within the sense they quicken.

Rose leaves, when the rose is dead,
Are heaped for the beloved's bed ;
And so thy thoughts, when thou art gone,
Love itself shall slumber on.

P. B. SHELLEY.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

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ADDITIONAL POEMS

289

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife ;
Nature I loved, and, next to Nature, Art ;
I warmed both hands before the fire of life
It sinks, and I am ready to depart.

W. S. Landor.

290

ROSE AYLMER

Ah what avails the sceptred race !
Ah what the form divine !
What every virtue, every grace !
Rose Aylmer, all were thine.
Rose Aylmer, whom these wakeful eyes
May weep, but never see,
A night of memories and of sighs
I consecrate to thee.

W. S. Landor.

291

THE MAID'S LAMENT

I loved him not ; and yet now he is gone
I feel I am alone.
I checked him while he spoke ; yet could he speak,
Alas ! I would not check.
For reasons not to love him once I sought,
And wearied all my thought

To vex myself and him : I now would give
My love, could he but live
Who lately lived for me, and, when he found
'Twas vain, in holy ground
He hid his face amid the shades of death.
I waste for him my breath
Who wasted his for me : but mine returns,
And this lorn bosom burns
With stifling heat, heaving it up in sleep,
And waking me to weep
Tears that had melted his soft heart : for years
Wept he as bitter tears.
Merciful God ! such was his latest prayer,
These may she never share !
Quieter is his breath, his breast more cold,
Than daisies in the mould,
Where children spell, athwart the churchyard gate,
His name and life's brief date.
Pray for him, gentle souls, whoe'er you be,
And, O, pray too for me !

W. S. LANDOR.

292

TO ROBERT BROWNING

There is delight in singing, tho' none hear
Beside the singer : and there is delight
In praising, tho' the praiser sit alone
And see the praised far off him, far above.
Shakespeare is not our poet, but the world's,
Therefore on him no speech ! and brief for thee,
Browning ! Since Chaucer was alive and hale,
No man hath walked along our roads with step
So active, so inquiring eye, or tongue
So varied in discourse. But warmer climes
Give brighter plumage, stronger wing : the breeze
Of Alpine heights thou playest with, borne on
Beyond Sorrento and Amalfi, where
The Siren waits thee, singing song for song.

W. S. LANDOR.

293

Proud word you never spoke, but you will speak
Four not exempt from pride some future day.
Resting on one white hand a warm wet cheek
Over my open volume you will say,
'This man loved *me*!' then rise and trip away.

W. S. Landor.

294

Well I remember how you smiled
To see me write your name upon
The soft sea-sand . . . . '*O! what a child!*
You think you're writing upon stone!'
I have since written what no tide
Shall ever wash away, what men
Unborn shall read o'er ocean wide
And find Ianthe's name again.

W. S. Landor.

295

TO A WATERFOWL

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly seen against the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who, from zone to zone,
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone,
Will lead my steps aright.

W. C. Bryant.

296

RONDEAU

Jenny kissed me when we met,
Jumping from the chair she sat in;
Time, you thief, who love to get
Sweets into your list, put that in!
Say I'm weary, say I'm sad,
Say that health and wealth have missed me,
Say I'm growing old, but add,
Jenny kiss'd me. J. H. Leigh Hunt.

297

THE WAR SONG OF DINAS VAWR

The mountain sheep are sweeter,
But the valley sheep are fatter;
We therefore deemed it meeter
To carry off the latter.
We made an expedition;
We met a host, and quelled it;
We forced a strong position,
And killed the men who held it.

On Dyfed's richest valley,
Where herds of kine were browsing,
We made a mighty sally
To furnish our carousing.
Fierce warriors rushed to meet us;
We met them, and o'erthrew them:
They struggled hard to beat us;
But we conquered them, and slew them.

As we drove our prize at leisure,
The king marched forth to catch us:
His rage surpassed all measure,
But his people could not match us.
He fled to his hall-pillars;
And, ere our force we led off,
Some sacked his house and cellars,
While others cut his head off.

We there, in strife bewildering,
Spilt blood enough to swim in:
We orphaned many children,
And widowed many women.
The eagles and the ravens
We glutted with our foemen;
The heroes and the cravens,
The spearmen and the bowmen.

We brought away from battle,
And much their land bemoaned them,
Two thousand head of cattle,
And the head of him who owned them:
Ednyfed, King of Dyfed,
His head was borne before us;
His wine and beasts supplied our feasts,
And his overthrow, our chorus.

T. L. Peacock.

298

THREE MEN OF GOTHAM

Seamen three! What men be ye?
Gotham's three wise men we be.
Whither in your bowl so free?
To rake the moon from out the sea.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine.
And your ballast is old wine.

Who art thou, so fast adrift?
I am he they call Old Care.
Here on board we will thee lift.
No: I may not enter there.
Wherefore so? 'Tis Jove's decree,
In a bowl Care may not be.
In a bowl Care may not be.

Fear ye not the waves that roll?
No: in charméd bowl we swim.
What the charm that floats the bowl?
Water may not pass the brim.
The bowl goes trim. The moon doth shine.
And our ballast is old wine.
And your ballast is old wine.

T. L. Peacock.

299

THE GRAVE OF LOVE

I dug, beneath the cypress shade,
What well might seem an elfin's grave;
And every pledge in earth I laid,
That erst thy false affection gave.

I pressed them down the sod beneath;
I placed one mossy stone above;
And twined the rose's fading wreath
Around the sepulchre of love.

Frail as thy love, the flowers were dead,
Ere yet the evening sun was set :
But years shall see the cypress spread,
Immutable as my regret.

T. L. PEACOCK.

300

A JACOBITE'S EPITAPH

To my true king I offered free from stain
Courage and faith ; vain faith, and courage vain.
For him I threw lands, honours, wealth, away,
And one dear hope, that was more prized than they.
For him I languished in a foreign clime,
Grey-haired with sorrow in my manhood's prime ;
Heard on Lavernia Scargill's whispering trees,
And pined by Arno for my lovelier Tees ;
Beheld each night my home in fevered sleep,
Each morning started from the dream to weep ;
Till God, who saw me tried too sorely, gave
The resting-place I asked, an early grave.
O thou, whom chance leads to this nameless stone,
From that proud country which was once mine own,
By those white cliffs I never more must see,
By that dear language which I spake like thee,
Forget all feuds, and shed one English tear
O'er English dust. A broken heart lies here.

LORD MACAULAY.

301

THE BATTLE OF NASEBY

By Obadiah Bind-their-kings-in-chains-and-their-nobles-with-links-of-iron, serjeant in Ireton's regiment

Oh ! wherefore come ye forth, in triumph from the North,
With your hands, and your feet, and your raiment all red ?
And wherefore doth your rout send forth a joyous shout ?
And whence be the grapes of the wine-press which ye tread ?

Oh, evil was the root, and bitter was the fruit,
And crimson was the juice of the vintage that we trod;
For we trampled on the throng of the haughty and the strong,
Who sate in the high places, and slew the saints of God.

It was about the noon of a glorious day of June,
That we saw their banners dance and their cuirasses shine,
And the Man of Blood was there, with his long essenced hair,
And Astley, and Sir Marmaduke, and Rupert of the Rhine.

Like a servant of the Lord, with his Bible and his sword,
The General rode along us to form us to the fight,
When a murmuring sound broke out, and swell'd into a shout,
Among the godless horsemen upon the tyrant's right.

And hark! like the roar of the billows on the shore,
The cry of battle rises along their charging line!
For God! for the Cause! for the Church! for the Laws!
For Charles King of England, and Rupert of the Rhine!

The furious German comes, with his clarions and his drums,
His bravoes of Alsatia, and pages of Whitehall;
They are bursting on our flanks. Grasp your pikes, close your ranks;
For Rupert never comes but to conquer or to fall.

They are here! They rush on! We are broken! We are gone!
Our left is borne before them like stubble on the blast.

O Lord, put forth thy might ! O Lord, defend the right !
Stand back to back, in God's name, and fight it to the last.

Stout Skippon hath a wound ; the centre hath given ground :
Hark ! hark !—What means the trampling of horsemen on our rear ?
Whose banner do I see, boys ? 'Tis he, thank God ! 'tis he, boys.
Bear up another minute : brave Oliver is here.

Their heads all stooping low, their points all in a row,
Like a whirlwind on the trees, like a deluge on the dykes,
Our cuirassiers have burst on the ranks of the Accurst,
And at a shock have scattered the forest of his pikes.

Fast, fast, the gallants ride, in some safe nook to hide
Their coward heads, predestined to rot on Temple Bar :
And he—he turns, he flies :—shame on those cruel eyes
That bore to look on torture, and dare not look on war.

Ho ! comrades, scour the plain ; and, ere ye strip the slain,
First give another stab to make your search secure,
Then shake from sleeves and pockets their broad-pieces and lockets,
The tokens of the wanton, the plunder of the poor.

Fools ! your doublets shone with gold, and your hearts were gay and bold,
When you kissed your lily hands to your lemans to-day ;
And to-morrow shall the fox, from her chambers in the rocks,
Lead forth her tawny cubs to howl above the prey.

Where be your tongues that late mocked at heaven and hell and fate,
And the fingers that once were so busy with your blades,
Your perfum'd satin clothes, your catches and your oaths,
Your stage-plays and your sonnets, your diamonds and your spades?

Down, down, for ever down with the mitre and the crown,
With the Belial of the Court, and the Mammon of the Pope;
There is woe in Oxford Halls; there is wail in Durham's Stalls:
The Jesuit smites his bosom; the Bishop rends his cope.

And She of the seven hills shall mourn her children's ills,
And tremble when she thinks on the edge of England's sword;
And the Kings of earth in fear shall shudder when they hear
What the hand of God hath wrought for the Houses and the Word.

LORD MACAULAY.

302

BLACKMWORE MAIDENS

The primrwose in the sheäde do blow,
The cowslip in the zun,
The thyme upon the down do grow,
The clote where streams do run;
An' where do pretty maïdens grow
An' blow, but where the tow'r
Do rise among the bricken tuns,
In Blackmwore by the Stour?

If you could zee their comely gaït,
An' pretty feäces' smiles,
A-trippèn on so light o' waïght,
An' steppèn off the stiles ;
A-gwaïn to church, as bells do swing
An' ring within the tow'r,
You'd own the pretty maïdens' pleäce
Is Blackmwore by the Stour.

If you vrom Wimborne took your road,
To Stower or Paladore,
An' all the farmers' housen show'd
Their daeters at the door ;
You'd cry to bachelors at hwome—
' Here, come : 'ithin an hour
You'll vind ten maïdens to your mind,
In Blackmwore by the Stour.'

An' if you looked 'ithin their door,
To zee em in their pleäce,
A-doèn housework up avore
Their smilèn mother's feäce ;
You'd cry—' Why, if a man would wive
An' thrive, 'ithout a dow'r,
Then let en look en out a wife
In Blackmwore by the Stour.'

As I upon my road did pass
A school-house back in Maÿ
There out upon the beäten grass
Wer maïdens at their plaÿ ;
An' as the pretty souls did twile
An' smile, I cried, ' The flow'r
O' beauty, then, is still in bud
In Blackmwore by the Stour.'

W. Barnes.

303

THE WIFE A-LOST

Since I noo mwore do zee your feäce,
  Up steärs or down below,
I'll zit me in the lwonesome pleäce,
  Where flat-bough'd beech do grow ;
Below the beeches' bough, my love,
  Where you did never come,
An' I don't look to meet ye now,
  As I do look at hwome.

Since you noo mwore be at my zide,
  In walks in zummer het,
I'll goo alwone where mist do ride,
  Droo trees a-drippèn wet ;
Below the raïn-wet bough, my love,
  Where you did never come,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
  As I do grieve at hwome.

Since now bezide my dinner-bwoard
  Your vaïce do never sound,
I'll eat the bit I can avword
  A-vield upon the ground ;
Below the darksome bough, my love,
  Where you did never dine,
An' I don't grieve to miss ye now,
  As I at hwome do pine.

Since I do miss your vaïce an' feäce
  In praÿer at eventide,
I'll praÿ wi' oone sad vaïce vor greäce
  To goo where you do bide ;
Above the tree an' bough, my love,
  Where you be gone avore,
An' be a-waïtèn vor me now,
  To come vor evermwore.

W. Barnes.

304

THE NAMELESS ONE

Roll forth, my song, like the rushing river,
That sweeps along to the mighty sea;
God will inspire me while I deliver
My soul of thee!

Tell thou the world, when my bones lie whitening
Amid the last homes of youth and eld,
That once there was one whose veins ran lightning
No eye beheld.

Tell how his boyhood was one drear night-hour,
How shone for him, through his griefs and gloom,
No star of all heaven sends to light our
Path to the tomb.

Roll on, my song, and to after ages
Tell how, disdaining all earth can give,
He would have taught men, from wisdom's pages,
The way to live.

And tell how trampled, derided, hated,
And worn by weakness, disease, and wrong,
He fled for shelter to God, who mated
His soul with song—

With song which alway, sublime or vapid,
Flowed like a rill in the morning-beam,
Perchance not deep, but intense and rapid—
A mountain stream.

Tell how this Nameless, condemned for years long
To herd with demons from hell beneath,
Saw things that made him, with groans and tears, long
For even death.

Go on to tell how, with genius wasted,
Betrayed in friendship, befooled in love,
With spirit shipwrecked, and young hopes blasted,
He still, still strove;

Till spent with toil, dreeing death for others,
And some whose hands should have wrought for him
(If children live not for sires and mothers),
His mind grew dim ;

And he fell far through that pit abysmal,
The gulf and grave of Maginn and Burns,
And pawned his soul for the devil's dismal
Stock of returns ;

But yet redeemed it in days of darkness,
And shapes and signs of the final wrath,
When death, in hideous and ghastly starkness,
Stood on his path.

And tell how now, amid wreck and sorrow,
And want, and sickness, and houseless nights,
He bides in calmness the silent morrow,
That no ray lights.

And lives he still, then ? Yes ! Old and hoary
At thirty-nine, from despair and woe,
He lives, enduring what future story
Will never know.

Him grant a grave to, ye pitying noble,
Deep in your bosoms : there let him dwell !
He, too, had tears for all souls in trouble
Here, and in hell.

J. C. MANGAN.

305

BRAHMA

If the red slayer think he slays,
Or if the slain think he is slain,
They know not well the subtle ways
I keep, and pass, and turn again.

Far or forgot to me is near ;
Shadow and sunlight are the same ;
The vanished gods to me appear ;
And one to me are shame and fame.

They reckon ill who leave me out ;
When me they fly, I am the wings ;
I am the doubter and the doubt,
And I the hymn the Brahmin sings.

The strong gods pine for my abode,
And pine in vain the sacred Seven ;
But thou, meek lover of the good !
Find me, and turn thy back on heaven.

R. W. Emerson.

306

TO EVA

O fair and stately maid, whose eyes
Were kindled in the upper skies
At the same torch that lighted mine ;
For so I must interpret still
Thy sweet dominion o'er my will,
A sympathy divine.

Ah ! let me blameless gaze upon
Features that seem at heart my own ;
Nor fear those watchful sentinels,
Who charm the more their glance forbids.
Chaste-glowing, underneath their lids,
With fire that draws while it repels.

R. W. Emerson.

307

AND SHALL TRELAWNY DIE ?

A good sword and a trusty hand !
A merry heart and true !
King James's men shall understand
What Cornish lads can do.

And have they fixed the where and when ?
And shall Trelawny die ?
Here 's twenty thousand Cornish men
Will know the reason why !

Out spake their captain brave and bold,
A merry wight was he :
'If London Tower were Michael's hold,
We'll set Trelawny free !

'We'll cross the Tamar, land to land,
The Severn is no stay,—
With "one and all," and hand in hand,
And who shall bid us nay ?

'And when we come to London Wall,
A pleasant sight to view,
Come forth ! Come forth, ye cowards all,
Here 's men as good as you.

'Trelawny he 's in keep and hold
Trelawny he may die ;—
But here 's twenty thousand Cornish bold
Will know the reason why !'

R. S. HAWKER.

308

THE SHANDON BELLS

With deep affection,
And recollection,
I often think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee ;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells chiming
Full many a clime in,
Tolling sublime in
Cathedral shrine,
While at a glibe rate
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke naught like thine ;
For memory, dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of thy belfrey knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

I've heard bells tolling
Old Adrian's Mole in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican,
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame ;
But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
Pealing solemnly ;—
O ! the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O
In Saint Sophia
The Turkman gets ;
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer
From the tapering summit
Of tall minarets.

Such empty phantom
I freely grant them ;
But there is an anthem
More dear to me,—
'Tis the bells of Shandon
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the River Lee.

F. Mahony (Father Prout).

309

FROM 'SONNETS FROM THE PORTUGUESE'

I thought once how Theocritus had sung
Of the sweet years, the dear and wished-for years,
Who each one in a gracious hand appears
To bear a gift for mortals, old or young :
And, as I mused it in his antique tongue,
I saw, in gradual vision through my tears,
The sweet, sad years, the melancholy years,
Those of my own life, who by turns had flung
A shadow across me. Straightway I was 'ware,
So weeping, how a mystic Shape did move
Behind me, and drew me backward by the hair ;
And a voice said in mastery, while I strove, . . .
' Guess now who holds thee ? '—' Death,' I said.
But there,
The silver answer rang, . . . ' Not Death, but
Love.'

310

What can I give thee back, O liberal
And princely giver, who hast brought the gold
And purple of thine heart, unstained, untold,
And laid them on the outside of the wall
For such as I to take or leave withal,
In unexpected largesse ? am I cold,
Ungrateful, that for these most manifold
High gifts, I render nothing back at all ?

Not so ; not cold,—but very poor instead.
Ask God who knows. For frequent tears have run
The colours from my life, and left so dead
And pale a stuff, it were not fitly done
To give the same as pillow to thy head.
Go farther ! let it serve to trample on.

311

Yet love, mere love, is beautiful indeed
And worthy of acceptation. Fire is bright,
Let temple burn, or flax. An equal light
Leaps in the flame from cedar-plank or weed.
And love is fire ; and when I say at need
I love thee . . . mark ! . . . *I love thee !* . . . in thy sight
I stand transfigured, glorified aright,
With conscience of the new rays that proceed
Out of my face toward thine. There 's nothing low
In love, when love the lowest : meanest creatures
Who love God, God accepts while loving so.
And what I *feel*, across the inferior features
Of what I *am*, doth flash itself, and show
How that great work of Love enhances Nature's.

312

If thou must love me, let it be for naught
Except for love's sake only. Do not say
' I love her for her smile . . . her look . . . her way
Of speaking gently, . . . for a trick of thought
That falls in well with mine, and certes brought
A sense of pleasant ease on such a day '—
For these things in themselves, Beloved, may
Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so wrought,
May be unwrought so. Neither love me for
Thine own dear pity's wiping my cheeks dry,—
A creature might forget to weep, who bore
Thy comfort long, and lose thy love thereby !
But love me for love's sake, that evermore
Thou mayst love on, through love's eternity.

313

How do I love thee ? Let me count the ways.
I love thee to the depth and breadth and height
My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight
For the ends of Being and ideal Grace.
I love thee to the level of every day's
Most quiet need, by sun and candlelight.
I love thee freely, as men strive for Right ;
I love thee purely, as they turn from Praise.
I love thee with the passion put to use
In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.
I love thee with a love I seemed to lose
With my lost saints,—I love thee with the breath,
Smiles, tears, of all my life !—and, if God choose
I shall but love thee better after death.

E. B. Browning.

314

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT

What was he doing, the great god Pan,
Down in the reeds by the river ?
Spreading ruin and scattering ban,
Splashing and paddling with hoofs of a goat,
And breaking the golden lilies afloat
With the dragon-fly on the river.

He tore out a reed, the great god Pan,
From the deep cool bed of the river :
The limpid water turbidly ran,
And the broken lilies a-dying lay,
And the dragon-fly had fled away,
Ere he brought it out of the river.

High on the shore sate the great god Pan,
While turbidly flowed the river ;
And hacked and hewed as a great god can,
With his hard bleak steel at the patient reed,
Till there was not a sign of a leaf indeed
To prove it fresh from the river.

He cut it short, did the great god Pan
(How tall it stood in the river !),
Then drew the pith, like the heart of a man,
Steadily from the outside ring,
And notched the poor dry empty thing
In holes, as he sate by the river.

'This is the way,' laughed the great god Pan
(Laughed while he sate by the river),
'The only way, since gods began
To make sweet music, they could succeed.'
Then, dropping his mouth to a hole in the reed,
He blew in power by the river.

Sweet, sweet, sweet, O Pan !
Piercing sweet by the river !
Blinding sweet, O great god Pan !
The sun on the hill forgot to die,
And the lilies revived, and the dragon-fly
Came back to dream on the river.

Yet half a beast is the great god Pan,
To laugh as he sits by the river,
Making a poet out of a man :
The true gods sigh for the cost and pain,—
For the reed which grows nevermore again
As a reed with the reeds in the river.

E. B. Browning.

315

THE SLAVE'S DREAM

Beside the ungathered rice he lay,
His sickle in his hand ;
His breast was bare, his matted hair
Was buried in the sand.
Again, in the mist and shadow of sleep,
He saw his Native Land.

Wide through the landscape of his dreams
The lordly Niger flowed ;
Beneath the palm-trees on the plain
Once more a king he strode ;
And heard the tinkling caravans
Descend the mountain-road.

He saw once more his dark-eyed queen
Among her children stand ;
They clasped his neck, they kissed his cheeks,
They held him by the hand !—
A tear burst from the sleeper's lids
And fell into the sand.

And then at furious speed he rode
Along the Niger's bank ;
His bridle-reins were golden chains,
And, with a martial clank,
At each leap he could feel his scabbard of steel
Smiting his stallion's flank.

Before him, like a blood-red flag,
The bright flamingoes flew ;
From morn till night he followed their flight,
O'er plains where the tamarind grew,
Till he saw the roofs of Caffre huts,
And the ocean rose to view.

At night he heard the lion roar,
And the hyena scream,
And the river-horse, as he crushed the reeds
Beside some hidden stream ;
And it passed, like a glorious roll of drums,
Through the triumph of his dream.

The forests, with their myriad tongues,
Shouted of liberty ;
And the Blast of the Desert cried aloud,
With a voice so wild and free,
That he started in his sleep and smiled
At their tempestuous glee.

He did not feel the driver's whip,
Nor the burning heat of day ;
For Death had illumined the Land of Sleep,
And his lifeless body lay
A worn-out fetter, that the soul
Had broken and thrown away !

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

316

THE ARSENAL AT SPRINGFIELD

This is the Arsenal. From floor to ceiling,
Like a huge organ, rise the burnished arms ;
But from their silent pipes no anthem pealing
Startles the villages with strange alarms.

Ah ! what a sound will rise, how wild and dreary,
When the death-angel touches those swift keys !
What loud lament and dismal Miserere
Will mingle with their awful symphonies !

I hear even now the infinite fierce chorus,
The cries of agony, the endless groan,
Which, through the ages that have gone before us,
In long reverberations reach our own.

On helm and harness rings the Saxon hammer,
Through Cimbric forest roars the Norseman's song,
And loud, amid the universal clamour,
O'er distant deserts sounds the Tartar gong.

I hear the Florentine, who from his palace
Wheels out his battle-bell with dreadful din,
And Aztec priests upon their teocallis
Beat the wild war-drums made of serpent's skin ;

The tumult of each sacked and burning village ;
The shout that every prayer for mercy drowns ;
The soldiers' revels in the midst of pillage ;
The wail of famine in beleaguered towns ;

The bursting shell, the gateway wrenched asunder,
The rattling musketry, the clashing blade;
And ever and anon, in tones of thunder,
The diapason of the cannonade.

Is it, O man, with such discordant noises,
With such accursed instruments as these,
Thou drownest Nature's sweet and kindly voices,
And jarrest the celestial harmonies?

Were half the power that fills the world with terror,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts:

The warrior's name would be a name abhorrèd!
And every nation that should lift again
Its hand against a brother, on its forehead
Would wear for evermore the curse of Cain

Down the dark future, through long generations,
The echoing sounds grow fainter and then cease;
And like a bell, with solemn, sweet vibrations,
I hear once more the voice of Christ say, 'Peace!'

Peace! and no longer from its brazen portals
The blast of War's great organ shakes the skies!
But beautiful as songs of the immortals,
The holy melodies of love arise.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

317

CHILDREN

Come to me, O ye children!
For I hear you at your play,
And the questions that perplexed me
Have vanished quite away.

Ye open the eastern windows,
That look towards the sun,
Where thoughts are singing swallows,
And the brooks of morning run.

In your hearts are the birds and the sunshine,
In your thoughts the brooklet's flow ;
But in mine is the wind of Autumn,
And the first fall of the snow.

Ah ! what would the world be to us
If the children were no more ?
We should dread the desert behind us
Worse than the dark before.

What the leaves are to the forest,
With light and air for food,
Ere their sweet and tender juices
Have been hardened into wood,

That to the world are children ;
Through them it feels the glow
Of a brighter and sunnier climate
Than reaches the trunks below.

Come to me, O ye children !
And whisper in my ear
What the birds and the winds are singing
In your sunny atmosphere.

For what are all our contrivings,
And the wisdom of our books,
When compared with your caresses,
And the gladness of your looks ?

Ye are better than all the ballads
That ever were sung or said ;
For ye are living poems,
And all the rest are dead.

H. W. Longfellow.

318

I do not love thee !—no ! I do not love thee !
And yet when thou art absent I am sad ;
And envy even the bright blue sky above thee,
Whose quiet stars may see thee and be glad.

I do not love thee !—yet, I know not why,
Whate'er thou dost seems still well done, to me :
And often in my solitude I sigh
That those I do love are not more like thee !

I do not love thee !—yet, when thou art gone,
I hate the sound (though those who speak be dear)
Which breaks the lingering echo of the tone
Thy voice of music leaves upon my ear.

I do not love thee !—yet thy speaking eyes,
With their deep, bright, and most expressive blue,
Between me and the midnight heaven arise,
Oftener than any eyes I ever knew.

I know I do not love thee ! yet, alas !
Others will scarcely trust my candid heart ;
And oft I catch them smiling as they pass,
Because they see me gazing where thou art.

CAROLINE E. S. NORTON.

319

RUBÁIYÁT OF OMAR KHAYYÁM OF NAISHÁPÚR

1

Awake ! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight :
And Lo ! the Hunter of the East has caught
The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

2

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
'Awake, my Little ones, and fill the Cup
'Before Life's Liquor in its Cup be dry.'

3

And, as the Cock crew, those who stood before
The Tavern shouted—'Open then the Door !
'You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more.'

4

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
Puts out, and Jesus from the ground suspires.

5

Irám indeed is gone with all its Rose,
And Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup where no one knows;
But still the Vine her ancient Ruby yields,
And still a Garden by the Water blows.

6

And David's Lips are lock't; but in divine
High-piping Péhleví, with 'Wine! Wine! Wine!
'*Red* Wine!'—the Nightingale cries to the Rose
That yellow Cheek of hers to incarnadine.

7

Come, fill the Cup, and in the Fire of Spring
The Winter Garment of Repentance fling:
The Bird of Time has but a little way
To fly—and Lo! the Bird is on the Wing.

8

And look—a thousand Blossoms with the Day
Woke—and a thousand scatter'd into Clay:
And this first Summer Month that brings the Rose
Shall take Jamshýd and Kaikobád away.

9

But come with old Khayyám, and leave the Lot
Of Kaikobád and Kaikhosrú forgot:
Let Rustum lay about him as he will,
Or Hátim Tai cry Supper—heed them not.

10

With me along some Strip of Herbage strown,
That just divides the desert from the sown,
Where name of Slave and Sultán scarce is known,
And pity Sultán Máhmúd on his Throne.

11

Here with a Loaf of Bread beneath the Bough,
A Flask of Wine, a Book of Verse—and Thou
Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
And Wilderness is Paradise enow.

12

'How sweet is mortal Sovranty!'—think some:
Others—'How blest the Paradise to come!'
Ah, take the Cash in hand and waive the Rest;
Oh, the brave Music of a *distant* Drum!

13

Look to the Rose that blows about us—'Lo,
'Laughing,' she says, 'into the World I blow:
'At once the silken Tassel of my Purse
'Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.'

14

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face
Lighting a little Hour or two—is gone.

15

And those who husbanded the Golden Grain,
And those who flung it to the Winds like Rain,
Alike to no such aureate Earth are turn'd
As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

16

Think, in this batter'd Caravanserai
Whose Doorways are alternate Night and Day,
How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
Abode his Hour or two, and went his way.

17

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
The Courts where Jamshýd gloried and drank deep:
And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
Stamps o'er his Head, and he lies fast asleep.

18

I sometimes think that never blows so red
The Rose as where some buried Caesar bled ;
  That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
Dropt in its Lap from some once lovely Head.

19

And this delightful Herb whose tender Green
Fledges the River's Lip on which we lean—
  Ah, lean upon it lightly ! for who knows
From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen !

20

Ah, my Beloved, fill the Cup that clears
To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears—
  To-morrow ?—Why, To-morrow I may be
Myself with Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years.

21

Lo ! some we loved, the loveliest and best
That Time and Fate of all their Vintage prest,
  Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
And one by one crept silently to Rest.

22

And we, that now make merry in the Room
They left, and Summer dresses in new Bloom,
  Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
Descend, ourselves to make a Couch—for whom ?

23

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
Before we too into the Dust descend ;
  Dust into Dust, and under Dust, to lie,
Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End !

24

Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
And those that after a To-MORROW stare,
  A Muezzín from the Tower of Darkness cries,
' Fools ! your Reward is neither Here nor There ! '

25

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discuss'd
Of the Two Worlds so learnedly, are thrust
Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
Are scatter'd and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

26

Oh, come with old Khayyám, and leave the Wise
To talk; one thing is certain, that Life flies;
One thing is certain, and the Rest is Lies;
The Flower that once has blown for ever dies.

27

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
Doctor and Saint, and heard great Argument
About it and about: but evermore
Came out by the same Door as in I went.

28

With them the Seed of Wisdom did I sow,
And with my own hand labour'd it to grow:
And this was all the Harvest that I reap'd—
'I came like Water, and like Wind I go.'

29

Into this Universe, and *why* not knowing,
Nor *whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing:
And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
I know not *whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

30

What, without asking, hither hurried *whence?*
And, without asking, *whither* hurried hence!
Another and another Cup to drown
The Memory of this Impertinence!

31

Up from Earth's Centre, through the Seventh Gate
I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate,
And many Knots unravel'd by the Road;
But not the Knot of Human Death and Fate.

32

There was a Door to which I found no Key :
There was a Veil past which I could not see :
  Some little Talk awhile of ME and THEE
There seem'd—and then no more of THEE and ME.

33

Then to the rolling Heav'n itself I cried,
Asking, 'What Lamp had Destiny to guide
  'Her little Children stumbling in the Dark ?'
And—'A blind Understanding !' Heav'n replied.

34

Then to this earthen Bowl did I adjourn
My Lip the secret Well of Life to learn :
  And Lip to Lip it murmur'd—'While you live
'Drink !—for once dead you never shall return.'

35

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
Articulation answer'd, once did live,
  And merry-make ; and the cold Lip I kiss'd,
How many Kisses might it take—and give !

36

For in the Market-place, one Dusk of Day,
I watch'd the Potter thumping his wet Clay :
  And with its all obliterated Tongue
It murmur'd—'Gently, Brother, gently, pray !

37

Ah, fill the Cup :—what boots it to repeat
How Time is slipping underneath our Feet :
  Unborn TO-MORROW and dead YESTERDAY,
Why fret about them if TO-DAY be sweet !

38

One Moment in Annihilation's Waste,
One Moment, of the Well of Life to taste—
  The Stars are setting and the Caravan
Starts for the Dawn of Nothing—Oh, make haste !

39

How long, how long, in infinite Pursuit
Of This and That endeavour and dispute ?
Better be merry with the fruitful Grape
Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

40

You know, my Friends, how long since in my House
For a new Marriage I did make Carouse :
Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

41

For ' Is ' and ' Is-NOT ' though *with* Rule and Line,
And ' UP-AND-DOWN ' *without*, I could define,
I yet, in all I only cared to know,
Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

42

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
Came stealing through the Dusk an Angel Shape
Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder ; and
He bid me taste of it ; and 'twas—the Grape

43

The Grape that can with Logic absolute
The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute :
The subtle Alchemist that in a Trice
Life's leaden Metal into Gold transmute.

44

The mighty Máhmúd, the victorious Lord,
That all the misbelieving and black Horde
Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
Scatters and slays with his enchanted Sword.

45

But leave the Wise to wrangle, and with me
The Quarrel of the Universe let be :
And, in some corner of the Hubbub coucht,
Make Game of that which makes as much of Thee.

46

For in and out, above, about, below,
'Tis nothing but a Magic Shadow-show,
Play'd in a Box whose Candle is the Sun,
Round which we Phantom Figures come and go.

47

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
End in the Nothing all Things end in—Yes—
Then fancy while Thou art, Thou art but what
Thou shalt be—Nothing—Thou shalt not be less.

48

While the Rose blows along the River Brink,
With old Khayyám the Ruby Vintage drink :
And when the Angel with his darker Draught
Draws up to Thee—take that, and do not shrink.

49

'Tis all a Chequer-board of Nights and Days
Where Destiny with Men for Pieces plays :
Hither and thither moves, and mates, and slays,
And one by one back in the Closet lays.

50

The Ball no Question makes of Ayes and Noes,
But Right or Left as strikes the Player goes ;
And He that toss'd Thee down into the Field,
He knows about it all—HE knows—HE knows !

51

The Moving Finger writes ; and, having writ,
Moves on : nor all thy Piety nor Wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
Nor all thy Tears wash out a Word of it.

52

And that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,
Whereunder crawling coop't we live and die,
Lift not thy hands to *It* for help—for It
Rolls impotently on as Thou or I.

53

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man's knead,
And then of the Last Harvest sow'd the Seed :
Yea, the first Morning of Creation wrote
What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

54

I tell Thee this—When, starting from the Goal,
Over the shoulders of the flaming Foal
Of Heav'n Parwín and Mushtara they flung,
In my predestin'd Plot of Dust and Soul

55

The Vine had struck a Fibre ; which about
If clings my Being—let the Súfi flout ;
Of my Base Metal may be filed a Key,
That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

56

And this I know : whether the one True Light
Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
One glimpse of It within the Tavern caught
Better than in the Temple lost outright.

57

Oh, Thou, who didst with Pitfall and with Gin
Beset the Road I was to wander in,
Thou wilt not with Predestination round
Enmesh me, and impute my Fall to Sin ?

58

Oh, Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
And who with Eden didst devise the Snake ;
For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
Is blacken'd, Man's Forgiveness give—and take !

. . . .

KÚZA-NÁMA

59

Listen again. One evening at the Close
Of Ramazán, ere the better Moon arose,
In that old Potter's Shop I stood alone
With the clay Population round in Rows.

60

And, strange to tell, among that Earthen Lot
Some could articulate, while others not :
And suddenly one more impatient cried—
' Who *is* the Potter, pray, and who the Pot ? '

61

Then said another—' Surely not in vain
' My Substance from the common Earth was ta'en,
' That He who subtly wrought me into Shape
' Should stamp me back to common Earth again.'

62

Another said—' Why, ne'er a peevish Boy,
' Would break the Bowl from which he drank in Joy ;
' Shall He that *made* the Vessel in pure Love
' And Fancy, in an after Rage destroy ! '

63

None answer'd this ; but after Silence spake
A Vessel of a more ungainly Make :
' They sneer at me for leaning all awry ;
' What ! did the Hand then of the Potter shake ? '

64

Said one—' Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
' And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell ;
' They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish !
' He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well.'

65

Then said another with a long-drawn Sigh,
' My Clay with long oblivion is gone dry :
' But, fill me with the old familiar Juice,
' Methinks I might recover by and by ! '

66

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
One spied the little Crescent all were seeking :
And then they jogg'd each other, ' Brother,
Brother !
' Hark to the Porter's Shoulder-knot a-creaking ! '

. . . .

67

Ah, with the Grape my fading Life provide,
And wash my Body whence the Life has died,
  And in a Winding-sheet of Vine-leaf wrapt,
So bury me by some sweet Garden-side.

68

That ev'n my buried Ashes such a Snare
Of Perfume shall fling up into the Air,
  As not a True Believer passing by
But shall be overtaken unaware.

69

Indeed the Idols I have loved so long
Have done my Credit in Men's Eye much wrong:
  Have drown'd my Honour in a shallow Cup,
And sold my Reputation for a Song.

70

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
  And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
My thread-bare Penitence apieces tore.

71

And much as Wine has play'd the Infidel,
And robb'd me of my Robe of Honour—well,
  I often wonder what the Vintners buy
One-half so precious as the Goods they sell.

72

Alas, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
That Youth's sweet-scented Manuscript should close!
  The Nightingale that in the Branches sang,
Ah, whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

73

Ah, Love! could thou and I with Fate conspire
To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
  Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
Re-mould it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

74

Ah, Moon of my Delight who know'st no wane,
The Moon of Heav'n is rising once again :
How oft hereafter rising shall she look
Through this same Garden after me—in vain !

75

And when Thyself with shining Foot shall pass
Among the Guests Star-scatter'd on the Grass,
And in thy joyous Errand reach the Spot
Where I made one—turn down an empty Glass !

TAMAM SHUD.

E. FITZGERALD.

320

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main,—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl ;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl !
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed !

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil ;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:—

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea.

O. W. Holmes.

321

THE MEN OF OLD

I know not that the men of old
Were better than men now,
Of heart more kind, of hand more bold,
Of more ingenuous brow:
I heed not those who pine for force
A ghost of Time to raise,
As if they thus could check the course
Of these appointed days.

Still it is true, and over true,
That I delight to close
This book of life self-wise and new,
And let my thoughts repose
On all that humble happiness,
The world has since forgone,—
The daylight of contentedness
That on those faces shone!

With rights, tho' not too closely scanned,
Enjoyed, as far as known,—
With will by no reverse unmanned,—
With pulse of even tone,—

They from to-day and from to-night
Expected nothing more,
Than yesterday and yesternight
Had proffered them before.

To them was life a simple art
Of duties to be done,
A game where each man took his part,
A race where all must run ;
A battle whose great scheme and scope
They little cared to know,
Content, as men at arms, to cope
Each with his fronting foe.

Man *now* his Virtue's diadem
Puts on and proudly wears,
Great thoughts, great feelings, came to them,
Like instincts, unawares :
Blending their souls' sublimest needs
With tasks of every day,
They went about their gravest deeds,
As noble boys at play.—

And what if Nature's fearful wound
They did not probe and bare,
For that their spirits never swooned
To watch the misery there,—
For that their love but flowed more fast,
Their charities more free,
Not conscious what mere drops they cast
Into the evil sea.

A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie close about his feet,
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet :
For flowers that grow our hands beneath
We struggle and aspire,—
Our hearts must die, except they breathe
The air of fresh Desire.

Yet, Brothers, who up Reason's hill
Advance with hopeful cheer,—
O ! loiter not, those heights are chill,
As chill as they are clear ;
And still restrain your haughty gaze,
The loftier that ye go,
Remembering distance leaves a haze
On all that lies below.

LORD HOUGHTON.

322

THE MILLER'S DAUGHTER

It is the miller's daughter,
And she is grown so dear, so dear,
That I would be the jewel
That trembles at her ear :
For hid in ringlets day and night,
I'd touch her neck so warm and white.

And I would be the girdle
About her dainty dainty waist,
And her heart would beat against me
In sorrow and in rest :
And I should know if it beat right,
I'd clasp it round so close and tight.

And I would be the necklace,
And all day long to fall and rise
Upon her balmy bosom,
With her laughter or her sighs,
And I would lie so light, so light,
I scarce should be unclasp'd at night.

LORD TENNYSON.

323

ST. AGNES' EVE

Deep on the convent-roof the snows
  Are sparkling to the moon :
My breath to heaven like vapour goes :
  May my soul follow soon !
The shadows of the convent-towers
  Slant down the snowy sward,
Still creeping with the creeping hours
  That lead me to my Lord :
Make Thou my spirit pure and clear
  As are the frosty skies,
Or this first snowdrop of the year
  That in my bosom lies.

As these white robes are soil'd and dark,
  To yonder shining ground ;
As this pale taper's earthly spark,
  To yonder argent round ;
So shows my soul before the Lamb,
  My spirit before Thee ;
So in mine earthly house I am,
  To that I hope to be.
Break up the heavens, O Lord ! and far,
  Thro' all yon starlight keen,
Draw me, thy bride, a glittering star,
  In raiment white and clean.

He lifts me to the golden doors ;
  The flashes come and go ;
All heaven bursts her starry floors,
  And strows her lights below,
And deepens on and up ! the gates
  Roll back, and far within
For me the Heavenly Bridegroom waits,
  To make me pure of sin.
The sabbaths of Eternity,
  One sabbath deep and wide—
A light upon the shining sea—
  The Bridegroom with his bride

LORD TENNYSON.

324

SIR GALAHAD

My good blade carves the casques of men,
  My tough lance thrusteth sure,
My strength is as the strength of ten,
  Because my heart is pure.
The shattering trumpet shrilleth high,
  The hard brands shiver on the steel.
The splinter'd spear-shafts crack and fly,
  The horse and rider reel:
They reel, they roll in clanging lists,
  And when the tide of combat stands,
Perfume and flowers fall in showers,
  That lightly rain from ladies' hands.

How sweet are looks that ladies bend
  On whom their favours fall!
For them I battle till the end,
  To save from shame and thrall:
But all my heart is drawn above,
  My knees are bow'd in crypt and shrine:
I never felt the kiss of love,
  Nor maiden's hand in mine.
More bounteous aspects on me beam,
  Me mightier transports move and thrill;
So keep I fair thro' faith and prayer
  A virgin heart in work and will.

When down the stormy crescent goes,
  A light before me swims,
Between dark stems the forest glows,
  I hear a noise of hymns:
Then by some secret shrine I ride;
  I hear a voice, but none are there;
The stalls are void, the doors are wide,
  The tapers burning fair.
Fair gleams the snowy altar-cloth,
  The silver vessels sparkle clean,

The shrill bell rings, the censer swings,
And solemn chaunts resound between.

Sometimes on lonely mountain-meres
I find a magic bark;
I leap on board: no helmsman steers:
I float till all is dark.
A gentle sound, an awful light!
Three angels bear the holy Grail:
With folded feet, in stoles of white,
On sleeping wings they sail.
Ah, blessed vision! blood of God!
My spirit beats her mortal bars,
As down dark tides the glory slides,
And star-like mingles with the stars.

When on my goodly charger borne
Thro' dreaming towns I go,
The cock crows ere the Christmas morn,
The streets are dumb with snow.
The tempest crackles on the leads,
And, ringing, springs from brand and mail;
But o'er the dark a glory spreads,
And gilds the driving hail.
I leave the plain, I climb the height;
No branchy thicket shelter yields;
But blessed forms in whistling storms
Fly o'er waste fens and windy fields.

A maiden knight—to me is given
Such hope, I know not fear;
I yearn to breathe the airs of heaven
That often meet me here.
I muse on joy that will not cease,
Pure spaces clothed in living beams,
Pure lilies of eternal peace,
Whose odours haunt my dreams;
And, stricken by an angel's hand,
This mortal armour that I wear,
This weight and size, this heart and eyes,
Are touch'd, are turn'd to finest air.

The clouds are broken in the sky,
And thro' the mountain-walls
A rolling organ-harmony
Swells up, and shakes and falls.
Then move the trees, the copses nod,
Wings flutter, voices hover clear :
'O just and faithful knight of God !
Ride on ! the prize is near.'
So pass I hostel, hall, and grange ;
By bridge and ford, by park and pale,
All-arm'd I ride, whate'er betide,
Until I find the holy Grail.

LORD TENNYSON.

325

BREAK, BREAK, BREAK

Break, break, break,
On thy cold grey stones, O Sea !
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play !
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay !

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill ;
But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still !

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O Sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead
Will never come back to me.

LORD TENNYSON.

326

THE BROOK

I come from haunts of coot and hern,
I make a sudden sally
And sparkle out among the fern,
To bicker down a valley.

By thirty hills I hurry down,
Or slip between the ridges,
By twenty thorps, a little town,
And half a hundred bridges.

Till last by Philip's farm I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I chatter over stony ways,
In little sharps and trebles,
I bubble into eddying bays,
I babble on the pebbles.

With many a curve my banks I fret
By many a field and fallow,
And many a fairy foreland set
With willow-weed and mallow.

I chatter, chatter, as I flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I wind about, and in and out,
With here a blossom sailing,
And here and there a lusty trout,
And here and there a grayling,

And here and there a foamy flake
Upon me, as I travel
With many a silvery waterbreak
Above the golden gravel,

And draw them all along, and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

I steal by lawns and grassy plots,
I slide by hazel covers;
I move the sweet forget-me-nots
That grow for happy lovers.

I slip, I slide, I gloom, I glance,
Among my skimming swallows;
I make the netted sunbeam dance
Against my sandy shallows.

I murmur under moon and stars
In brambly wildernesses;
I linger by my shingly bars;
I loiter round my cresses;

And out again I curve and flow
To join the brimming river,
For men may come and men may go,
But I go on for ever.

LORD TENNYSON.

327

As thro' the land at eve we went,
And pluck'd the ripen'd ears,
We fell out, my wife and I,
We fell out, I know not why,
And kiss'd again with tears.

And blessings on the falling out
That all the more endears,
When we fall out with those we love
And kiss again with tears!

For when we came where lies the child
We lost in other years,
There above the little grave,
O there above the little grave,
We kiss'd again with tears.

LORD TENNYSON.

328

The splendour falls on castle walls
And snowy summits old in story :
The long light shakes across the lakes,
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark, O hear ! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going !
O sweet and far from cliff and scar
The horns of Elfland faintly blowing !
Blow, let us hear the purple glens replying :
Blow, bugle ; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky,
They faint on hill or field or river :
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow for ever and for ever.
Blow, bugle, blow, set the wild echoes flying,
And answer echoes, answer dying, dying, dying.

LORD TENNYSON.

329

Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean,
Tears from the depth of some divine despair
Rise in the heart, and gather to the eyes,
In looking on the happy Autumn-fields,
And thinking of the days that are no more.

Fresh as the first beam glittering on a sail,
That brings our friends up from the underworld,
Sad as the last which reddens over one
That sinks with all we love below the verge ;
So sad, so fresh, the days that are no more.

Ah, sad and strange as in dark summer dawns
The earliest pipe of half-awaken'd birds

To dying ears, when unto dying eyes
The casement slowly grows a glimmering square ;
So sad, so strange, the days that are no more.

Dear as remember'd kisses after death,
And sweet as those by hopeless fancy feign'd
On lips that are for others ; deep as love,
Deep as first love, and wild with all regret ;
O Death in Life, the days that are no more.

LORD TENNYSON.

330

O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,
And dark and true and tender is the North.

O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and light
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

O were I thou that she might take me in,
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart
Would rock the snowy cradle till I died.

Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with love,
Delaying as the tender ash delays
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green ?

O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown :
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,
But in the North long since my nest is made.

O tell her, brief is life but love is long,
And brief the sun of summer in the North,
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her mine,
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee.

LORD TENNYSON.

331

Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white ;
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk ;
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font :
The fire-fly wakens : waken thou with me.

Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves
A shining furrow, as thy thoughts in me.

Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,
And slips into the bosom of the lake :
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip
Into my bosom and be lost in me.

LORD TENNYSON.

332

Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain height:
What pleasure lives in height (the Shepherd sang),
In height and cold, the splendour of the hills ?
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and cease
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire ;
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,
For Love is of the valley, come thou down
And find him ; by the happy threshold, he,
Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,
Or red with spirted purple of the vats,
Or foxlike in the vine ; nor cares to walk
With Death and Morning on the silver horns,
Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,
Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,
That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls
To roll the torrent out of dusky doors :

But follow; let the torrent dance thee down
To find him in the valley; let the wild
Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave
The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill
Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-smoke,
That like a broken purpose waste in air:
So waste not thou; but come; for all the vales
Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth
Arise to thee; the children call, and I
Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound,
Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;
Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,
The moan of doves in immemorial elms,
And murmuring of innumerable bees.

LORD TENNYSON.

333

FROM 'IN MEMORIAM'

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times ;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite ;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease ;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold ;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand ,
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

LORD TENNYSON.

334

Come into the garden, Maud,
For the black bat, night, has flown,
Come into the garden, Maud,
I am here at the gate alone ;
And the woodbine spices are wafted abroad,
And the musk of the roses blown.

For a breeze of morning moves,
And the planet of Love is on high,
Beginning to faint in the light that she loves
On a bed of daffodil sky,
To faint in the light of the sun she loves,
To faint in his light, and to die.

All night have the roses heard
The flute, violin, bassoon ;
All night has the casement jessamine stirr'd
To the dancers dancing in tune ;
Till a silence fell with the waking bird,
And a hush with the setting moon.

I said to the lily, 'There is but one
With whom she has heart to be gay.
When will the dancers leave her alone?
She is weary of dance and play.'
Now half to the setting moon are gone,
And half to the rising day;
Low on the sand and loud on the stone
The last wheel echoes away.

I said to the rose, 'The brief night goes
In babble and revel and wine.
O young lord-lover, what sighs are those,
For one that will never be thine?
But mine, but mine,' so I sware to the rose,
'For ever and ever, mine.'

And the soul of the rose went into my blood,
As the music clash'd in the hall;
And long by the garden lake I stood,
For I heard your rivulet fall
From the lake to the meadow and on to the wood,
Our wood, that is dearer than all;

From the meadow your walks have left so sweet
That whenever a March-wind sighs
He sets the jewel-print of your feet
In violets blue as your eyes,
To the woody hollows in which we meet
And the valleys of Paradise.

The slender acacia would not shake
One long milk-bloom on the tree;
The white lake-blossom fell into the lake,
As the pimpernel dozed on the lea;
But the rose was awake all night for your sake,
Knowing your promise to me;
The lilies and roses were all awake,
They sigh'd for the dawn and thee.

Queen rose of the rosebud garden of girls,
Come hither, the dances are done,

In gloss of satin and glimmer of pearls,
  Queen lily and rose in one ;
Shine out, little head, sunning over with curls,
  To the flowers, and be their sun.

There has fallen a splendid tear
  From the passion-flower at the gate.
She is coming, my dove, my dear ;
  She is coming, my life, my fate ;
The red rose cries, ' She is near, she is near ;
  And the white rose weeps, ' She is late ; '
The larkspur listens, ' I hear, I hear ; '
  And the lily whispers, ' I wait.'

She is coming, my own, my sweet ;
  Were it ever so airy a tread,
My heart would hear her and beat,
  Were it earth in an earthy bed ;
My dust would hear her and beat,
  Had I lain for a century dead ;
Would start and tremble under her feet,
  And blossom in purple and red.

LORD TENNYSON.

335

In Love, if Love be Love, if Love be ours,
Faith and unfaith can ne'er be equal powers :
Unfaith in aught is want of faith in all.

It is the little rift within the lute,
That by and by will make the music mute,
And ever widening slowly silence all.

The little rift within the lover's lute,
Or little pitted speck in garner'd fruit,
That rotting inward slowly moulders all.

It is not worth the keeping : let it go :
But shall it ? answer, darling, answer, no.
And trust me not at all or all in all.

LORD TENNYSON.

336

THE PRIVATE OF THE BUFFS

Some Sikhs and a private of the Buffs having remained behind with the grog carts, fell into the hands of the Chinese. On the next morning they were brought before the authorities, and commanded to perform the *Kotow*. The Sikhs obeyed; but Moyse, the English soldier, declaring that he would not prostrate himself before any Chinaman alive, was immediately knocked upon the head, and his body thrown on a dunghill.—*The Times*.

Last night, among his fellow roughs,
He jested, quaffed, and swore,
A drunken private of the Buffs,
Who never looked before.
To-day, beneath the foeman's frown,
He stands in Elgin's place,
Ambassador from Britain's crown,
And type of all her race.

Poor, reckless, rude, low-born, untaught,
Bewildered, and alone,
A heart, with English instinct fraught,
He yet can call his own.
Aye, tear his body limb from limb,
Bring cord, or axe, or flame:
He only knows, that not through *him*
Shall England come to shame.

Far Kentish hop-fields round him seem'd,
Like dreams, to come and go;
Bright leagues of cherry-blossom gleam'd,
One sheet of living snow;
The smoke, above his father's door,
In grey soft eddyings hung:
Must he then watch it rise no more,
Doom'd by himself so young?

Yes, honour calls !—with strength like steel
He put the vision by.
Let dusky Indians whine and kneel ;
An English lad must die.
And thus, with eyes that would not shrink,
With knee to man unbent,
Unfaltering on its dreadful brink,
To his red grave he went.

Vain, mightiest fleets of iron framed ;
Vain, those all-shattering guns ;
Unless proud England keep, untamed,
The strong heart of her sons.
So, let his name through Europe ring—
A man of mean estate,
Who died, as firm as Sparta's King,
Because his soul was great.

SIR F. H. DOYLE.

337

A CHRISTMAS HYMN

It was the calm and silent night !—
Seven hundred years and fifty-three
Had Rome been growing up to might,
And now was Queen of land and sea !
No sound was heard of clashing wars ;
Peace brooded o'er the hushed domain ;
Apollo, Pallas, Jove and Mars,
Held undisturbed their ancient reign,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago !

'Twas in the calm and silent night !
The senator of haughty Rome
Impatient urged his chariot's flight
From lordly revel rolling home !

Triumphal arches gleaming swell
His breast with thoughts of boundless sway:
What recked the Roman what befell
A paltry province far away,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

Within that province far away
Went plodding home a weary boor:
A streak of light before him lay,
Fall'n through a half-shut stable door
Across his path. He passed—for naught
Told what was going on within;
How keen the stars! his only thought;
The air how calm and cold and thin,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

O strange indifference!—low and high
Drowsed over common joys and cares:
The earth was still—but knew not why;
The world was listening—unawares;
How calm a moment may precede
One that shall thrill the world for ever!
To that still moment none would heed,
Man's doom was linked no more to sever
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago!

It is the calm and solemn night!
A thousand bells ring out, and throw
Their joyous peals abroad, and smite
The darkness, charmed and holy now!
The night that erst no name had worn,
To it a happy name is given;
For in that stable lay new-born
The peaceful Prince of Earth and Heaven,
In the solemn midnight
Centuries ago.

A. Domett.

338

The year 's at the spring,
And day 's at the morn ;
Morning 's at seven ;
The hill-side 's dew-pearled ;
The lark 's on the wing ;
The snail 's on the thorn :
God 's in his heaven—
All 's right with the world !

R. BROWNING.

339

Give her but a least excuse to love me !
When—where—
How—can this arm establish her above me,
If fortune fixed her as my lady there,
There already, to eternally reprove me ?
(' Hist ! '—said Kate the queen ;
But ' Oh '—cried the maiden, binding her tresses
' 'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
' Crumbling your hounds their messes ! ')
Is she wronged ?—To the rescue of her honour,
My heart !
Is she poor ?—What costs it to be styled a donor ?
Merely an earth to cleave, a sea to part.
But that fortune should have thrust all this upon her !
(' Nay, list ! '—bade Kate the queen ;
And still cried the maiden, binding her tresses,
' 'Tis only a page that carols unseen,
' Fitting your hawks their jesses ! ')

R. BROWNING.

340

THE LOST LEADER

Just for a handful of silver he left us,
Just for a riband to stick in his coat—
Found the one gift of which fortune bereft us,
Lost all the others she lets us devote ;

They, with the gold to give, doled him out silver,
So much was theirs who so little allowed :
How all our copper had gone for his service !
Rags—were they purple, his heart had been proud !
We that had loved him so, followed him, honoured him,
Lived in his mild and magnificent eye,
Learned his great language, caught his clear accents,
Made him our pattern to live and to die !
Shakespeare was of us, Milton was for us,
Burns, Shelley, were with us,—they watch from their graves !
He alone breaks from the van and the freemen,
He alone sinks to the rear and the slaves !

We shall march prospering,—not thro' his presence;
Songs may inspirit us,—not from his lyre ;
Deeds will be done,—while he boasts his quiescence,
Still bidding crouch whom the rest bade aspire :
Blot out his name, then, record one lost soul more,
One task more declined, one more footpath untrod,
One more devils'-triumph and sorrow for angels,
One wrong more to man, one more insult to God!
Life's night begins : let him never come back to us!
There would be doubt, hesitation, and pain,
Forced praise on our part—the glimmer of twilight,
Never glad confident morning again !
Best fight on well, for we taught him,—strike gallantly,
Menace our heart ere we master his own ;
Then let him receive the new knowledge and wait us,
Pardoned in heaven, the first by the throne !

R. Browning.

341

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

Oh, to be in England now that April 's there,
And whoever wakes in England sees, some morning, unaware,

That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf
Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now !

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows !
Hark, where my blossomed pear-tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That 's the wise thrush ; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine careless rapture !
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower !

R. Browning.

342

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM THE SEA

Nobly, nobly Cape Saint Vincent to the North-West died away ;
Sunset ran, one glorious blood-red, reeking into Cadiz Bay ;
Bluish mid the burning water, full in face Trafalgar lay ;
In the dimmest North-East distance, dawned Gibraltar grand and grey ;
'Here and here did England help me : how can I help England ?'—say,
Whoso turns as I, this evening, turn to God to praise and pray,
While Jove's planet rises yonder, silent over Africa.

R. Browning.

343

MISCONCEPTIONS

This is a spray the Bird clung to,
  Making it blossom with pleasure,
Ere the high tree-top she sprung to,
  Fit for her nest and her treasure.
  Oh, what a hope beyond measure
Was the poor spray's, which the flying feet hung to,—
So to be singled out, built in, and sung to!

This is a heart the Queen leant on,
  Thrilled in a minute erratic,
Ere the true bosom she bent on,
  Meet for love's regal dalmatic.
  Oh, what a fancy ecstatic
Was the poor heart's, ere the wanderer went on—
Love to be saved for it, proffered to, spent on!

R. Browning.

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A WOMAN'S LAST WORD

Let 's contend no more, Love,
  Strive nor weep:
All be as before, Love,
  —Only sleep!

What so wild as words are?
  I and thou
In debate, as birds are,
  Hawk on bough!

See the creature stalking
  While we speak!
Hush and hide the talking,
  Cheek on cheek!

What so false as truth is,
  False to thee?
Where the serpent's tooth is,
  Shun the tree—

Where the apple reddens
Never pry—
Lest we lose our Edens,
Eve and I.

Be a god and hold me
With a charm!
Be a man and fold me
With thine arm!

Teach me, only teach, Love!
As I ought
I will speak thy speech, Love,
Think thy thought—

Meet, if thou require it,
Both demands,
Laying flesh and spirit
In thy hands.

That shall be to-morrow
Not to-night:
I must bury sorrow
Out of sight:

—Must a little weep, Love,
(Foolish me!)
And so fall asleep, Love,
Loved by thee.

R. BROWNING.

345

LIFE IN A LOVE

Escape me?
Never—
Beloved!
While I am I, and you are you,
So long as the world contains us both,
Me the loving and you the loath,
While the one eludes, must the other pursue.
My life is a fault at last, I fear:

It seems too much like a fate, indeed !
Though I do my best I shall scarce succeed.
But what if I fail of my purpose here ?
It is but to keep the nerves at strain,
To dry one's eyes and laugh at a fall,
And baffled, get up and begin again,—
So the chace takes up one's life, that 's all.
While, look but once from your farthest bound
At me so deep in the dust and dark,
No sooner the old hope goes to ground
Than a new one, straight to the selfsame mark,
I shape me—
Ever
Removed !

R. BROWNING.

346

A GRAMMARIAN'S FUNERAL

SHORTLY AFTER THE REVIVAL OF LEARNING IN EUROPE

Let us begin and carry up this corpse,
Singing together.
Leave we the common crofts, the vulgar thorpes,
Each in its tether
Sleeping safe on the bosom of the plain,
Cared-for till cock-crow :
Look out if yonder be not day again
Rimming the rock-row !
That 's the appropriate country ; there, man's thought,
Rarer, intenser,
Self-gathered for an outbreak, as it ought,
Chafes in the censer.
Leave we the unlettered plain its herd and crop ;
Seek we sepulture
On a tall mountain, citied to the top,
Crowded with culture !
All the peaks soar, but one the rest excels ;
Clouds overcome it ;

No, yonder sparkle is the citadel's
Circling its summit.
Thither our path lies ; wind we up the heights :
Wait ye the warning ?
Our low life was the level's and the night's ;
He 's for the morning.
Step to a tune, square chests, erect each head,
'Ware the beholders !
This is our master, famous, calm, and dead,
Borne on our shoulders.

Sleep, crop and herd ! sleep, darkling thorpe and croft,
Safe from the weather !
He, whom we convoy to his grave aloft,
Singing together,
He was a man born with thy face and throat,
Lyric Apollo !
Long he lived nameless : how should spring take note
Winter would follow ?
Till lo, the little touch, and youth was gone !
Cramped and diminished,
Moaned he, ' New measures, other feet anon !
My dance is finished ' ?
No, that 's the world's way : (keep the mountain-side,
Make for the city !)
He knew the signal, and stepped on with pride
Over men's pity ;
Left play for work, and grappled with the world
Bent on escaping :
'What's in the scroll,' quoth he, 'thou keepest furled ?
Show me their shaping,
Theirs, who most studied man, the bard and sage,—
Give ! '—So, he gowned him,
Straight got by heart that book to its last page :
Learned, we found him.
Yea, but we found him bald too, eyes like lead,
Accents uncertain :
' Time to taste life,' another would have said,
' Up with the curtain ! '—
This man said rather, ' Actual life comes next ?
Patience a moment !

Grant I have mastered learning's crabbed text,
Still, there 's the comment.
Let me know all ! Prate not of most or least,
Painful or easy !
Even to the crumbs I'd fain eat up the feast,
Aye, nor feel queasy.'
Oh, such a life as he resolved to live,
When he had learned it,
When he had gathered all books had to give !
Sooner, he spurned it.
Image the whole, then execute the parts—
Fancy the fabric
Quite, ere you build, ere steelstrikefire fromquartz,
Ere mortar dab brick !

(Here 's the town-gate reached: there 's the market-place
Gaping before us.)
Yea, this in him was the peculiar grace
(Hearten our chorus !)
That before living he'd learn how to live—
No end to learning :
Earn the means first—God surely will contrive
Use for our earning.
Others mistrust and say, ' But time escapes :
Live now or never ! '
He said,'What 's time? leave Now for dogs and apes!
Man has Forever.'
Back to his book then : deeper drooped his head :
Calculus racked him :
Leaden before, his eyes grew dross of lead :
Tussis attacked him.
' Now, master, take a little rest ! '—not he !
(Caution redoubled,
Step two a-breast, the way winds narrowly !)
Not a whit troubled,
Back to his studies, fresher than at first,
Fierce as a dragon
He (soul-hydroptic with a sacred thirst)
Sucked at the flagon.

Oh, if we draw a circle premature,
Heedless of far gain,
Greedy for quick returns of profit, sure,
Bad is our bargain !
Was it not great ? did not he throw on God,
(He loves the burthen)—
God's task to make the heavenly period
Perfect the earthen ?
Did not he magnify the mind, show clear
Just what it all meant ?
He would not discount life, as fools do here,
Paid by instalment.
He ventured neck or nothing—heaven's success
Found, or earth's failure :
'Wilt thou trust death or not?' He answered 'Yes!
Hence with life's pale lure ! '
That low man seeks a little thing to do,
Sees it and does it :
This high man, with a great thing to pursue,
Dies ere he knows it.
That low man goes on adding one to one,
His hundred 's soon hit :
This high man, aiming at a million,
Misses an unit.
That, has the world here—should he need the next,
Let the world mind him !
This, throws himself on God, and unperplexed
Seeking shall find him.
So, with the throttling hands of death at strife,
Ground he at grammar ;
Still, thro' the rattle, parts of speech were rife :
While he could stammer
He settled *Hoti's* business—let it be !—
Properly based *Oun*—
Gave us the doctrine of the enclitic *De*,
Dead from the waist down.
Well, here 's the platform, here 's the proper place :
Hail to your purlieus,
All ye highfliers of the feathered race,
Swallows and curlews !

Here's the top-peak; the multitude below
Live, for they can, there:
This man decided not to Live but Know—
Bury this man there?
Here—here's his place, where meteors shoot, clouds form,
Lightnings are loosened,
Stars come and go! Let joy break with the storm,
Peace let the dew send!
Lofty designs must close in like effects:
Loftily lying,
Leave him—still loftier than the world suspects,
Living and dying.

R. BROWNING.

347

PORPHYRIA'S LOVER

The rain set early in to-night,
The sullen wind was soon awake,
It tore the elm-tops down for spite,
And did its worst to vex the lake:
I listened with heart fit to break,
When glided in Porphyria; straight
She shut the cold out and the storm,
And kneeled and made the cheerless grate
Blaze up, and all the cottage warm;
Which done, she rose, and from her form
Withdrew the dripping cloak and shawl,
And laid her soiled gloves by, untied
Her hat and let the damp hair fall,
And, last, she sat down by my side
And called me. When no voice replied,
She put my arm about her waist,
And made her smooth white shoulder bare,
And all her yellow hair displaced,
And, stooping, made my cheek lie there,
And spread o'er all her yellow hair,
Murmuring how she loved me—she
Too weak, for all her heart's endeavour,

To set its struggling passion free
From pride, and vainer ties dissever,
And give herself to me for ever.
But passion sometimes would prevail,
Nor could to-night's gay feast restrain
A sudden thought of one so pale
For love of her, and all in vain :
So, she was come through wind and rain.
Be sure I looked up at her eyes
Happy and proud ; at last I knew
Porphyria worshipped me ; surprise
Made my heart swell, and still it grew
While I debated what to do.
That moment she was mine, mine, fair
Perfectly pure and good : I found
A thing to do, and all her hair
In one long yellow string I wound
Three times her little throat around,
And strangled her. No pain felt she ;
I am quite sure she felt no pain.
As a shut bud that holds a bee,
I warily oped her lids : again
Laughed the blue eyes without a stain.
And I untightened next the tress
About her neck ; her cheek once more
Blushed bright beneath my burning kiss :
I propped her head up as before,
Only, this time my shoulder bore
Her head, which droops upon it still :
The smiling rosy little head,
So glad it has its utmost will,
That all it scorned at once is fled,
And I, its love, am gained instead !
Porphyria's love : she guessed not how
Her darling one wish would be heard.
And thus we sit together now,
And all night long we have not stirred,
And yet God has not said a word !

R. Browning.

348

RABBI BEN EZRA

1

Grow old along with me !
The best is yet to be,
The last of life, for which the first was made :
Our times are in His hand
Who saith ' A whole I planned,
Youth shows but half ; trust God : see all, nor be afraid ! '

2

Not that, amassing flowers,
Youth sighed ' Which rose make ours,
Which lily leave and then as best recall ? '
Not that, admiring stars,
It yearned ' Nor Jove, nor Mars ;
Mine be some figured flame which blends, transcends them all ! '

3

Not for such hopes and fears
Annulling youth's brief years,
Do I remonstrate : folly wide the mark !
Rather I prize the doubt
Low kinds exist without,
Finished and finite clods, untroubled by a spark.

4

Poor vaunt of life indeed,
Were man but formed to feed
On joy, to solely seek and find and feast :
Such feasting ended, then
As sure an end to men ;
Irks care the crop-full bird ? Frets doubt the maw-crammed beast ?

5

Rejoice we are allied
To That which doth provide
And not partake, effect and not receive !
A spark disturbs our clod ;
Nearer we hold of God
Who gives, than of His tribes that take, I must believe.

6

Then, welcome each rebuff
That turns earth's smoothness rough,
Each sting that bids nor sit nor stand but go !
Be our joys three-parts pain !
Strive, and hold cheap the strain ;
Learn, nor account the pang ; dare, never grudge the throe !

7

For thence,—a paradox
Which comforts while it mocks,—
Shall life succeed in that it seems to fail :
What I aspired to be,
And was not, comforts me :
A brute I might have been, but would not sink i' the scale.

8

What is he but a brute
Whose flesh hath soul to suit,
Whose spirit works lest arms and legs want play?
To man, propose this test—
Thy body at its best,
How far can that project thy soul on its lone way ?

9

Yet gifts should prove their use :
I own the Past profuse
Of power each side, perfection every turn :
Eyes, ears took in their dole,
Brain treasured up the whole ;
Should not the heart beat once ' How good to live and learn ' ?

10

Not once beat 'Praise be Thine!
I see the whole design,
I, who saw power, see now Love perfect too:
Perfect I call Thy plan:
Thanks that I was a man!
Maker, remake, complete,—I trust what Thou shalt do!'

11

For pleasant is this flesh;
Our soul in its rose-mesh
Pulled ever to the earth, still yearns for rest:
Would we some prize might hold
To match those manifold
Possessions of the brute,—gain most, as we did best!

12

Let us not always say
'Spite of this flesh to-day
I strove, made head, gained ground upon the whole!'
As the bird wings and sings,
Let us cry 'All good things
Are ours, nor soul helps flesh more, now, than flesh helps soul!'

13

Therefore I summon age
To grant youth's heritage,
Life's struggle having so far reached its term:
Thence shall I pass, approved
A man, for ay removed
From the developed brute; a God though in the germ.

14

And I shall thereupon
Take rest, ere I be gone
Once more on my adventure brave and new:
Fearless and unperplexed,
When I wage battle next,
What weapons to select, what armour to indue.

15

Youth ended, I shall try
My gain or loss thereby ;
Leave the fire ashes, what survives is gold :
And I shall weigh the same,
Give life its praise or blame :
Young, all lay in dispute ; I shall know, being old.

16

For note, when evening shuts,
A certain moment cuts
The deed off, calls the glory from the grey :
A whisper from the west
Shoots—'Add this to the rest,
Take it and try its worth : here dies another day.'

17

So, still within this life,
Though lifted o'er its strife,
Let me discern, compare, pronounce at last,
'This rage was right i' the main,
That acquiescence vain :
The Future I may face now I have proved the Past.'

18

For more is not reserved
To man, with soul just nerved
To act to-morrow what he learns to-day :
Here, work enough to watch
The Master work, and catch
Hints of the proper craft, tricks of the tool's true play.

19

As it was better, youth
Should strive, through acts uncouth,
Toward making, than repose on aught found made;
So, better, age, exempt
From strife, should know, than tempt
Further. Thou waitedst age ; wait death nor be afraid !

20

Enough now, if the Right
And Good and Infinite
Be named here, as thou callest thy hand thine own,
With knowledge absolute,
Subject to no dispute
From fools that crowded youth, nor let thee feel alone.

21

Be there, for once and all,
Severed great minds from small,
Announced to each his station in the Past!
Was I, the world arraigned,
Were they, my soul disdained,
Right? Let age speak the truth and give us peace at last!

22

Now, who shall arbitrate?
Ten men love what I hate,
Shun what I follow, slight what I receive;
Ten, who in ears and eyes
Match me: we all surmise,
They, this thing, and I, that: whom shall my soul believe?

23

Not on the vulgar mass
Called 'work,' must sentence pass,
Things done, that took the eye and had the price;
O'er which, from level stand,
The low world laid its hand,
Found straightway to its mind, could value in a trice:

24

But all, the world's coarse thumb
And finger failed to plumb,
So passed in making up the main account;
All instincts immature,
All purposes unsure,
That weighed not as his work, yet swelled the man's amount:

25

Thoughts hardly to be packed
Into a narrow act,
Fancies that broke through language and escaped ;
All I could never be,
All, men ignored in me.
This, I was worth to God, whose wheel the pitcher shaped.

26

Aye, note that Potter's wheel,
That metaphor ! and feel
Why time spins fast, why passive lies our clay,—
Thou, to whom fools propound,
When the wine makes its round,
' Since life fleets, all is change ; the Past gone, seize to-day ! '

27

Fool ! All that is, at all,
Lasts ever, past recall ;
Earth changes, but thy soul and God stand sure :
What entered into thee,
That was, is, and shall be :
Time's wheel runs back or stops ; Potter and clay endure.

28

He fixed thee mid this dance
Of plastic circumstance,
This Present, thou, forsooth, wouldst fain arrest :
Machinery just meant
To give thy soul its bent,
Try thee and turn thee forth, sufficiently impressed.

29

What though the earlier grooves
Which ran the laughing loves
Around thy base, no longer pause and press ?
What though, about thy rim,
Skull-things in order grim
Grow out, in graver mood, obey the sterner stress ?

30

Look not thou down but up !
To uses of a cup,
The festal board, lamp's flash and trumpet's peal,
The new wine's foaming flow,
The Master's lips aglow !
Thou, heaven's consummate cup, what needst thou with earth's wheel ?

31

But I need, now as then,
Thee, God, who mouldest men ;
And since, not even while the whirl was worst,
Did I,—to the wheel of life
With shapes and colours rife,
Bound dizzily,—mistake my end, to slake Thy thirst :

32

So, take and use Thy work !
Amend what flaws may lurk,
What strain o' the stuff, what warpings past the aim !
My times be in Thy hand !
Perfect the cup as planned !
Let age approve of youth, and death complete the same !

R. Browning.

349

PROSPICE

Fear death ?—to feel the fog in my throat,
The mist in my face,
When the snows begin, and the blasts denote
I am nearing the place,
The power of the night, the press of the storm,
The post of the foe ;
Where he stands, the Arch Fear in a visible form,
Yet the strong man must go :

For the journey is done and the summit attained,
And the barriers fall,
Though a battle 's to fight ere the guerdon be gained,
The reward of it all.
I was ever a fighter, so—one fight more,
The best and the last !
I would hate that death bandaged my eyes, and forbore,
And bade me creep past.
No ! let me taste the whole of it, fare like my peers
The heroes of old,
Bear the brunt, in a minute pay glad life's arrears
Of pain, darkness and cold.
For sudden the worst turns the best to the brave,
The black minute 's at end,
And the elements' rage, the fiend-voices that rave,
Shall dwindle, shall blend,
Shall change, shall become first a peace out of pain,
Then a light, then thy breast,
O thou soul of my soul ! I shall clasp thee again,
And with God be the rest !

R. Browning.

350

THE EXECUTION OF MONTROSE

1

Come hither, Evan Cameron !
Come, stand beside my knee—
I hear the river roaring down
Towards the wintry sea.
There 's shouting on the mountain-side,
There 's war within the blast—
Old faces look upon me,
Old forms go trooping past :
I hear the pibroch wailing
Amidst the din of fight,
And my dim spirit wakes again
Upon the verge of night.

2

'Twas I that led the Highland host
Through wild Lochaber's snows,
What time the plaided clans came down
To battle with Montrose.
I've told thee how the Southrons fell
Beneath the broad claymore,
And how we smote the Campbell clan
By Inverlochy's shore.
I've told thee how we swept Dundee,
And tamed the Lindsays' pride;
But never have I told thee yet
How the great Marquis died.

3

A traitor sold him to his foes;
O deed of deathless shame!
I charge thee, boy, if e'er thou meet
With one of Assynt's name—
Be it upon the mountain's side,
Or yet within the glen,
Stand he in martial gear alone,
Or backed by arméd men—
Face him, as thou wouldst face the man
Who wronged thy sire's renown;
Remember of what blood thou art,
And strike the caitiff down!

4

They brought him to the Watergate,
Hard bound with hempen span,
As though they held a lion there,
And not a fenceless man.
They set him high upon a cart—
The hangman rode below—
They drew his hands behind his back,
And bared his noble brow.
Then, as a hound is slipped from leash,
They cheered the common throng,
And blew the note with yell and shout,
And bade him pass along.

5

It would have made a brave man's heart
Grow sad and sick that day,
To watch the keen malignant eyes
Bent down on that array.
There stood the Whig west-country lords
In balcony and bow,
There sat their gaunt and withered dames,
And their daughters all a-row.
And every open window
Was full as full might be
With black-robed Covenanting carles,
That goodly sport to see!

6

But when he came, though pale and wan,
He looked so great and high,
So noble was his manly front,
So calm his steadfast eye;—
The rabble rout forbore to shout,
And each man held his breath,
For well they knew the hero's soul
Was face to face with death.
And then a mournful shudder
Through all the people crept,
And some that came to scoff at him
Now turn'd aside and wept.

7

But onwards—always onwards,
In silence and in gloom,
The dreary pageant laboured,
Till it reached the house of doom.
Then first a woman's voice was heard
In jeer and laughter loud,
And an angry cry and a hiss arose
From the heart of the tossing crowd:
Then, as the Graeme looked upwards,
He saw the ugly smile
Of him who sold his king for gold—
The master-fiend Argyle!

8

The Marquis gazed a moment,
And nothing did he say,
But the cheek of Argyle grew ghastly pale,
And he turned his eyes away.
The painted harlot by his side,
She shook through every limb,
For a roar like thunder swept the street,
And hands were clenched at him ;
And a Saxon soldier cried aloud
' Back, coward, from thy place !
For seven long years thou hast not dared
To look him in the face.'

9

Had I been there with sword in hand,
And fifty Camerons by,
That day through high Dunedin's streets
Had pealed the slogan-cry.
Not all their troops of trampling horse,
Nor might of mailéd men—
Not all the rebels in the south
Had borne us backwards then !
Once more his foot on Highland heath
Had trod as free as air,
Or I, and all who bore my name,
Been laid around him there !

10

It might not be. They placed him next
Within the solemn hall,
Where once the Scottish kings were throned
Amidst their nobles all.
But there was dust of vulgar feet
On that polluted floor,
And perjured traitors filled the place
Where good men sate before.
With savage glee came Warristoun
To read the murderous doom ;
And then uprose the great Montrose
In the middle of the room.

11

'Now, by my faith as belted knight,
And by the name I bear,
And by the bright Saint Andrew's cross
That waves above us there—
Yea, by a greater, mightier oath—
And oh, that such should be!—
By that dark stream of royal blood
That lies 'twixt you and me—
I have not sought in battle-field
A wreath of such renown,
Nor dared I hope on my dying day
To win the martyr's crown!

12

'There is a chamber far away
Where sleep the good and brave,
But a better place ye have named for me
Than by my father's grave.
For truth and right, 'gainst treason's might,
This hand hath always striven,
And ye raise it up for a witness still
In the eye of earth and heaven.
Then nail my head on yonder tower—
Give every town a limb—
And God who made shall gather them:
I go from you to Him!'

13

The morning dawned full darkly,
The rain came flashing down,
And the jagged streak of the levin-bolt
Lit up the gloomy town:
The thunder crashed across the heaven,
The fatal hour was come;
Yet ay broke in with muffled beat
The 'larum of the drum.
There was madness on the earth below,
And anger in the sky,
And young and old, and rich and poor,
Came forth to see him die.

14

Ah, God ! that ghastly gibbet !
How dismal 'tis to see
The great tall spectral skeleton,
The ladder, and the tree !
Hark ! hark ! it is the clash of arms—
The bells begin to toll—
' He is coming ! he is coming !
God's mercy on his soul ! '
One last long peal of thunder—
The clouds are cleared away,
And the glorious sun once more looks down
Amidst the dazzling day.

15

' He is coming ! he is coming ! '
Like a bridegroom from his room,
Came the hero from his prison
To the scaffold and the doom.
There was glory on his forehead,
There was lustre in his eye,
And he never walked to battle
More proudly than to die :
There was colour in his visage,
Though the cheeks of all were wan,
And they marvelled as they saw him pass,
That great and goodly man !

16

He mounted up the scaffold,
And he turned him to the crowd ;
But they dared not trust the people,
So he might not speak aloud.
But he looked upon the heavens,
And they were clear and blue,
And in the liquid ether
The eye of God shone through !
Yet a black and murky battlement
Lay resting on the hill,
As though the thunder slept within—
All else was calm and still.

17

The grim Geneva ministers
With anxious scowl drew near,
As you have seen the ravens flock
Around the dying deer.
He would not deign them word nor sign,
But alone he bent the knee;
And veiled his face for Christ's dear grace
Beneath the gallows-tree.
Then radiant and serene he rose,
And cast his cloak away:
For he had ta'en his latest look
Of earth and sun and day.

18

A beam of light fell o'er him,
Like a glory round the shriven,
And he climbed the lofty ladder
As it were the path to heaven.
Then came a flash from out the cloud,
And a stunning thunder-roll;
And no man dared to look aloft,
For fear was on every soul.
There was another heavy sound,
A hush and then a groan;
And darkness swept across the sky—
The work of death was done!

W. E. Aytoun.

351

TUBAL CAIN

Old Tubal Cain was a man of might
In the days when Earth was young;
By the fierce red light of his furnace bright
The strokes of his hammer rung;
And he lifted high his brawny hand
On the iron glowing clear,
Till the sparks rushed out in scarlet showers,
As he fashioned the sword and spear.

And he sang— Hurra for my handiwork
Hurra for the spear and sword !
Hurra for the hand that shall wield them well,
For he shall be king and lord ! '

To Tubal Cain came many a one,
As he wrought by his roaring fire,
And each one prayed for a strong steel blade
As the crown of his desire :
And he made them weapons sharp and strong,
Till they shouted loud for glee,
And gave him gifts of pearl and gold,
And spoils of the forest free.
And they sang—' Hurra for Tubal Cain,
Who hath given us strength anew !
Hurra for the smith, hurra for the fire,
And hurra for the metal true ! '

But a sudden change came o'er his heart,
Ere the setting of the sun,
And Tubal Cain was filled with pain
For the evil he had done ;
He saw that men, with rage and hate,
Made war upon their kind,
That the land was red with the blood they shed
In their lust for carnage, blind.
And he said—' Alas ! that ever I made,
Or that skill of mine should plan,
The spear and the sword for men whose joy
Is to slay their fellow-man.'

And for many a day old Tubal Cain
Sat brooding o'er his woe ;
And his hand forbore to smite the ore,
And his furnace smouldered low.
But he rose at last with a cheerful face,
And a bright courageous eye,
And bared his strong right arm for work,
While the quick flames mounted high.

And he sang—'Hurra for my handicraft!'
And the red sparks lit the air;
'Not alone for the blade was the bright steel made,'
And he fashioned the first ploughshare.

And men, taught wisdom from the past,
In friendship joined their hands,
Hung the sword in the hall, the spear on the wall,
And ploughed the willing lands;
And sang—'Hurra for Tubal Cain!
Our stanch good friend is he;
And for the ploughshare and the plough
To him our praise shall be.
But while oppression lifts its head,
Or a tyrant would be lord,
Though we may thank him for the Plough,
We'll not forget the Sword!'

C. MACKAY.

352

QUA CURSUM VENTUS

As ships, becalmed at eve, that lay
With canvas drooping, side by side,
Two towers of sail at dawn of day
Are scarce long leagues apart descried;

When fell the night, upsprung the breeze,
And all the darkling hours they plied,
Nor dreamt but each the self-same seas
By each was cleaving, side by side:

E'en so—but why the tale reveal
Of those, whom year by year unchanged,
Brief absence joined anew to feel,
Astounded, soul from soul estranged?

At dead of night their sails were filled,
And onward each rejoicing steered—
Ah, neither blame, for neither willed,
Or wist, what first with dawn appeared!

To veer, how vain! On, onward strain,
Brave barks! In light, in darkness too,
Through winds and tides one compass guides—
To that, and your own selves, be true.

But O blithe breeze! and O great seas,
Though ne'er, that earliest parting past,
On your wide plain they join again,
Together lead them home at last.

One port, methought, alike they sought,
One purpose hold where'er they fare,—
O bounding breeze, O rushing seas!
At last, at last, unite them there!

A. H. CLOUGH.

353

Say not, the struggle naught availeth,
The labour and the wounds are vain,
The enemy faints not, nor faileth,
And as things have been they remain.

If hopes were dupes, fears may be liars;
It may be, in yon smoke concealed,
Your comrades chase e'en now the fliers,
And, but for you, possess the field.

For while the tired waves, vainly breaking,
Seem here no painful inch to gain,
Far back, through creeks, and inlets making,
Comes silent, flooding in, the main.

And not by eastern windows only,
When daylight comes, comes in the light,
In front, the sun climbs slow, how slowly,
But westward, look, the land is bright.

A. H. CLOUGH.

354

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

On sunny noons upon the deck's smooth face,
Linked arm in arm, how pleasant here to pace ;
Or, o'er the stern reclining, watch below
The foaming wake far widening as we go.

On stormy nights when wild north-westers rave,
How proud a thing to fight with wind and wave !
The dripping sailor on the reeling mast
Exults to bear, and scorns to wish it past.

Where lies the land to which the ship would go ?
Far, far ahead, is all her seamen know.
And where the land she travels from ? Away,
Far, far behind, is all that they can say.

A. H. Clough.

355

'O MAY I JOIN THE CHOIR INVISIBLE'

Longum illud tempus, quum non ero, magis me movet, quam hoc exiguum.—Cicero, *ad Att.* xii. 18.

O may I join the choir invisible
Of those immortal dead who live again
In minds made better by their presence : live
In pulses stirred to generosity,
In deeds of daring rectitude, in scorn
For miserable aims that end with self,
In thoughts sublime that pierce the night like stars,
And with their mild persistence urge man's search
To vaster issues.

So to live is heaven :
To make undying music in the world,
Breathing as beauteous order that controls
With growing sway the growing life of man.
So we inherit that sweet purity
For which we struggled, failed, and agonized
With widening retrospect that bred despair.
Rebellious flesh that would not be subdued,
A vicious parent shaming still its child
Poor anxious penitence, is quick dissolved ;
Its discords, quenched by meeting harmonies,
Die in the large and charitable air.
And all our rarer, better, truer self,
That sobbed religiously in yearning song,
That watched to ease the burthen of the world,
Laboriously tracing what must be,
And what may yet be better—saw within
A worthier image for the sanctuary,
And shaped it forth before the multitude
Divinely human, raising worship so
To higher reverence more mixed with love—
That better self shall live till human Time
Shall fold its eyelids, and the human sky
Be gathered like a scroll within the tomb
Unread for ever.

This is life to come,
Which martyred men have made more glorious
For us who strive to follow. May I reach
That purest heaven, be to other souls
The cup of strength in some great agony,
Enkindle generous ardour, feed pure love,
Beget the smiles that have no cruelty—
Be the sweet presence of a good diffused,
And in diffusion ever more intense.
So shall I join the choir invisible
Whose music is the gladness of the world.

GEORGE ELIOT.

356

AIRLY BEACON

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon ;
  Oh the pleasant sight to see
Shires and towns from Airly Beacon,
  While my love climbed up to me !

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon ;
  Oh the happy hours we lay
Deep in fern on Airly Beacon,
  Courting through the summer's day !

Airly Beacon, Airly Beacon ;
  Oh the weary haunt for me,
All alone on Airly Beacon,
  With his baby on my knee ?

C. KINGSLEY.

357

THE SANDS OF DEE

' O Mary, go and call the cattle home,
    And call the cattle home,
    And call the cattle home
  Across the sands of Dee ' ;
The western wind was wild and dank with foam,
  And all alone went she.

The western tide crept up along the sand,
    And o'er and o'er the sand,
    And round and round the sand,
  As far as eye could see.
The rolling mist came down and hid the land :
  And never home came she.

' Oh ! is it weed, or fish, or floating hair—
    A tress of golden hair,
    A drownéd maiden's hair
  Above the nets at sea ?
Was never salmon yet that shone so fair
  Among the stakes on Dee.'

They rowed her in across the rolling foam,
The cruel crawling foam,
The cruel hungry foam,
To her grave beside the sea :
But still the boatmen hear her call the cattle home
Across the sands of Dee.

C. KINGSLEY.

358

ODE TO THE NORTH-EAST WIND

Welcome, wild North-easter !
Shame it is to see
Odes to every zephyr ;
Ne'er a verse to thee.
Welcome, black North-easter !
O'er the German foam ;
O'er the Danish moorlands,
From thy frozen home.
Tired we are of summer,
Tired of gaudy glare,
Showers soft and steaming,
Hot and breathless air.
Tired of listless dreaming,
Through the lazy day :
Jovial wind of winter,
Turn us out to play !
Sweep the golden reed-beds ;
Crisp the lazy dyke ;
Hunger into madness
Every plunging pike.
Fill the lake with wild-fowl ;
Fill the marsh with snipe ;
While on dreary moorlands
Lonely curlew pipe.
Through the black fir-forest
Thunder harsh and dry,
Shattering down the snow-flakes
Off the curdled sky.
Hark ! The brave North-easter !
Breast-high lies the scent,

On by holt and headland,
Over heath and bent.
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Through the sleet and snow,
Who can over-ride you ?
Let the horses go !
Chime, ye dappled darlings,
Down the roaring blast ;
You shall see a fox die
Ere an hour be past.
Go ! and rest to-morrow,
Hunting in your dreams,
While our skates are ringing
O'er the frozen streams.
Let the luscious South-wind
Breathe in lovers' sighs,
While the lazy gallants
Bask in ladies' eyes.
What does he but soften
Heart alike and pen ?
'Tis the hard grey weather
Breeds hard English men.
What's the soft South-wester ?
'Tis the ladies' breeze,
Bringing home their trueloves
Out of all the seas :
But the black North-easter,
Through the snow-storm hurled,
Drives our English hearts of oak
Seaward round the world.
Come, as came our fathers,
Heralded by thee,
Conquering from the eastward,
Lords by land and sea.
Come ; and strong within us
Stir the Vikings' blood ;
Bracing brain and sinew ;
Blow, thou wind of God !

C. KINGSLEY.

359

YOUNG AND OLD

When all the world is young, lad,
And all the trees are green ;
And every goose a swan, lad,
And every lass a queen ;
Then hey for boot and horse, lad,
And round the world away ;
Young blood must have its course, lad,
And every dog his day.

When all the world is old, lad,
And all the trees are brown ;
And all the sport is stale, lad,
And all the wheels run down ;
Creep home, and take your place there,
The spent and maimed among :
God grant you find one face there,
You loved when all was young.

C. KINGSLEY.

360

O CAPTAIN ! MY CAPTAIN !

O Captain ! my Captain ! our fearful trip is done,
The ship has weather'd every rack, the prize we sought is won,
The port is near, the bells I hear, the people all exulting,
While follow eyes the steady keel, the vessel grim and daring,
But O heart ! heart ! heart !
O the bleeding drops of red !
Where on the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

O Captain ! my Captain ! rise up and hear the bells;
Rise up—for you the flag is flung—for you the bugle trills

For you bouquets and ribbon'd wreaths—for you the shores a-crowding,
For you they call, the swaying mass, their eager faces turning ;
Here Captain ! dear father !
This arm beneath your head !
It is some dream that on the deck
You've fallen cold and dead.

My Captain does not answer, his lips are pale and still,
My father does not feel my arm, he has no pulse nor will ;
The ship is anchor'd safe and sound, its voyage closed and done,
From fearful trip the victor ship comes in with object won ;
Exult, O shores, and ring, O bells !
But I, with mournful tread,
Walk the deck my Captain lies,
Fallen cold and dead.

WALT WHITMAN.

361

Playing on the virginals,
Who but I ! Sae glad, sae free,
Smelling for all cordials,
The green mint and marjorie ;
Set among the budding broom,
Kingcup and daffodilly,
By my side I made him room :
O love my Willie !

' Like me, love me, girl o' gowd,'
Sang he to my nimble strain ;
Sweet his ruddy lips o'erflowed
Till my heartstrings rang again ;
By the broom, the bonny broom,
Kingcup and daffodilly,
In my heart I made him room :
O love my Willie !

'Pipe and play, dear heart,' sang he,
'I must go, yet pipe and play;
Soon I'll come and ask of thee
For an answer yea or nay;'
And I waited till the flocks
Panted in yon waters stilly,
And the corn stood in the shocks:
O love my Willie!

I thought first when thou didst come
I would wear the ring for thee,
But the year told out its sum
Ere again thou sat'st by me;
Thou hadst naught to ask that day
By kingcup and daffodilly;
I said neither yea nor nay:
O love my Willie!

JEAN INGELOW.

362

THE HIGH TIDE ON THE COAST OF LINCOLNSHIRE (1571)

The old mayor climbed the belfry tower,
The ringers ran by two, by three;
'Pull, if ye never pulled before;
Good ringers, pull your best,' quoth he.
'Play uppe, play uppe, O Boston bells!
Ply all your changes, all your swells,
Play uppe "The Brides of Enderby."'

Men say it was a stolen tyde—
The Lord that sent it, He knows all;
But in myne ears doth still abide
The message that the bells let fall:
And there was naught of strange, beside
The flight of mews and peewits pied
By millions crouched on the old sea wall.

I sat and spun within the doore,
My thread brake off, I raised myne eyes;
The level sun, like ruddy ore,
Lay sinking in the barren skies;
And dark against day's golden death
She moved where Lindis wandereth,
My sonne's faire wife, Elizabeth.

'Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!' calling,
Ere the early dews were falling,
Farre away I heard her song,
'Cusha! Cusha!' all along;
Where the reedy Lindis floweth,
Floweth, floweth,
From the meads where melick groweth
Faintly came her milking song.

'Cusha! Cusha! Cusha!' calling,
'For the dews will soone be falling;
Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Quit the stalks of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
From the clovers lift your head;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot,
Come uppe Jetty, rise and follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.'

If it be long, aye, long ago,
When I beginne to think howe long,
Againe I hear the Lindis flow,
Swift as an arrowe, sharp and strong;
And all the aire, it seemeth mee,
Bin full of floating bells (sayth shee),
That ring the tune of Enderby.

Alle fresh the level pasture lay,
And not a shadowe mote be seene,

Save where full fyve good miles away
The steeple towered from out the greene ;
And lo ! the great bell farre and wide
Was heard in all the country side
That Saturday at eventide.

The swanherds where their sedges are
Moved on in sunset's golden breath,
The shepherde lads I heard afarre,
And my sonne's wife, Elizabeth ;
Till floating o'er the grassy sea
Came downe that kyndly message free,
The ' Brides of Mavis Enderby.'

Then some looked uppe into the sky,
And all along where Lindis flows
To where the goodly vessels lie,
And where the lordly steeple shows.
They sayde, ' And why should t! thing be ?
What danger lowers by land or sea ?
They ring the tune of Enderby !

' For evil news from Mablethorpe,
Of pyrate galleys warping down ;
For shippes ashore beyond the scorpe,
They have not spared to wake the towne :
But while the west bin red to see,
And storms be none, and pyrates flee,
Why ring " The Brides of Enderby " ?

I looked without, and lo ! my sonne
Came riding downe with might and main :
He raised a shout as he drew on,
Till all the welkin rang again,
' Elizabeth ! Elizabeth ! '
(A sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.)

' The olde sea wall (he cried) is downe,
The rising tide comes on apace,
And boats adrift in yonder towne
Go sailing uppe the market-place.'

He shook as one that looks on death :
'God save you, mother!' straight he saith ;
'Where is my wife, Elizabeth?'

'Good sonne, where Lindis winds away,
With her two bairns I marked her long ;
And ere yon bells beganne to play
Afar I heard her milking song.'
He looked across the grassy lea,
To right, to left, 'Ho Enderby!'
They rang 'The Brides of Enderby!'

With that he cried and beat his breast ;
For, lo! along the river's bed
A mighty eygre reared his crest,
And uppe the Lindis raging sped.
It swept with thunderous noises loud ;
Shaped like a curling snow-white cloud,
Or like a demon in a shroud.

And rearing Lindis backward pressed
Shook all her trembling bankes amaine ;
Then madly at the eygre's breast
Flung uppe her weltering walls again.
Then bankes came downe with ruin and rout—
Then beaten foam flew round about—
Then all the mighty floods were out.

So farre, so fast the eygre drave,
The heart had hardly time to beat,
Before a shallow seething wave
Sobbed in the grasses at oure feet :
The feet had hardly time to flee
Before it brake against the knee,
And all the world was in the sea.

Upon the roofe we sate that night,
The noise of bells went sweeping by :
I marked the lofty beacon light
Stream from the church tower, red and high—
A lurid mark and dread to see ;
And awesome bells they were to mee,
That in the dark rang 'Enderby.'

They rang the sailor lads to guide
From roofe to roofe who fearless rowed ;
And I—my sonne was at my side,
And yet the ruddy beacon glowed :
And yet he moaned beneath his breath,
' O come in life, or come in death !
O lost ! my love, Elizabeth.'

And didst thou visit him no more ?
Thou didst, thou didst, my daughter deare ;
The waters laid thee at his doore,
Ere yet the early dawn was clear.
Thy pretty bairns in fast embrace,
The lifted sun shone on thy face,
Downe drifted to thy dwelling-place.

That flow strewed wrecks about the grass,
That ebbe swept out the flocks to sea ;
A fatal ebbe and flow, alas !
To manye more than myne and mee :
But each will mourn his own (she saith),
And sweeter woman ne'er drew breath
Than my sonne's wife, Elizabeth.

I shall never hear her more
By the reedy Lindis shore,
' Cusha ! Cusha ! Cusha ! ' calling,
Ere the early dews be falling ;
I shall never hear her song,
' Cusha ! Cusha ! ' all along
Where the sunny Lindis floweth,
Goeth, floweth ;
From the meads where melick groweth,
When the water winding down,
Onward floweth to the town.

I shall never see her more
Where the reeds and rushes quiver,
Shiver, quiver ;
Stand beside the sobbing river,
Sobbing, throbbing, in its falling
To the sandy lonesome shore ;

I shall never hear her calling,
'Leave your meadow grasses mellow,
Mellow, mellow;
Quit your cowslips, cowslips yellow;
Come uppe Whitefoot, come uppe Lightfoot;
Quit your pipes of parsley hollow,
Hollow, hollow;
Come uppe Lightfoot, rise and follow;
Lightfoot, Whitefoot,
From your clovers lift the head;
Come uppe Jetty, follow, follow,
Jetty, to the milking shed.'

JEAN INGELOW.

363

THE FORSAKEN MERMAN

Come, dear children, let us away:
Down and away below!
Now my brothers call from the bay;
Now the great winds shoreward blow;
Now the salt tides seaward flow;
Now the wild white horses play,
Champ and chafe and toss in the spray.
Children dear, let us away!
This way, this way!

Call her once before you go.
Call once yet.
In a voice that she will know:
'Margaret! Margaret!'
Children's voices should be dear
(Call once more) to a mother's ear:
Children's voices, wild with pain—
Surely she will come again.
Call her once and come away;
This way, this way!
'Mother dear, we cannot stay.'
The wild white horses foam and fret.
Margaret! Margaret!

Come, dear children, come away down !
Call no more !
One last look at the white-walled town,
And the little grey church on the windy shore.
Then come down.
She will not come though you call all day.
Come away, come away !

Children dear, was it yesterday
We heard the sweet bells over the bay ?
In the caverns where we lay,
Through the surf and through the swell,
The far-off sound of a silver bell ?
Sand-strewn caverns, cool and deep,
Where the winds are all asleep ;
Where the spent lights quiver and gleam ;
Where the salt weed sways in the stream ;
Where the sea-beasts ranged all round
Feed in the ooze of their pasture-ground ;
Where the sea-snakes coil and twine,
Dry their mail and bask in the brine ;
Where great whales come sailing by,
Sail and sail, with unshut eye,
Round the world for ever and ay ?
When did music come this way ?
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, was it yesterday
(Call yet once) that she went away ?
Once she sate with you and me,
On a red gold throne in the heart of the sea,
And the youngest sate on her knee.
She comb'd its bright hair, and she tended it well,
When down swung the sound of the far-off bell.
She sigh'd, she look'd up through the clear green sea;
She said : ' I must go, for my kinsfolk pray
In the little grey church on the shore to-day.
'Twill be Easter-time in the world—ah me !
And I lose my poor soul, Merman, here with thee.'
I said : ' Go up, dear heart, through the waves !
Say thy prayer, and come back to the kind sea-caves!'

She smiled, she went up through the surf in the bay.
Children dear, was it yesterday ?

Children dear, were we long alone ?
'The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.
Long prayers,' I said, 'in the world they say.
Come ! ' I said, and we rose through the surf in the bay.
We went up the beach, by the sandy down
Where the sea-stocks bloom, to the white-walled town.
Through the narrow paved streets, where all was still,
To the little grey church on the windy hill.
From the church came a murmur of folk at their prayers,
But we stood without in the cold blowing airs.
We climbed on the graves, on the stones, worn with rains,
And we gazed up the aisle through the small-leaded panes.
She sate by the pillar ; we saw her clear :
'Margaret, hist ! come quick, we are here.
Dear heart,' I said, 'we are long alone.
The sea grows stormy, the little ones moan.'
But, ah, she gave me never a look,
For her eyes were sealed to the holy book !
Loud prays the priest ; shut stands the door.
Come away, children, call no more !
Come away, come down, call no more !

Down, down, down !
Down to the depths of the sea !
She sits at her wheel in the humming town,
Singing most joyfully.
Hark, what she sings : 'O joy, O joy,
For the humming street, and the child with its toy !
For the priest, and the bell, and the holy well—
For the wheel where I spun,
And the blessed light of the sun ! '
And so she sings her fill,
Singing most joyfully,

Till the shuttle falls from her hand,
And the whizzing wheel stands still.
She steals to the window, and looks at the sand,
And over the sand at the sea ;
And her eyes are set in a stare ;
And anon there breaks a sigh,
And anon there drops a tear,
From a sorrow-clouded eye,
And a heart sorrow-laden,
A long, long sigh ;
For the cold strange eyes of a little Mermaiden,
And the gleam of her golden hair.

Come away, away children !
Come children, come down !
The hoarse wind blows colder ;
Lights shine in the town.
She will start from her slumber
When gusts shake the door ;
She will hear the winds howling,
Will hear the waves roar.
We shall see, while above us
The waves roar and whirl,
A ceiling of amber,
A pavement of pearl.
Singing : ' Here came a mortal,
But faithless was she !
And alone dwell for ever
The kings of the sea.'

But, children, at midnight,
When soft the winds blow,
When clear falls the moonlight,
When spring-tides are low ;
When sweet airs come seaward
From heaths starred with broom,
And high rocks throw mildly
On the blanched sands a gloom ;
Up the still, glistening beaches,
Up the creeks we will hie,

Over banks of bright seaweed
The ebb-tide leaves dry.
We will gaze, from the sand-hills,
At the white, sleeping town ;
At the church on the hill-side—
And then come back down.
Singing : ' There dwells a loved one,
But cruel is she !
She left lonely for ever
The kings of the sea.'

M. Arnold.

364

THE SONG OF CALLICLES ON ETNA

Through the black, rushing smoke-bursts,
Thick breaks the red flame ;
All Etna heaves fiercely
Her forest-clothed frame.

Not here, O Apollo !
Are haunts meet for thee.
But, where Helicon breaks down
In cliff to the sea,

Where the moon-silver'd inlets
Send far their light voice
Up the still vale of Thisbe,
O speed, and rejoice !

On the sward at the cliff-top
Lie strewn the white flocks ;
On the cliff-side the pigeons
Roost deep in the rocks.

In the moonlight the shepherds,
Soft lull'd by the rills,
Lie wrapt in their blankets,
Asleep on the hills.

—What forms are these coming
So white through the gloom ?
What garments out-glistening
The gold-flower'd broom ?

What sweet-breathing presence
Out-perfumes the thyme ?
What voices enrapture
The night's balmy prime ?—

'Tis Apollo comes leading
His choir, the Nine.
—The leader is fairest,
But all are divine.

They are lost in the hollows !
They stream up again !
What seeks on this mountain
The glorified train ?—

They bathe on this mountain,
In the spring by their road ;
Then on to Olympus,
Their endless abode !

—Whose praise do they mention ?
Of what is it told ?—
What will be for ever ;
What was from of old.

First hymn they the Father
Of all things ;—and then,
The rest of immortals,
The action of men.

The day in his hotness,
The strife with the palm ;
The night in her silence,
The stars in their calm.

M. ARNOLD.

365

SHAKESPEARE

Others abide our question—Thou art free!
We ask and ask—Thou smilest and art still,
Out-topping knowledge! So some sovran hill
Who to the stars uncrowns his majesty,
Planting his steadfast footsteps in the sea,
Making the heaven of heavens his dwelling-place,
Spares but the border, often, of his base
To the foil'd searching of mortality;
And thou, whose head did stars and sunbeams know,
Self-school'd, self-scann'd, self-honour'd, self-secure,
Didst walk on earth unguess'd at.—Better so!
All pains the immortal spirit must endure,
All weakness which impairs, all griefs which bow,
Find their sole voice in that victorious brow.

M. ARNOLD.

366

A SUMMER NIGHT

In the deserted moon-blanch'd street
How lonely rings the echo of my feet!
Those windows, which I gaze at, frown,
Silent and white, unopening down,
Repellent as the world;—but see!
A break between the housetops shows
The moon, and, lost behind her, fading dim
Into the dewy dark obscurity
Down at the far horizon's rim,
Doth a whole tract of heaven disclose,
And to my mind the thought
Is on a sudden brought
Of a past night, and a far different scene.
Headlands stood out into the moon-lit deep
As clearly as at noon;
The spring-tide's brimming flow
Heaved dazzlingly between;

Houses with long white sweep
Girdled the glistening bay ;
Behind, through the soft air,
The blue haze-cradled mountains spread away.
That night was far more fair—
But the same restless pacings to and fro,
And the same vainly throbbing heart was there
And the same bright calm moon.

And the calm moonlight seems to say :
Hast thou then still the old unquiet breast,
Which never deadens into rest,
Nor ever feels the fiery glow
That whirls the spirit from itself away,
But fluctuates to and fro,
Never by passion quite possess'd,
And never quite benumb'd by the world's sway?
And I, I know not if to pray
Still to be what I am, or yield, and be
Like all the other men I see.

For most men in a brazen prison live,
Where in the sun's hot eye,
With heads bent o'er their toil, they languidly
Their lives to some unmeaning taskwork give,
Dreaming of nought beyond their prison-wall.
And as, year after year,
Fresh products of their barren labour fall
From their tired hands, and rest
Never yet comes more near,
Gloom settles slowly down over their breast ;
And while they try to stem
The waves of mournful thought by which they are prest,
Death in their prison reaches them,
Unfreed, having seen nothing, still unblest.

And the rest, a few,
Escape their prison, and depart
On the wide ocean of life anew.
There the freed prisoner, where'er his heart
Listeth, will sail ;

Nor doth he know how there prevail,
Despotic on that sea,
Trade-winds which cross it from eternity.
Awhile he holds some false way, undebarr'd
By thwarting signs, and braves
The freshening wind and blackening waves.
And then the tempest strikes him ; and between
The lightning-bursts is seen
Only a driving wreck,
And the pale master on his spar-strewn deck
With anguish'd face and flying hair
Grasping the rudder hard,
Still bent to make some port he knows not where,
Still standing for some false impossible shore.
And sterner comes the roar
Of sea and wind, and through the deepening gloom
Fainter and fainter wreck and helmsman loom,
And he too disappears, and comes no more.

Is there no life, but these alone ?
Madman or slave, must man be one ?

Plainness and clearness without shadow of stain !
Clearness divine !
Ye heavens, whose pure dark regions have no sign
Of languor, though so calm, and though so great
Are yet untroubled and unpassionate !
Who, though so noble, share in the world's toil,
And, though so task'd, keep free from dust and soil!
I will not say that your mild deeps retain
A tinge, it may be, of their silent pain
Who have long'd deeply once, and long'd in vain ;
But I will rather say that you remain
A world above man's head, to let him see
How boundless might his soul's horizons be,
How vast, yet of what clear transparency !
How it were good to live there, and breathe free
How fair a lot to fill
Is left to each man still !

M. Arnold

367

MORALITY

We cannot kindle when we will
  The fire which in the heart resides,
The spirit bloweth and is still,
  In mystery our soul abides ;
    But tasks in hours of insight will'd
    Can be through hours of gloom fulfill'd.

With aching hands and bleeding feet
  We dig and heap, lay stone on stone ;
We bear the burden and the heat
  Of the long day, and wish 'twere done.
    Not till the hours of light return
    All we have built do we discern.

Then, when the clouds are off the soul,
  When thou dost bask in Nature's eye,
Ask, how *she* view'd thy self-control,
  Thy struggling, task'd morality—
    Nature, whose free, light, cheerful air,
    Oft made thee, in thy gloom, despair.

And she, whose censure thou dost dread,
  Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
See, on her face a glow is spread,
  A strong emotion on her cheek !
    ' Ah, child ! ' she cries, ' that strife divine,
    Whence was it, for it is not mine ?

' There is no effort on *my* brow—
  I do not strive, I do not weep ;
I rush with the swift spheres and glow
  In joy, and, when I will, I sleep !
    Yet that severe, that earnest air,
    I saw I felt it once—but where ?

'I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space;
I felt it in some other clime!
I saw it in some other place!
'Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God.'

M. ARNOLD.

368

THE FUTURE

A wanderer is man from his birth.
He was born in a ship
On the breast of the river of Time;
Brimming with wonder and joy
He spreads out his arms to the light,
Rivets his gaze on the banks of the stream.

As what he sees is, so have his thoughts been.
Whether he wakes
Where the snowy mountainous pass,
Echoing the screams of the eagles,
Hems in its gorges the bed
Of the new-born clear-flowing stream;
Whether he first sees light
Where the river in gleaming rings
Sluggishly winds through the plain;
Whether in sound of the swallowing sea—
As is the world on the banks,
So is the mind of the man.

Vainly does each as he glides
Fable and dream
Of the lands which the river of Time
Had left ere he woke on its breast,
Or shall reach when his eyes have been clos'd.
Only the tract where he sails
He wots of; only the thoughts,
Raised by the objects he passes, are his.

Who can see the green earth any more
As she was by the sources of Time ?
Who imagines her fields as they lay
In the sunshine, unworn by the plough ?
Who thinks as they thought,
The tribes who then roam'd on her breast,
Her vigorous primitive sons ?

What girl
Now reads in her bosom as clear
As Rebekah read, when she sate
At eve by the palm-shaded well ?
Who guards in her breast
As deep, as pellucid a spring
Of feeling, as tranquil, as sure ?

What bard,
At the height of his vision, can deem
Of God, of the world, of the soul,
With a plainness as near,
As flashing as Moses felt,
When he lay in the night by his flock
On the starlit Arabian waste ?
Can rise and obey
The beck of the Spirit like him ?

This tract which the river of Time
Now flows through with us, is the plain.
Gone is the calm of its earlier shore.
Border'd by cities, and hoarse
With a thousand cries is its stream.
And we on its breast, our minds
Are confused as the cries which we hear,
Changing and shot as the sights which we see.

And we say that repose has fled
For ever the course of the river of Time.
That cities will crowd to its edge
In a blacker incessanter line ;
That the din will be more on its banks,
Denser the trade on its stream,

Flatter the plain where it flows,
Fiercer the sun overhead.
That never will those on its breast
See an ennobling sight,
Drink of the feeling of quiet again.

But what was before us we know not,
And we know not what shall succeed.

Haply, the river of Time,
As it grows, as the towns on its marge
Fling their wavering lights
On a wider, statelier stream—
May acquire, if not the calm
Of its early mountainous shore,
Yet a solemn peace of its own.

And the width of the waters, the hush
Of the grey expanse where he floats,
Freshening its current and spotted with foam
As it draws to the Ocean, may strike
Peace to the soul of the man on its breast;
As the pale waste widens around him—
As the banks fade dimmer away—
As the stars come out, and the night-wind
Brings up the stream
Murmurs and scents of the infinite Sea.

M. ARNOLD.

69

PHILOMELA

Hark! ah, the nightingale!
The tawny-throated!
Hark! from that moonlit cedar what a burst!
What triumph! hark—what pain!

O wanderer from a Grecian shore,
Still, after many years, in distant lands,
Still nourishing in thy bewilder'd brain
That wild, unquench'd, deep-sunken, old-world pain—
Say, will it never heal?

And can this fragrant lawn
With its cool trees, and night,
And the sweet, tranquil Thames,
And moonshine, and the dew,
To thy rack'd heart and brain
Afford no balm ?

Dost thou to-night behold,
Here, through the moonlight on this English grass,
The unfriendly palace in the Thracian wild ?
Dost thou again peruse
With hot cheeks and sear'd eyes
The too clear web, and thy dumb sister's shame ?
Dost thou once more assay
Thy flight, and feel come over thee,
Poor fugitive, the feathery change
Once more, and once more seem to make resound
With love and hate, triumph and agony,
Lone Daulis, and the high Cephissian vale ?
Listen, Eugenia—
How thick the bursts come crowding through the leaves !
Again—thou hearest ?
Eternal passion !
Eternal pain !

M. Arnold.

370

REQUIESCAT

Strew on her roses, roses,
And never a spray of yew.
In quiet she reposes ;
Ah ! would that I did too.

Her mirth the world required ;
She bathed it in smiles of glee.
But her heart was tired, tired,
And now they let her be.

Her life was turning, turning,
In mazes of heat and sound ;
But for peace her soul was yearning,
And now peace laps her round.

Her cabin'd, ample spirit,
It flutter'd and fail'd for breath ;
To-night it doth inherit
The vasty hall of death.

M. ARNOLD.

371

THE SCHOLAR GIPSY

'There was very lately a lad in the University of Oxford, who was by his poverty forced to leave his studies there; and at last to join himself to a company of vagabond gipsies. Among these extravagant people, by the insinuating subtilty of his carriage, he quickly got so much of their love and esteem as that they discovered to him their mystery. After he had been a pretty while well exercised in the trade, there chanced to ride by a couple of scholars, who had formerly been of his acquaintance. They quickly spied out their old friend among the gipsies; and he gave them an account of the necessity which drove him to that kind of life, and told them that the people he went with were not such impostors as they were taken for, but that they had a traditional kind of learning among them, and could do wonders by the power of imagination, their fancy binding that of others: that himself had learned much of their art, and when he had compassed the whole secret, he intended, he said, to leave their company, and give the world an account of what he had learned.'—GLANVIL'S *Vanity of Dogmatizing*, 1661.

Go, for they call you, shepherd, from the hill !
Go, shepherd, and untie the wattled cotes !
No longer leave thy wistful flock unfed,
Nor let thy bawling fellows rack their throats,
Nor the cropp'd grasses shoot another head !
But when the fields are still,
And the tired men and dogs all gone to rest,
And only the white sheep are sometimes seen
Cross and recross the strips of moon-blanch'd green,
Come, shepherd, and again begin the quest !

Here, where the reaper was at work of late—
In this high field's dark corner, where he leaves
His coat, his basket, and his earthen cruse,
And in the sun all morning binds the sheaves,
Then here, at noon, comes back his stores to use—
Here will I sit and wait,
While to my ear from uplands far away
The bleating of the folded flocks is borne,
With distant cries of reapers in the corn—
All the live murmur of a summer's day.

Screen'd is this nook o'er the high, half-reap'd field,
And here till sun-down, shepherd, will I be!
Through the thick corn the scarlet poppies peep,
And round green roots and yellowing stalks I see
Pale blue convolvulus in tendrils creep;
And air-swept lindens yield
Their scent, and rustle down their perfumed showers
Of bloom on the bent grass where I am laid,
And bower me from the August sun with shade;
And the eye travels down to Oxford's towers.

And near me on the grass lies Glanvil's book—
Come, let me read the oft-read tale again!
The story of that Oxford scholar poor,
Of shining parts and quick inventive brain,
Who, tired of knocking at preferment's door,
One summer morn forsook
His friends, and went to learn the gipsy lore,
And roam'd the world with that wild brotherhood,
And came, as most men deem'd, to little good,
But came to Oxford and his friends no more.

But once, years after, in the country-lanes,
Two scholars whom at college erst he knew
Met him, and of his way of life inquir'd.

Whereat he answer'd, that the gipsy crew,
His mates, had arts to rule as they desired
The workings of men's brains ;
And they can bind them to what thoughts they will.
'And I,' he said, 'the secret of their art,
When fully learn'd, will to the world impart ;
But it needs heaven-sent moments for this skill !'

This said, he left them, and return'd no more.—
But rumours hung about the country-side
That the lost Scholar long was seen to stray,
Seen by rare glimpses, pensive and tongue-tied,
In hat of antique shape, and cloak of grey,
The same the gipsies wore.
Shepherds had met him on the Hurst in spring ;
At some lone alehouse in the Berkshire moors,
On the warm ingle-bench, the smock-frock'd boors
Had found him seated at their entering,

But, mid their drink and clatter, he would fly ;—
And I myself seem half to know thy looks,
And put the shepherds, wanderer, on thy trace;
And boys who in lone wheatfields scare the rooks
I ask if thou hast pass'd their quiet place ;
Or in my boat I lie
Moor'd to the cool bank in the summer heats,
Mid wide grass meadows which the sunshine fills,
And watch the warm green-muffled Cumner hills,
And wonder if thou haunt'st their shy retreats.

For most, I know, thou lov'st retired ground !
Thee, at the ferry, Oxford riders blithe,
Returning home on summer nights, have met
Crossing the stripling Thames at Bablock-hithe,
Trailing in the cool stream thy fingers wet,
As the punt's rope chops round ;
And leaning backward in a pensive dream,
And fostering in thy lap a heap of flowers
Pluck'd in shy fields and distant Wychwood bowers,
And thine eyes resting on the moonlit stream !

And then they land, and thou art seen no more!
Maidens who from the distant hamlets come
To dance around the Fyfield elm in May,
Oft through the darkening fields have seen thee roam,
Or cross a stile into the public way.
Oft thou hast given them store
Of flowers—the frail-leaf'd, white anemone,
Dark bluebells drench'd with dews of summer eves,
And purple orchises with spotted leaves—
But none has words she can report of thee.

And, above Godstow Bridge, when hay-time 's here
In June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames,
Men who through those wide fields of breezy grass
Where black-wing'd swallows haunt the glittering Thames,
To bathe in the abandon'd lasher pass,
Have often pass'd thee near
Sitting upon the river bank o'ergrown;
Mark'd thine outlandish garb, thy figure spare,
Thy dark vague eyes, and soft abstracted air—
But, when they came from bathing, thou wert gone!

At some lone homestead in the Cumner hills,
Where at her open door the housewife darns,
Thou hast been seen, or hanging on a gate
To watch the threshers in the mossy barns.
Children, who early range these slopes and late
For cresses from the rills,
Have known thee watching, all an April day,
The springing pastures and the feeding kine;
And mark'd thee, when the stars come out and shine,
Through the long dewy grass move slow away.

In autumn, on the skirts of Bagley-wood,
Where most the gipsies by the turf-edged way
Pitch their smoked tents, and every bush you see

With scarlet patches tagg'd and shreds of grey,
Above the forest-ground call'd Thessaly—
The blackbird picking food
Sees thee, nor stops his meal, nor fears at all!
So often has he known thee past him stray
Rapt, twirling in thy hand a wither'd spray,
And waiting for the spark from Heaven to fall.

And once, in winter, on the causeway chill
Where home through flooded fields foot-travellers go,
Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge
Wrapt in thy cloak and battling with the snow,
Thy face toward Hinksey and its wintry ridge?
And thou hast climb'd the hill
And gain'd the white brow of the Cumner range;
Turn'd once to watch, while thick the snowflakes fall,
The line of festal light in Christ-Church hall—
Then sought thy straw in some sequester'd grange.

But what—I dream! Two hundred years are flown
Since first thy story ran through Oxford halls,
And the grave Glanvil did the tale inscribe
That thou wert wander'd from the studious walls
To learn strange arts, and join a gipsy tribe.
And thou from earth art gone
Long since, and in some quiet churchyard laid!
Some country nook, where o'er thy unknown grave
Tall grasses and white flowering nettles wave—
Under a dark red-fruited yew-tree's shade.

—No, no, thou hast not felt the lapse of hours!
For what wears out the life of mortal men?
'Tis that from change to change their being rolls;
'Tis that repeated shocks, again, again,
Exhaust the energy of strongest souls,

And numb the elastic powers.
Till having used our nerves with bliss and teen,
And tired upon a thousand schemes our wit,
To the just-pausing Genius we remit
Our well-worn life, and are—what we have been!

Thou hast not lived, why should'st thou perish, so?
Thou hadst *one* aim, *one* business, *one* desire!
Else wert thou long since number'd with the dead—
Else hadst thou spent, like other men, thy fire!
The generations of thy peers are fled,
And we ourselves shall go;
But thou possessest an immortal lot,
And we imagine thee exempt from age
And living as thou liv'st on Glanvil's page,
Because thou hadst—what we, alas, have not!

For early didst thou leave the world, with powers
Fresh, undiverted to the world without,
Firm to their mark, not spent on other things;
Free from the sick fatigue, the languid doubt,
Which much to have tried, in much been baffled, brings.
O life unlike to ours!
Who fluctuate idly without term or scope,
Of whom each strives, nor knows for what he strives,
And each half lives a hundred different lives;
Who wait like thee, but not, like thee, in hope.

Thou waitest for the spark from Heaven: and we,
Light half-believers of our casual creeds,
Who never deeply felt, nor clearly will'd,
Whose insight never has borne fruit in deeds,
Whose vague resolves never have been fulfill'd;
For whom each year we see
Breeds new beginnings, disappointments new;
Who hesitate and falter life away,
And lose to-morrow the ground won to-day—
Ah, do not we, wanderer, await it too?

Yes! we await it, but it still delays,
And then we suffer! and amongst us one,
Who most has suffer'd, takes dejectedly
His seat upon the intellectual throne;
And all his store of sad experience he
Lays bare of wretched days;
Tells us his misery's birth and growth and signs,
And how the dying spark of hope was fed,
And how the breast was soothed, and how the head,
And all his hourly varied anodynes.

This for our wisest! and we others pine,
And wish the long unhappy dream would end,
And waive all claim to bliss, and try to bear,
With close-lipp'd patience for our only friend,
Sad patience, too near neighbour to despair;
But none has hope like thine!
Thou through the fields and through the woods dost stray,
Roaming the country-side, a truant boy,
Nursing thy project in unclouded joy,
And every doubt long blown by time away.

O born in days when wits were fresh and clear,
And life ran gaily as the sparkling Thames;
Before this strange disease of modern life,
With its sick hurry, its divided aims,
Its headso'ertax'd, its palsied hearts, was rife—
Fly hence, our contact fear!
Still fly, plunge deeper in the bowering wood!
Averse, as Dido did with gesture stern
From her false friend's approach in Hades turn,
Wave us away, and keep thy solitude!

Still nursing the unconquerable hope,
Still clutching the inviolable shade,
With a free onward impulse brushing through,
By night, the silver'd branches of the glade—
Far on the forest-skirts, where none pursue,
On some mild pastoral slope

Emerge, and resting on the moonlit pales,
Freshen thy flowers, as in former years,
With dew, or listen with enchanted ears,
From the dark dingles, to the nightingales!

But fly our paths, our feverish contact fly!
For strong the infection of our mental strife,
Which, though it gives no bliss, yet spoils for rest;
And we should win thee from thy own fair life,
Like us distracted, and like us unblest!
Soon, soon thy cheer would die,
Thy hopes grow timorous, and unfix'd thy powers,
And thy clear aims be cross and shifting made;
And then thy glad perennial youth would fade,
Fade, and grow old at last, and die like ours.

Then fly our greetings, fly our speech and smiles!
—As some grave Tyrian trader, from the sea,
Descried at sunrise an emerging prow
Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers stealthily,
The fringes of a southward-facing brow
Among the Aegean isles;
And saw the merry Grecian coaster come,
Freighted with amber grapes, and Chian wine,
Green bursting figs, and tunnies steep'd in brine;
And knew the intruders on his ancient home,

The young light-hearted masters of the waves;
And snatch'd his rudder, and shook out more sail.
And day and night held on indignantly
O'er the blue Midland waters with the gale,
Betwixt the Syrtes and soft Sicily,
To where the Atlantic raves
Outside the western straits, and unbent sails
There, where down cloudy cliffs, through sheets of foam,
Shy traffickers, the dark Iberians come;
And on the beach undid his corded bales.

M. Arnold

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RUGBY CHAPEL

November, 1857

Coldly, sadly descends
The autumn evening! The field
Strewn with its dank yellow drifts
Of withered leaves, and the elms,
Fade into dimness apace,
Silent;—hardly a shout
From a few boys late at their play!
The lights come out in the street,
In the school-room windows; but cold,
Solemn, unlighted, austere,
Through the gathering darkness, arise
The chapel-walls, in whose bound
Thou, my father! art laid.

There thou dost lie, in the gloom
Of the autumn evening. But ah!
That word, *gloom*, to my mind
Brings thee back in the light
Of thy radiant vigour again!
In the gloom of November we pass'd
Days not of gloom at thy side;
Seasons impair'd not the ray
Of thine even cheerfulness clear.
Such thou wast! and I stand
In the autumn evening, and think
Of bygone autumns with thee.

Fifteen years have gone round
Since thou arosest to tread,
In the summer morning, the road
Of death, at a call unforeseen,
Sudden! For fifteen years,
We who till then in thy shade
Rested as under the boughs
Of a mighty oak, have endured
Sunshine and rain as we might,

Bare, unshaded, alone,
Lacking the shelter of thee!

O strong soul, by what shore
Tarriest thou now? For that force,
Surely, has not been left vain!
Somewhere, surely, afar,
In the sounding labour-house vast
Of being, is practised that strength,
Zealous, beneficent, firm!

Yes, in some far-shining sphere,
Conscious or not of the past,
Still thou performest the word
Of the Spirit in whom thou dost live—
Prompt, unwearied, as here!
Still thou upraisest with zeal
The humble good from the ground,
Sternly repressest the bad!
Still, like a trumpet, dost rouse
Those who with half-open eyes
Tread the border-land dim
'Twixt vice and virtue; reviv'st,
Succourest!—this was thy work,
This was thy life upon earth.

What is the course of the life
Of mortal men on the earth?—
Most men eddy about
Here and there—eat and drink,
Chatter and love and hate,
Gather and squander, are raised
Aloft, are hurl'd in the dust,
Striving blindly, achieving
Nothing; and then they die—
Perish! and no one asks
Who or what they have been,
More than he asks what waves,
In the moonlit solitudes mild
Of the midmost Ocean, have swell'd,
Foam'd for a moment and gone.

And there are some, whom a thirst
Ardent, unquenchable, fires,
Not with the crowd to be spent—
Not without aim to go round
In an eddy of purposeless dust,
Effort unmeaning and vain.
Ah yes, some of us strive
Not without action to die
Fruitless, but something to snatch
From dull oblivion, nor all
Glut the devouring grave!
We, we have chosen our path—
Path to a clear-purposed goal,
Path of advance!—but it leads
A long, steep journey, through sunk
Gorges, o'er mountains in snow!
Cheerful, with friends, we set forth—
Then, on the height, comes the storm!
Thunder crashes from rock
To rock, the cataracts reply;
Lightnings dazzle our eyes;
Roaring torrents have breach'd
The track—the stream-bed descends
In the place where the wayfarer once
Planted his footstep—the spray
Boils o'er its borders! aloft,
The unseen snow-beds dislodge
Their hanging ruin;—alas,
Havoc is made in our train!
Friends who set forth at our side
Falter, are lost in the storm!
We, we only, are left!
With frowning foreheads, with lips
Sternly compress'd, we strain on,
On—and at nightfall, at last,
Come to the end of our way,
To the lonely inn 'mid the rocks;
Where the gaunt and taciturn host
Stands on the threshold, the wind
Shaking his thin white hairs—

Holds his lantern to scan
Our storm-beat figures, and asks :
Whom in our party we bring ?
Whom we have left in the snow ?

Sadly we answer : We bring
Only ourselves ! we lost
Sight of the rest in the storm !
Hardly ourselves we fought through,
Stripp'd, without friends, as we are !
Friends, companions, and train
The avalanche swept from our side.

But thou would'st not *alone*
Be saved, my father ! *alone*
Conquer and come to thy goal,
Leaving the rest in the wild.
We were weary, and we
Fearful, and we, in our march,
Fain to drop down and to die.
Still thou turnedst, and still
Beckonedst the trembler, and still
Gavest the weary thy hand !
If, in the paths of the world,
Stones might have wounded thy feet,
Toil or dejection have tried
Thy spirit, of that we saw
Nothing ! to us thou wert still
Cheerful, and helpful, and firm.
Therefore to thee it was given
Many to save with thyself ;
And, at the end of thy day,
O faithful shepherd ! to come,
Bringing thy sheep in thy hand.

And through thee I believe
In the noble and great who are gone ;
Pure souls honour'd and blest
By former ages, who else—
Such, so soulless, so poor,
Is the race of men whom I see—

Seem'd but a dream of the heart,
Seem'd but a cry of desire.
Yes! I believe that there lived
Others like thee in the past,
Not like the men of the crowd
Who all round me to-day
Bluster or cringe, and make life
Hideous, and arid, and vile;
But souls temper'd with fire,
Fervent, heroic, and good,
Helpers and friends of mankind.

Servants of God!—or sons
Shall I not call you? because
Not as servants ye knew
Your Father's innermost mind,
His, who unwillingly sees
One of his little ones lost—
Yours is the praise, if mankind
Hath not as yet in its march
Fainted, and fallen, and died!

See! in the rocks of the world
Marches the host of mankind,
A feeble, wavering line!
Where are they tending?—A God
Marshall'd them, gave them their goal.—
Ah, but the way is so long!
Years they have been in the wild!
Sore thirst plagues them; the rocks,
Rising all round, overawe.
Factions divide them—their host
Threatens to break, to dissolve.—
Ah, keep, keep them combined!
Else, of the myriads who fill
That army, not one shall arrive!
Sole they shall stray; in the rocks
Labour for ever in vain,
Die one by one in the waste.

Then, in such hour of need
Of your fainting, dispirited race,
Ye, like angels, appear,
Radiant with ardour divine.
Beacons of hope, ye appear!
Languor is not in your heart,
Weakness is not in your word,
Weariness not on your brow.
Ye alight in our van! at your voice,
Panic, despair, flee away.
Ye move through the ranks, recall
The stragglers, refresh the outworn,
Praise, re-inspire the brave!
Order, courage, return.
Eyes rekindling, and prayers,
Follow your steps as ye go.
Ye fill up the gaps in our files,
Strengthen the wavering line,
Stablish, continue our march,
On, to the bound of the waste,
On, to the City of God!

M. Arnold.

373

MIMNERMUS IN CHURCH

You promise heavens free from strife,
  Pure truth, and perfect change of will;
But sweet, sweet is this human life,
  So sweet, I fain would breathe it still;
Your chilly stars I can forgo,
This warm kind world is all I know.

You say there is no substance here,
  One great reality above:
Back from that void I shrink in fear,
  And childlike hide myself in love:
Show me what angels feel. Till then,
I cling, a mere weak man, to men.

You bid me lift my mean desires
From faltering lips and fitful veins
To sexless souls, ideal quires,
Unwearied voices, wordless strains :
My mind with fonder welcome owns
One dear dead friend's remembered tones.

Forsooth the present we must give
To that which cannot pass away ;
All beauteous things for which we live
By laws of time and space decay.
But oh, the very reason why
I clasp them, is because they die.

W. J. Cory.

374

HERACLITUS

They told me, Heraclitus, they told me you were dead,
They brought me bitter news to hear and bitter tears to shed.
I wept, as I remembered, how often you and I
Had tired the sun with talking and sent him down the sky.

And now that thou art lying, my dear old Carian guest,
A handful of grey ashes, long long ago at rest,
Still are thy pleasant voices, thy nightingales, awake;
For Death, he taketh all away, but them he cannot take.

W. J. Cory.

375

AMATURUS

Somewhere beneath the sun,
These quivering heart-strings prove it,
Somewhere there must be one
Made for this soul, to move it ;
Some one that hides her sweetness
From neighbours whom she slights,
Nor can attain completeness,
Nor give her heart its rights ;
Some one whom I could court
With no great change of manner,

Still holding reason's fort,
Though waving fancy's banner;
A lady, not so queenly
As to disdain my hand,
Yet born to smile serenely
Like those that rule the land;
Noble, but not too proud;
With soft hair simply folded,
And bright face crescent-browed,
And throat by Muses moulded;
And eyelids lightly falling
On little glistening seas,
Deep-calm, when gales are brawling,
Though stirred by every breeze:
Swift voice, like flight of dove
Through minster arches floating,
With sudden turns, when love
Gets overnear to doting;
Keen lips, that shape soft sayings
Like crystals of the snow,
With pretty half-betrayings
Of things one may not know;
Fair hand, whose touches thrill,
Like golden rod of wonder,
Which Hermes wields at will
Spirit and flesh to sunder;
Light foot, to press the stirrup
In fearlessness and glee,
Or dance, till finches chirrup,
And stars sink to the sea.

Forth, Love, and find this maid,
Wherever she be hidden:
Speak, Love, be not afraid,
But plead as thou art bidden;
And say, that he who taught thee
His yearning want and pain,
Too dearly, dearly bought thee
To part with thee in vain.

W. J. Cory.

376

THE MARRIED LOVER

Why, having won her, do I woo ?
  Because her spirit's vestal grace
Provokes me always to pursue,
  But, spirit-like, eludes embrace ;
Because her womanhood is such
  That, as on court-days subjects kiss
The Queen's hand, yet so near a touch
  Affirms no mean familiarness ;
Nay, rather marks more fair the height
  Which can with safety so neglect
To dread, as lower ladies might,
  That grace could meet with disrespect ;
Thus she with happy favour feeds
  Allegiance from a love so high
That thence no false conceit proceeds
  Of difference bridged, or state put by ;
Because, although in act and word
  As lowly as a wife can be,
Her manners, when they call me lord,
  Remind me 'tis by courtesy ;
Not with her least consent of will,
  Which would my proud affection hurt,
But by the noble style that still
  Imputes an unattain'd desert ;
Because her gay and lofty brows,
  When all is won which hope can ask,
Reflect a light of hopeless snows
  That bright in virgin ether bask ;
Because, though free of the outer court
  I am, this Temple keeps its shrine
Sacred to Heaven ; because, in short,
  She 's not and never can be mine.

C. Patmore.

377

THE TOYS

My little Son, who look'd from thoughtful eyes
And moved and spoke in quiet grown-up wise,
Having my law the seventh time disobey'd,
I struck him, and dismiss'd
With hard words and unkiss'd,
His Mother, who was patient, being dead.
Then, fearing lest his grief should hinder sleep,
I visited his bed,
But found him slumbering deep,
With darken'd eyelids, and their lashes yet
From his late sobbing wet.
And I, with moan,
Kissing away his tears, left others of my own ;
For, on a table drawn beside his head,
He had put, within his reach,
A box of counters and a red-vein'd stone,
A piece of glass abraded by the beach,
And six or seven shells,
A bottle with bluebells,
And two French copper coins, ranged there with careful art,
To comfort his sad heart.
So when that night I pray'd
To God, I wept, and said :
Ah, when at last we lie with trancéd breath,
Not vexing Thee in death,
And Thou rememberest of what toys
We made our joys,
How weakly understood
Thy great commanded good,
Then, fatherly not less
Than I whom Thou hast moulded from the clay,
Thou'lt leave Thy wrath, and say,
'I will be sorry for their childishness.'

C. PATMORE.

378

KEITH OF RAVELSTON

The murmur of the mourning ghost
That keeps the shadowy kine,
'Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!'

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The merry path that leads
Down the golden morning hill,
And thro' the silver meads;

Ravelston, Ravelston,
The stile beneath the tree,
The maid that kept her mother's kine,
The song that sang she!

She sang her song, she kept her kine,
She sat beneath the thorn,
When Andrew Keith of Ravelston
Rode thro' the Monday morn.

His henchmen sing, his hawk-bells ring,
His belted jewels shine!
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Year after year, where Andrew came,
Comes evening down the glade,
And still there sits a moonshine ghost
Where sat the sunshine maid.

Her misty hair is faint and fair,
She keeps the shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

I lay my hand upon the stile,
The stile is lone and cold;
The burnie that goes babbling by
Says naught that can be told.

Yet, stranger! here, from year to year,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

Step out three steps, where Andrew stood—
Why blanch thy cheeks for fear?
The ancient stile is not alone,
'Tis not the burn I hear!

She makes her immemorial moan,
She keeps her shadowy kine;
Oh, Keith of Ravelston,
The sorrows of thy line!

S. DOBELL.

379

THE BLESSED DAMOZEL

The blesséd damozel leaned out
From the gold bar of Heaven;
Her eyes were deeper than the depth
Of waters stilled at even;
She had three lilies in her hand,
And the stars in her hair were seven.

Her robe, ungirt from clasp to hem,
No wrought flowers did adorn,
But a white rose of Mary's gift,
For service meetly worn;
Her hair that lay along her back
Was yellow like ripe corn.

Herseemed she scarce had been a day
One of God's choristers;
The wonder was not yet quite gone
From that still look of hers;
Albeit, to them she left, her day
Had counted as ten years.

(To one, it is ten years of years.
. . . . Yet now, and in this place,

Surely she leaned o'er me—her hair
Fell all about my face . . .
Nothing : the autumn fall of leaves.
The whole year sets apace.)

It was the rampart of God's house
That she was standing on ;
By God built over the sheer depth
The which is Space begun ;
So high, that looking downward thence
She scarce could see the sun.

It lies in Heaven, across the flood
Of ether, as a bridge.
Beneath, the tides of day and night
With flame and darkness ridge
The void, as low as where this earth
Spins like a fretful midge.

Heard hardly, some of her new friends
Amid their loving games
Spake evermore among themselves
Their virginal chaste names ;
And the souls mounting up to God
Went by her like thin flames.

And still she bowed herself and stooped
Out of the circling charm ;
Until her bosom must have made
The bar she leaned on warm,
And the lilies lay as if asleep
Along her bended arm.

From the fixed place of Heaven she saw
Time like a pulse shake fierce
Through all the worlds. Her gaze still strove
Within the gulf to pierce
Its path ; and now she spoke as when
The stars sang in their spheres.

The sun was gone now ; the curled moon
Was like a little feather

Fluttering far down the gulf ; and now
She spoke through the still weather.
Her voice was like the voice the stars
Had when they sang together.

(Ah sweet ! Even now, in that bird's song,
Strove not her accents there,
Fain to be hearkened ? When those bells
Possessed the mid-day air,
Strove not her steps to reach my side
Down all the echoing stair ?)

' I wish that he were come to me
For he will come,' she said.
' Have I not prayed in Heaven ?—on earth,
Lord, Lord, has he not prayed ?
Are not two prayers a perfect strength ?
And shall I feel afraid ?

' When round his head the aureole clings,
And he is clothed in white,
I'll take his hand and go with him
To the deep wells of light ;
We will step down as to a stream,
And bathe there in God's sight.

' We two will stand beside that shrine,
Occult, withheld, untrod,
Whose lamps are stirred continually
With prayer sent up to God ;
And see our old prayers, granted, melt
Each like a little cloud.

' We two will lie i' the shadow of
That living mystic tree,
Within whose secret growth the Dove
Is sometimes felt to be,
While every leaf that His plumes touch
Saith His Name audibly.

' And I myself will teach to him,
I myself, lying so,
The songs I sing here ; which his voice
Shall pause in, hushed and slow,

And find some knowledge at each pause,
Or some new thing to know.'

(Alas! We two, we two, thou say'st!
Yea, one wast thou with me
That once of old. But shall God lift
To endless unity
The soul whose likeness with thy soul
Was but its love for thee?)

'We two,' she said, 'will seek the groves
Where the lady Mary is,
With her five handmaidens, whose names
Are five sweet symphonies,
Cecily, Gertrude, Magdalen,
Margaret and Rosalys.

'Circlewise sit they, with bound locks
And foreheads garlanded;
Into the fine cloth white like flame
Weaving the golden thread,
To fashion the birth-robes for them
Who are just born, being dead.

'He shall fear, haply, and be dumb:
Then will I lay my cheek
To his, and tell about our love,
Not once abashed or weak:
And the dear Mother will approve
My pride, and let me speak.

'Herself shall bring us, hand in hand,
To Him round whom all souls
Kneel, the clear-ranged unnumbered heads
Bowed with their aureoles:
And angels meeting us shall sing
To their citherns and citoles.

'There will I ask of Christ the Lord
Thus much for him and me:—
Only to live as once on earth
With Love,—only to be,
As then awhile, for ever now
Together, I and he.'

She gazed and listened and then said,
Less sad of speech than mild,—
'All this is when he comes.' She ceased.
The light thrilled towards her, filled
With angels in strong level flight.
Her eyes prayed, and she smiled.

(I saw her smile.) But soon their path
Was vague in distant spheres:
And then she cast her arms along
The golden barriers,
And laid her face between her hands,
And wept. (I heard her tears.)

D. G. ROSSETTI.

380

REST

O Earth, lie heavily upon her eyes;
Seal her sweet eyes weary of watching, Earth;
Lie close around her; leave no room for mirth
With its harsh laughter, nor for sound of sighs.
She hath no questions, she hath no replies,
Hushed in and curtained with a blesséd dearth
Of all that irked her from the hour of birth;
With stillness that is almost Paradise.
Darkness more clear than noon-day holdeth her,
Silence more musical than any song;
Even her very heart has ceased to stir:
Until the morning of Eternity
Her rest shall not begin nor end, but be;
And when she wakes she will not think it long.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

381

SONG

When I am dead, my dearest,
Sing no sad songs for me;
Plant thou no roses at my head,
Nor shady cypress tree:

Be the green grass above me
With showers and dewdrops wet ;
And if thou wilt, remember,
And if thou wilt, forget.

I shall not see the shadows,
I shall not feel the rain ;
I shall not hear the nightingale
Sing on, as if in pain ;
And dreaming through the twilight
That doth not rise nor set,
Haply I may remember,
And haply may forget.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

382

REMEMBER

Remember me when I am gone away,
Gone far away into the silent land ;
When you can no more hold me by the hand,
Nor I half turn to go yet turning stay.
Remember me when no more day by day
You tell me of our future that you planned :
Only remember me ; you understand
It will be late to counsel then or pray.
Yet if you should forget me for a while
And afterwards remember, do not grieve :
For if the darkness and corruption leave
A vestige of the thoughts that once I had,
Better by far you should forget and smile
Than that you should remember and be sad.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

383

UP-HILL

Does the road wind up-hill all the way ?
Yes, to the very end.
Will the day's journey take the whole long day ?
From morn to night, my friend.

But is there for the night a resting-place ?
A roof for when the slow dark hours begin.
May not the darkness hide it from my face ?
You cannot miss that inn.

Shall I meet other wayfarers at night ?
Those who have gone before.
Then must I knock, or call when just in sight ?
They will not keep you standing at that door.

Shall I find comfort, travel-sore and weak ?
Of labour you shall find the sum.
Will there be beds for me and all who seek ?
Yea, beds for all who come.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

384

SONG

Oh roses for the flush of youth,
And laurel for the perfect prime ;
But pluck an ivy branch for me
Grown old before my time.

Oh violets for the grave of youth,
And bay for those dead in their prime ;
Give me the withered leaves I chose
Before in the old time.

C. G. ROSSETTI.

385

A BIRTHDAY

My heart is like a singing bird
Whose nest is in a watered shoot ;
My heart is like an appletree
Whose boughs are bent with thickset fruit ;
My heart is like a rainbow shell
That paddles in a halcyon sea ;
My heart is gladder than all these
Because my love is come to me.

Raise me a dais of silk and down ;
Hang it with vair and purple dyes ;
Carve it in doves, and pomegranates,
And peacocks with a hundred eyes ;
Work it in gold and silver grapes,
In leaves, and silver fleurs-de-lys ;
Because the birthday of my life
Is come, my love is come to me.

C. G. Rossetti.

386

BARBARA

On the Sabbath-day,
Through the churchyard old and grey,
Over the crisp and yellow leaves, I held my rustling way ;
And amid the words of mercy, falling on my soul like balms,
'Mid the gorgeous storms of music—in the mellow organ-calms,
'Mid the upward-streaming prayers, and the rich and solemn psalms,
I stood careless, Barbara.

My heart was otherwhere
While the organ shook the air,
And the priest, with outspread hands, blessed the people with a prayer ;
But, when rising to go homeward, with a mild and saint-like shine
Gleamed a face of airy beauty with its heavenly eyes on mine—
Gleamed and vanished in a moment—O that face was surely thine
Out of heaven, Barbara !

O pallid, pallid face !
O earnest eyes of grace
When last I saw thee, dearest, it was in another place.

You came running forth to meet me with my
love-gift on your wrist :
The flutter of a long white dress, then all was lost
in mist—
A purple stain of agony was on the mouth I kissed,
That wild morning, Barbara.

I searched, in my despair,
Sunny noon and midnight air ;
I could not drive away the thought that you were
lingering there.
O many and many a winter night I sat when you
were gone,
My worn face buried in my hands, beside the fire
alone—
Within the dripping churchyard, the rain plashing
on your stone,
You were sleeping, Barbara.

'Mong angels, do you think
Of the precious golden link
I clasped around your happy arm while sitting by
yon brink ?
Or when that night of gliding dance, of laughter
and guitars,
Was emptied of its music, and we watched, through
latticed bars,
The silent midnight heaven creeping o'er us with
its stars,
Till the day broke, Barbara ?

In the years I've changed ;
Wild and far my heart hath ranged,
And many sins and errors now have been on me
avenged ;
But to you I have been faithful, whatsoever good I
lacked :
I loved you, and above my life still hangs that love
intact—
Your love the trembling rainbow, I the reckless
cataract—
Still I love you, Barbara.

Yet, love, I am unblest ;
With many doubts opprest,
I wander like a desert wind, without a place of rest.
Could I but win you for an hour from off that starry shore,
The hunger of my soul were stilled, for Death hath told you more
Than the melancholy world doth know ; things deeper than all lore
You could teach me, Barbara.

In vain, in vain, in vain,
You will never come again.
There droops upon the dreary hills a mournful fringe of rain ;
The gloaming closes slowly round, loud winds are in the tree,
Round selfish shores for ever moans the hurt and wounded sea,
There is no rest upon the earth, peace is with Death and thee,
Barbara ! A. Smith.

387

OLD LOVE

' You must be very old, Sir Giles,'
I said ; he said : ' Yea, very old : '
Whereat the mournfullest of smiles
Creased his dry skin with many a fold.

' They hammer'd out my basnet point
Into a round salade,' he said,
' The basnet being quite out of joint,
Natheless the salade rasps my head.'

He gazed at the great fire awhile :
' And you are getting old, Sir John ; '
(He said this with that cunning smile
That was most sad ;) ' we both wear on.

'Knights come to court and look at me,
With eyebrows up, except my lord,
And my dear lady, none I see
That know the ways of my old sword.'

(My lady! at that word no pang
Stopp'd all my blood.) 'But tell me, John,
Is it quite true that pagans hang
So thick about the east, that on

'The eastern sea no Venice flag
Can fly unpaid for?' 'True,' I said,
'And in such way the miscreants drag
Christ's cross upon the ground, I dread

'That Constantine must fall this year.'
Within my heart: 'These things are small;
This is not small, that things outwear
I thought were made for ever, yea, all,

'All things go soon or late;' I said—
I saw the duke in court next day;
Just as before, his grand great head
Above his gold robes dreaming lay,

Only his face was paler; there
I saw his duchess sit by him;
And she—she was changed more; her hair
Before my eyes that used to swim,

And make me dizzy with great bliss
Once, when I used to watch her sit—
Her hair is bright still, yet it is
As though some dust were thrown on it.

Her eyes are shallower, as though
Some grey glass were behind; her brow
And cheeks the straining bones show through,
Are not so good for kissing now.

Her lips are drier now she is
A great duke's wife these many years,
They will not shudder with a kiss
As once they did, being moist with tears.

Also her hands have lost that way
Of clinging that they used to have ;
They look'd quite easy, as they lay
Upon the silken cushions brave

With broidery of the apples green
My Lord Duke bears upon his shield.
Her face, alas ! that I have seen
Look fresher than an April field,

This is all gone now ; gone also
Her tender walking ; when she walks
She is most queenly I well know,
And she is fair still :—as the stalks

Of faded summer-lilies are,
So is she grown now unto me
This spring-time, when the flowers star
The meadows, birds sing wonderfully.

I warrant once she used to cling
About his neck, and kiss'd him so,
And then his coming step would ring
Joy-bells for her,—some time ago.

Ah ! sometimes like an idle dream
That hinders true life overmuch,
Sometimes like a lost heaven, these seem.—
This love is not so hard to smutch.

W. Morris.

388

SHAMEFUL DEATH

There were four of us about that bed ;
The mass-priest knelt at the side,
I and his mother stood at the head,
Over his feet lay the bride ;
We were quite sure that he was dead,
Though his eyes were open wide.

He did not die in the night,
He did not die in the day,
But in the morning twilight
His spirit pass'd away,

When neither sun nor moon was bright,
And the trees were merely grey.

He was not slain with the sword,
Knight's axe, or the knightly spear,
Yet spoke he never a word
After he came in here;
I cut away the cord
From the neck of my brother dear.

He did not strike one blow,
For the recreants came behind,
In a place where the hornbeams grow,
A path right hard to find,
For the hornbeam boughs swing so,
That the twilight makes it blind.

They lighted a great torch then,
When his arms were pinion'd fast,
Sir John the knight of the Fen,
Sir Guy of the Dolorous Blast,
With knights threescore and ten,
Hung brave Lord Hugh at last.

I am threescore and ten,
And my hair is all turn'd grey,
But I met Sir John of the Fen
Long ago on a summer day,
And am glad to think of the moment when
I took his life away.

I am threescore and ten,
And my strength is mostly pass'd,
But long ago I and my men,
When the sky was overcast,
And the smoke roll'd over the reeds of the fen,
Slew Guy of the Dolorous Blast.

And now, knights all of you,
I pray you pray for Sir Hugh,
A good knight and a true,
And for Alice, his wife, pray too.

W. Morris.

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THE HAYSTACK IN THE FLOODS

Had she come all the way for this,
To part at last without a kiss ?
Yea, had she borne the dirt and rain
That her own eyes might see him slain
Beside the haystack in the floods ?

Along the dripping leafless woods,
The stirrup touching either shoe,
She rode astride as troopers do ;
With kirtle kilted to her knee,
To which the mud splash'd wretchedly ;
And the wet dripp'd from every tree
Upon her head and heavy hair,
And on her eyelids broad and fair ;
The tears and rain ran down her face.

By fits and starts they rode apace,
And very often was his place
Far off from her ; he had to ride
Ahead, to see what might betide
When the roads cross'd ; and sometimes, when
There rose a murmuring from his men,
Had to turn back with promises ;
Ah me ! she had but little ease ;
And often for pure doubt and dread
She sobb'd, made giddy in the head
By the swift riding ; while, for cold,
Her slender fingers scarce could hold
The wet reins ; yea, and scarcely, too,
She felt the foot within her shoe
Against the stirrup : all for this,
To part at last without a kiss
Beside the haystack in the floods.

For when they near'd that old soak'd hay,
They saw across the only way
That Judas, Godmar, and the three
Red running lions dismally

Grinn'd from his pennon, under which,
In one straight line along the ditch,
They counted thirty heads.

So then,
While Robert turn'd round to his men,
She saw at once the wretched end,
And, stooping down, tried hard to rend
Her coif the wrong way from her head,
And hid her eyes ; while Robert said :
' Nay, love, 'tis scarcely two to one,
At Poictiers where we made them run
So fast—why, sweet my love, good cheer,
The Gascon frontier is so near,
Nought after this.'

But, ' O,' she said,
' My God ! my God ! I have to tread
The long way back without you ; then
The court at Paris ; those six men ;
The gratings of the Chatelet ;
The swift Seine on some rainy day
Like this, and people standing by,
And laughing, while my weak hands try
To recollect how strong men swim.
All this, or else a life with him,
For which I should be damned at last,
Would God that this next hour were past ! '

He answer'd not, but cried his cry,
' St. George for Marny ! ' cheerily ;
And laid his hand upon her rein.
Alas ! no man of all his train
Gave back that cheery cry again ;
And, while for rage his thumb beat fast
Upon his sword-hilts, some one cast
About his neck a kerchief long,
And bound him.

Then they went along
To Godmar ; who said : ' Now, Jehane,
Your lover's life is on the wane

So fast, that, if this very hour
You yield not as my paramour,
He will not see the rain leave off—
Nay, keep your tongue from gibe and scoff,
Sir Robert, or I slay you now.'

She laid her hand upon her brow,
Then gazed upon the palm, as though
She thought her forehead bled, and—' No,'
She said, and turn'd her head away,
As there were nothing else to say,
And everything were settled : red
Grew Godmar's face from chin to head :
' Jehane, on yonder hill there stands
My castle, guarding well my lands :
What hinders me from taking you,
And doing that I list to do
To your fair wilful body, while
Your knight lies dead ? '

A wicked smile
Wrinkled her face, her lips grew thin,
A long way out she thrust her chin :
' You know that I should strangle you
While you were sleeping ; or bite through
Your throat, by God's help—ah ! ' she said,
' Lord Jesus, pity your poor maid !
For in such wise they hem me in,
I cannot choose but sin and sin,
Whatever happens : yet I think
They could not make me eat or drink,
And so should I just reach my rest.'

' Nay, if you do not my behest,
O Jehane ! though I love you well,'
Said Godmar, ' would I fail to tell
All that I know ? ' ' Foul lies,' she said.
' Eh ? lies, my Jehane ? by God's head,
At Paris folks would deem them true !
Do you know, Jehane, they cry for you,

" Jehane the brown ! Jehane the brown !
Give us Jehane to burn or drown ! "—
Eh—gag me Robert !—sweet my friend,
This were indeed a piteous end
For those long fingers, and long feet,
And long neck, and smooth shoulders sweet ;
An end that few men would forget
That saw it—So, an hour yet :
Consider, Jehane, which to take
Of life or death ! '

So, scarce awake,
Dismounting, did she leave that place,
And totter some yards : with her face
Turn'd upward to the sky she lay,
Her head on a wet heap of hay,
And fell asleep : and while she slept,
And did not dream, the minutes crept
Round to the twelve again ; but she,
Being waked at last, sigh'd quietly,
And strangely childlike came, and said :
'I will not.' Straightway Godmar's head,
As though it hung on strong wires, turn'd
Most sharply round, and his face burn'd.

For Robert—both his eyes were dry,
He could not weep, but gloomily
He seem'd to watch the rain ; yea, too,
His lips were firm ; he tried once more
To touch her lips ; she reach'd out, sore
And vain desire so tortured them,
The poor grey lips, and now the hem
Of his sleeve brush'd them.

With a start
Up Godmar rose, thrust them apart ;
From Robert's throat he loosed the bands
Of silk and mail ; with empty hands
Held out, she stood and gazed, and saw
The long bright blade without a flaw
Glide out from Godmar's sheath, his hand

In Robert's hair ; she saw him bend
Back Robert's head ; she saw him send
The thin steel down ; the blow told well,
Right backward the knight Robert fell,
And moan'd as dogs do, being half dead,
Unwitting, as I deem : so then
Godmar turn'd grinning to his men,
Who ran, some five or six, and beat
His head to pieces at their feet.

Then Godmar turn'd again and said :
' So, Jehane, the first fitte is read !
Take note, my lady, that your way
Lies backward to the Chatelet ! '
She shook her head and gazed awhile
At her cold hands with a rueful smile,
As though this thing had made her mad.

This was the parting that they had
Beside the haystack in the floods.

W. Morris.

390

SUMMER DAWN

Pray but one prayer for me 'twixt thy closed lips,
Think but one thought of me up in the stars.
The summer night waneth, the morning light slips,
Faint and grey 'twixt the leaves of the aspen,
betwixt the cloud-bars,
That are patiently waiting there for the dawn :
Patient and colourless, though Heaven's gold
Waits to float through them along with the sun.
Far out in the meadows, above the young corn,
The heavy elms wait, and restless and cold
The uneasy wind rises ; the roses are dun ;
Through the long twilight they pray for the dawn,
Round the lone house in the midst of the corn.
Speak but one word to me over the corn,
Over the tender, bowed locks of the corn.

W. Morris.

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As we rush, as we rush in the train,
The trees and the houses go wheeling back,
But the starry heavens above the plain
Come flying on our track.

All the beautiful stars of the sky,
The silver doves of the forest of Night,
Over the dull earth swarm and fly,
Companions of our flight.

We will rush ever on without fear;
Let the goal be far, the flight be fleet!
For we carry the Heavens with us, dear,
While the Earth slips from our feet!

J. THOMSON.

392

ITYLUS

Swallow, my sister, O sister swallow,
How can thine heart be full of the spring?
A thousand summers are over and dead.
What hast thou found in the spring to follow?
What hast thou found in thine heart to sing?
What wilt thou do when the summer is shed?

O swallow, sister, O fair swift swallow,
Why wilt thou fly after spring to the south,
The soft south whither thine heart is set?
Shall not the grief of the old time follow?
Shall not the song thereof cleave to thy mouth?
Hast thou forgotten ere I forget?

Sister, my sister, O fleet sweet swallow,
Thy way is long to the sun and the south;
But I, fulfilled of my heart's desire,
Shedding my song upon height, upon hollow,
From tawny body and sweet small mouth
Feed the heart of the night with fire.

I the nightingale all spring through,
O swallow, sister, O changing swallow,
All spring through till the spring be done,
Clothed with the light of the night on the dew,
Sing, while the hours and the wild birds follow,
Take flight and follow and find the sun.

Sister, my sister, O soft light swallow,
Though all things feast in the spring's guest-chamber,
How hast thou heart to be glad thereof yet?
For where thou fliest I shall not follow,
Till life forget and death remember,
Till thou remember and I forget.

Swallow, my sister, O singing swallow,
I know not how thou hast heart to sing.
Hast thou the heart? is it all past over?
Thy lord the summer is good to follow,
And fair the feet of thy lover the spring:
But what wilt thou say to the spring thy lover?

O swallow, sister, O fleeting swallow,
My heart in me is a molten ember
And over my head the waves have met.
But thou wouldst tarry or I would follow,
Could I forget or thou remember,
Couldst thou remember and I forget.

O sweet stray sister, O shifting swallow,
The heart's division divideth us.
Thy heart is light as a leaf of a tree;
But mine goes forth among sea-gulfs hollow
To the place of the slaying of Itylus,
The feast of Daulis, the Thracian sea.

O swallow, sister, O rapid swallow,
I pray thee sing not a little space.
Are not the roofs and the lintels wet?
The woven web that was plain to follow,
The small slain body, the flowerlike face,
Can I remember if thou forget?

O sister, sister, thy first-begotten !
The hands that cling and the feet that follow,
The voice of the child's blood crying yet,
Who hath remembered me? who hath forgotten?
Thou hast forgotten, O summer swallow,
But the world shall end when I forget.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

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THE GARDEN OF PROSERPINE

Here, where the world is quiet :
Here, where all trouble seems
Dead winds' and spent waves' riot
In doubtful dreams of dreams ;
I watch the green field growing
For reaping folk and sowing,
For harvest-time and mowing,
A sleepy world of streams.

I am tired of tears and laughter,
And men that laugh and weep ;
Of what may come hereafter
For men that sow to reap :
I am weary of days and hours,
Blown buds of barren flowers,
Desires and dreams and powers
And everything but sleep.

Here life has death for neighbour,
And far from eye or ear
Wan waves and wet winds labour,
Weak ships and spirits steer ;
They drive adrift, and whither
They wot not who make thither ;
But no such winds blow hither,
And no such things grow here.

No growth of moor or coppice,
No heather-flower or vine,
But bloomless buds of poppies,
Green grapes of Proserpine,
Pale beds of blowing rushes,
Where no leaf blooms or blushes
Save this whereout she crushes
For dead men deadly wine.

Pale, without name or number,
In fruitless fields of corn,
They bow themselves and slumber
All night till light is born;
And like a soul belated,
In hell and heaven unmated,
By cloud and mist abated
Comes out of darkness morn.

Though one were strong as seven,
He too with death shall dwell,
Nor wake with wings in heaven,
Nor weep for pains in hell;
Though one were fair as roses,
His beauty clouds and closes;
And well though love reposes,
In the end it is not well.

Pale, beyond porch and portal,
Crowned with calm leaves, she stands
Who gathers all things mortal
With cold immortal hands;
Her languid lips are sweeter
Than love's who fears to greet her
To men that mix and meet her
From many times and lands.

She waits for each and other,
She waits for all men born;
Forgets the earth her mother,
The life of fruits and corn;

And spring and seed and swallow
Take wing for her and follow
Where summer song rings hollow
And flowers are put to scorn.

There go the loves that wither,
The old loves with wearier wings;
And all dead years draw thither,
And all disastrous things;
Dead dreams of days forsaken,
Blind buds that snows have shaken,
Wild leaves that winds have taken,
Red strays of ruined springs.

We are not sure of sorrow,
And joy was never sure;
To-day will die to-morrow;
Time stoops to no man's lure;
And love, grown faint and fretful,
With lips but half regretful
Sighs, and with eyes forgetful
Weeps that no loves endure.

From too much love of living,
From hope and fear set free,
We thank with brief thanksgiving
Whatever gods may be
That no life lives for ever;
That dead men rise up never;
That even the weariest river
Winds somewhere safe to sea.

Then star nor sun shall waken,
Nor any change of light:
Nor sound of waters shaken,
Nor any sound or sight:
Nor wintry leaves nor vernal,
Nor days nor things diurnal;
Only the sleep eternal
In an eternal night.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

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A FORSAKEN GARDEN

In a coign of the cliff between lowland and highland,
At the sea-down's edge between windward and lee,
Walled round with rocks as an inland island,
The ghost of a garden fronts the sea.
A girdle of brushwood and thorn encloses
The steep square slope of the blossomless bed
Where the weeds that grew green from the graves of its roses
Now lie dead.

The fields fall southward, abrupt and broken,
To the low last edge of the long lone land.
If a step should sound or a word be spoken,
Would a ghost not rise at the strange guest's hand?
So long have the grey bare walks lain guestless,
Through branches and briers if a man make way
He shall find no life but the sea-wind's, restless
Night and day.

The dense hard passage is blind and stifled
That crawls by a track none turn to climb
To the strait waste place that the years have rifled
Of all but the thorns that are touched not of time.
The thorns he spares when the rose is taken;
The rocks are left when he wastes the plain.
The wind that wanders, the weeds wind-shaken,
These remain.

Not a flower to be pressed of the foot that falls not;
As the heart of a dead man the seed-plots are dry;
From the thicket of thorns whence the nightingale calls not,
Could she call, there were never a rose to reply.
Over the meadows that blossom and wither
Rings but the note of a sea-bird's song;
Only the sun and the rain come hither
All year long.

The sun burns sere and the rain dishevels
One gaunt bleak blossom of scentless breath.
Only the wind here hovers and revels
In a round where life seems barren as death.
Here there was laughing of old, there was weeping,
Haply, of lovers none ever will know,
Whose eyes went seaward a hundred sleeping
Years ago.

Heart handfast in heart as they stood, 'Look thither,'
Did he whisper? 'look forth from the flowers to the sea;
For the foam-flowers endure when the rose-blossoms wither,
And men that love lightly may die—but we?'
And the same wind sang and the same waves whitened,
And or ever the garden's last petals were shed,
In the lips that had whispered, the eyes that had lightened,
Love was dead.

Or they loved their life through, and then went whither?
And were one to the end—but what end who knows?
Love deep as the sea as a rose must wither,
As the rose-red seaweed that mocks the rose.
Shall the dead take thought for the dead to love them?
What love was ever as deep as a grave?
They are loveless now as the grass above them,
Or the wave.

All are at one now, roses and lovers,
Not known of the cliffs and the fields and the sea.
Not a breath of the time that has been hovers
In the air now soft with a summer to be.
Not a breath shall there sweeten the seasons hereafter
Of the flowers or the lovers that laugh now or weep,
When as they that are free now of weeping and laughter
We shall sleep.

Here death may deal not again for ever ;
Here change may come not till all change end.
From the graves they have made they shall rise up never,
Who have left nought living to ravage and rend.
Earth, stones, and thorns of the wild ground growing,
While the sun and the rain live, these shall be ;
Till a last wind's breath upon all these blowing
Roll the sea.

Till the slow sea rise and the sheer cliff crumble,
Till terrace and meadow the deep gulfs drink,
Till the strength of the waves of the high tides humble
The fields that lessen, the rocks that shrink ;
Here now in his triumph where all things falter,
Stretched out on the spoils that his own hand spread,
As a god self-slain on his own strange altar,
Death lies dead.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

395

OLIVE

Addressed to Olive Miranda Watts, aged nine years

1

Who may praise her ?
Eyes where midnight shames the sun,
Hair of night and sunshine spun,
Woven of dawn's or twilight's loom,
Radiant darkness, lustrous gloom,
Godlike childhood's flowerlike bloom,
None may praise aright, nor sing
Half the grace wherewith like spring
Love arrays her.

2

Love untold
Sings in silence, speaks in light
Shed from each fair feature, bright
Still from heaven, whence toward us, now
Nine years since, she deigned to bow
Down the brightness of her brow,
Deigned to pass through mortal birth :
Reverence calls her, here on earth,
Nine years old.

3

Love's deep duty,
Even when love transfigured grows
Worship, all too surely knows
How, though love may cast out fear,
Yet the debt divine and dear
Due to childhood's godhead here
May by love of man be paid
Never ; never song be made
Worth its beauty.

4

Nought is all
Sung or said or dreamed or thought
Ever, set beside it ; nought
All the love that man may give—
Love whose prayer should be, ' Forgive ! '
Heaven, we see, on earth may live ;
Earth can thank not heaven, we know,
Save with songs that ebb and flow,
Rise and fall.

5

No man living,
No man dead, save haply one
Now gone homeward past the sun

Ever found such grace as might
Tune his tongue to praise aright
Children, flowers of love and light,
Whom our praise dispraises : we
Sing, in sooth, but not as he
Sang thanksgiving.

6

Hope that smiled,
Seeing her new-born beauty, made
Out of heaven's own light and shade,
Smiled not half so sweetly : love,
Seeing the sun, afar above,
Warm the nest that rears the dove,
Sees, more bright than moon or sun,
All the heaven of heavens in one
Little child.

7

Who may sing her ?
Wings of angels when they stir
Make no music worthy her :
Sweeter sound her shy soft words
Here than songs of God's own birds
Whom the fire of rapture girds
Round with light from love's face lit :
Hands of angels find no fit
Gifts to bring her.

8

Babes at birth
Wear as raiment round them cast,
Keep as witness toward their past,
Tokens left of heaven ; and each,
Ere its lips learn mortal speech,
Ere sweet heaven pass on pass reach,
Bears in undiverted eyes
Proof of unforgotten skies
Here on earth.

9

Quenched as embers
Quenched with flakes of rain or snow
Till the last faint flame burns low,
All those lustrous memories lie
Dead with babyhood gone by :
Yet in her they dare not die :
Others fair as heaven is, yet,
Now they share not heaven, forget :
She remembers.

A. C. SWINBURNE.

396

ODE

We are the music-makers,
And we are the dreamers of dreams,
Wandering by lone sea-breakers,
And sitting by desolate streams ;—
World-losers and world-forsakers,
On whom the pale moon gleams :
Yet we are the movers and shakers
Of the world for ever, it seems.

With wonderful deathless ditties
We build up the world's great cities,
And out of a fabulous story
We fashion an empire's glory :
One man with a dream, at pleasure,
Shall go forth and conquer a crown ;
And three with a new song's measure
Can trample a kingdom down.

We, in the ages lying
In the buried past of the earth,
Built Nineveh with our sighing,
And Babel itself in our mirth ;
And o'erthrew them with prophesying
To the old of the new world's worth ;
For each age is a dream that is dying,
Or one that is coming to birth.

A breath of our inspiration
Is the life of each generation ;
  A wondrous thing of our dreaming,
  Unearthly, impossible seeming—
The soldier, the king, and the peasant
  Are working together in one,
Till our dream shall become their present,
  And their work in the world be done.

They had no vision amazing
Of the goodly house they are raising ;
  They had no divine foreshowing
  Of the land to which they are going :
But on one man's soul it hath broken,
  A light that doth not depart ;
And his look, or a word he hath spoken,
  Wrought flame in another man's heart.

And therefore to-day is thrilling
With a past day's late fulfilling ;
  And the multitudes are enlisted
  In the faith that their fathers resisted,
And, scorning the dream of to-morrow,
  Are bringing to pass, as they may,
In the world, for its joy or its sorrow,
  The dream that was scorned yesterday.

But we, with our dreaming and singing,
  Ceaseless and sorrowless we !
The glory about us clinging
  Of the glorious futures we see,
Our souls with high music ringing :
  O men ! it must ever be
That we dwell, in our dreaming and singing,
  A little apart from ye.

For we are afar with the dawning
  And the suns that are not yet high,
And out of the infinite morning
  Intrepid you hear us cry—

How, spite of your human scorning,
Once more God's future draws nigh,
And already goes forth the warning
That ye of the past must die.

Great hail! we cry to the comers
From the dazzling unknown shore;
Bring us hither your sun and your summers,
And renew our world as of yore;
You shall teach us your song's new numbers,
And things that we dreamed not before:
Yea, in spite of a dreamer who slumbers,
And a singer who sings no more.

A. W. E. O'Shaughnessy.

397

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the pit from pole to pole,
I thank whatever gods may be
For my unconquerable soul.

In the fell clutch of circumstance
I have not winced nor cried aloud.
Under the bludgeonings of chance
My head is bloody, but unbowed.

Beyond this place of wrath and tears
Looms but the Horror of the shade,
And yet the menace of the years
Finds, and shall find, me unafraid.

It matters not how strait the gate,
How charged with punishments the scroll,
I am the master of my fate:
I am the captain of my soul.

W. E. Henley.

398

PIED BEAUTY

Glory be to God for dappled things—
For skies of couple-colour as a brindled cow;
For rose-moles all in stipple upon trout that swim;
Fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls; finches' wings;
Landscape plotted and pieced—fold, fallow, and plough;
And áll trádes, their gear and tackle and trim.

All things counter, original, spare, strange;
Whatever is fickle, freckled (who knows how?)
With swift, slow; sweet, sour; adazzle, dim;
He fathers-forth whose beauty is past change:
Praise Him.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS.

399

THE STARLIGHT NIGHT

Look at the stars! look, look up at the skies!
O look at all the fire-folk sitting in the air!
The bright boroughs, the circle-citadels there!
Down in dim woods the diamond delves! the elves'-eyes!
The grey lawns cold where gold, where quickgold lies!
Wind-beat whitebeam! airy abeles set on a flare!
Flake-doves sent floating forth at a farmyard scare!—
Ah well! it is all a purchase, all is a prize.

Buy then! bid then!—What?—Prayer, patience, alms, vows.
Look, look: a May-mess, like on orchard boughs!
Look! March-blown, like on mealed-with-yellow sallows!

These are indeed the barn ; withindoors house
The shocks. This piece-bright paling shuts the spouse
Christ home, Christ and His mother and all His hallows.

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS.

400

FROM 'MODERN LOVE'

In our old shipwrecked days there was an hour,
When in the firelight steadily aglow,
Joined slackly, we beheld the red chasm grow
Among the clicking coals. Our library-bower
That eve was left to us : and hushed we sat
As lovers to whom Time is whispering.
From sudden-opened doors we heard them sing :
The nodding elders mixed good wine with chat.
Well knew we that Life's greatest treasure lay
With us, and of it was our talk. 'Ah, yes !
Love dies ! ' I said : I never thought it less.
She yearned to me that sentence to unsay.
Then when the fire domed blackening, I found
Her cheek was salt against my kiss, and swift
Up the sharp scale of sobs her breast did lift :—
Now am I haunted by that taste ! that sound.

Mark where the pressing wind shoots javelin-like
Its skeleton shadow on the broad-backed wave !
Here is a fitting spot to dig Love's grave ;
Here where the ponderous breakers plunge and strike,
And dart their hissing tongues high up the sand :
In hearing of the ocean, and in sight
Of those ribbed wind-streaks running into white.
If I the death of Love had deeply planned,
I never could have made it half so sure,
As by the unblest kisses which upbraid
The full-waked sense ; or failing that, degrade !
'Tis morning : but no morning can restore

What we have forfeited. I see no sin :
The wrong is mixed. In tragic life, God wot,
No villain need be ! Passions spin the plot :
We are betrayed by what is false within.

We saw the swallows gathering in the sky,
And in the osier-isle we heard them noise.
We had not to look back on summer joys,
Or forward to a summer of bright dye :
But in the largeness of the evening earth
Our spirits grew as we went side by side.
The hour became her husband and my bride.
Love, that had robbed us so, thus blessed our dearth !
The pilgrims of the year waxed very loud
In multitudinous chatterings, as the flood
Full brown came from the West, and like pale blood
Expanded to the upper crimson cloud.
Love, that had robbed us of immortal things,
This little moment mercifully gave,
Where I have seen across the twilight wave
The swan sail with her young beneath her wings.

Thus piteously Love closed what he begat :
The union of this ever-diverse pair !
These two were rapid falcons in a snare,
Condemned to do the flitting of the bat.
Lovers beneath the singing sky of May,
They wandered once ; clear as the dew on flowers :
But they fed not on the advancing hours :
Their hearts held cravings for the buried day.
Then each applied to each that fatal knife,
Deep questioning, which probes to endless dole.
Ah, what a dusty answer gets the soul
When hot for certainties in this our life !—
In tragic hints here see what evermore
Moves dark as yonder midnight ocean's force,
Thundering like ramping hosts of warrior horse,
To throw that faint thin line upon the shore !

GEORGE MEREDITH.

401

A BALLAD TO QUEEN ELIZABETH

OF THE SPANISH ARMADA

King Philip had vaunted his claims ;
He had sworn for a year he would sack us ;
With an army of heathenish names
He was coming to fagot and stack us ;
Like the thieves of the sea he would track us,
And shatter our ships on the main ;
But we had bold Neptune to back us,—
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

His carackes were christened of dames
To the kirtles whereof he would tack us ;
With his saints and his gilded stern-frames,
He had thought like an egg-shell to crack us ;
Now Howard may get to his Flaccus,
And Drake to his Devon again,
And Hawkins bowl rubbers to Bacchus,—
For where are the galleons of Spain ?

Let his Majesty hang to St. James
The axe that he whetted to hack us ;
He must play at some lustier games
Or at sea he can hope to out-thwack us ;
To his mines of Peru he would pack us
To tug at his bullet and chain ;
Alas ! that his Greatness should lack us !—
But where are the galleons of Spain ?

Envoy

Gloriana ! the Don may attack us
Whenever his stomach be fain ;
He must reach us before he can rack us, . . .
And where are the galleons of Spain ?

AUSTIN DOBSON.

402

GIRD ON THY SWORD

Gird on thy sword, O man, thy strength endue,
In fair desire thine earth-born joy renew.
Live thou thy life beneath the making sun
Till Beauty, Truth, and Love in thee are one.

Thro' thousand ages hath thy childhood run :
On timeless ruin hath thy glory been :
From the forgotten night of loves fordone
Thou risest in the dawn of hopes unseen.

Higher and higher shall thy thoughts aspire,
Unto the stars of heaven, and pass away,
And earth renew the buds of thy desire
In fleeting blooms of everlasting day.

Thy work with beauty crown, thy life with love ;
Thy mind with truth uplift to God above :
For whom all is, from whom was all begun,
In whom all Beauty, Truth, and Love are one.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

403

I HAVE LOVED FLOWERS THAT FADE

I have loved flowers that fade,
Within whose magic tents
Rich hues have marriage made
With sweet unmemoried scents :
A honeymoon delight,—
A joy of love at sight,
That ages in an hour :—
My song be like a flower !

I have loved airs, that die
Before their charm is writ
Along a liquid sky
Trembling to welcome it.
Notes, that with pulse of fire
Proclaim the spirit's desire,
Then die, and are nowhere :-
My song be like an air !

Die, song, die like a breath,
And wither as a bloom :
Fear not a flowery death,
Dread not an airy tomb !
Fly with delight, fly hence !
'Twas thine love's tender sense
To feast ; now on thy bier
Beauty shall shed a tear.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

404

NIGHTINGALES

Beautiful must be the mountains whence ye come,
And bright in the fruitful valleys the streams, wherefrom
Ye learn your song :
Where are those starry woods ? O might I wander there,
Among the flowers, which in that heavenly air
Bloom the year long !

Nay, barren are those mountains and spent the streams :
Our song is the voice of desire, that haunts our dreams,
A throe of the heart,
Whose pining visions dim, forbidden hopes profound,
No dying cadence nor long sigh can sound,
For all our art.

Alone, aloud in the raptured ear of men
We pour our dark nocturnal secret ; and then,
As night is withdrawn
From these sweet-springing meads and bursting boughs of May,
Dream, while the innumerable choir of day
Welcome the dawn.

ROBERT BRIDGES.

405

IN MEMORIAM F. A. S.

Yet, O stricken heart, remember, O remember
How of human days he lived the better part.
April came to bloom and never dim December
Breathed its killing chills upon the head or heart.

Doomed to know not Winter, only Spring, a being
Trod the flowery April blithely for a while,
Took his fill of music, joy of thought and seeing,
Came and stayed and went, nor ever ceased to smile.

Came and stayed and went, and now when all is finished,
You alone have crossed the melancholy stream,
Yours the pang, but his, O his, the undiminished
Undecaying gladness, undeparted dream.

All that life contains of torture, toil and treason,
Shame, dishonour, death, to him were but a name.
Here, a boy, he dwelt through all the singing season
And ere the day of sorrow departed as he came.

R. L. Stevenson.

406

UNTO US A SON IS GIVEN

Given, not lent,
And not withdrawn—once sent,
This Infant of mankind, this One,
Is still the little welcome Son.

New every year,
New born and newly dear,
He comes with tidings and a song,
The ages long, the ages long;

Even as the cold
Keen winter grows not old,
As childhood is so fresh, foreseen,
And spring in the familiar green.

Sudden as sweet
Come the expected feet.
All joy is young, and new all art,
And He, too, whom we have by heart.

ALICE MEYNELL.

407

VENERATION OF IMAGES

Thou man, first-comer, whose wide arms entreat,
Gather, clasp, welcome, bind,
Lack, or remember; whose warm pulses beat
With love of thine own kind:—

Unlifted for a blessing on yon sea,
Unshrined on this highway,
O flesh, O grief, thou too shalt have our knee,
Thou rood of every day!

ALICE MEYNELL.

408

IN ROMNEY MARSH

As I went down to Dymchurch Wall,
I heard the South sing o'er the land;
I saw the yellow sunlight fall
On knolls where Norman churches stand.

And ringing shrilly, taut and lithe,
Within the wind a core of sound,
The wire from Romney town to Hythe
Alone its airy journey wound.

A veil of purple vapour flowed
And trailed its fringe along the Straits;
The upper air like sapphire glowed;
And roses filled Heaven's central gates.

Masts in the offing wagged their tops;
The swinging waves peal'd on the shore;
The saffron beach, all diamond drops
And beads of surge, prolonged the roar.

As I came up from Dymchurch Wall,
I saw above the Downs' low crest
The crimson brands of sunset fall,
Flicker and fade from out the west.

Night sank : like flakes of silver fire
The stars in one great shower came down ;
Shrill blew the wind ; and shrill the wire
Rang out from Hythe to Romney town.

The darkly shining salt sea drops
Streamed as the waves clashed on the shore ;
The beach, with all its organ stops
Pealing again, prolonged the roar.

JOHN DAVIDSON.

409

EPITAPH ON AN ARMY OF MERCENARIES

These, in the day when heaven was falling,
The hour when earth's foundations fled,
Followed their mercenary calling
And took their wages and are dead.

Their shoulders held the sky suspended ;
They stood, and earth's foundations stay ;
What God abandoned, these defended,
And saved the sum of things for pay.

A. E. HOUSMAN.

410

'IN NO STRANGE LAND'

'The Kingdom of God is within you.'

O world invisible, we view thee,
O world intangible, we touch thee,
O world unknowable, we know thee,
Inapprehensible, we clutch thee !

Does the fish soar to find the ocean,
The eagle plunge to find the air—
That we ask of the stars in motion
If they have rumour of thee there ?

Not where the wheeling systems darken,
And our benumbed conceiving soars !—
The drift of pinions, would we hearken,
Beats at our own clay-shuttered doors.

The angels keep their ancient places ;—
Turn but a stone, and start a wing !
'Tis ye, 'tis your estrangèd faces,
That miss the many-splendoured thing.

But (when so sad thou canst not sadder)
Cry ;—and upon thy so sore loss
Shall shine the traffic of Jacob's ladder
Pitched betwixt Heaven and Charing Cross.

Yea, in the night, my Soul, my daughter,
Cry,—clinging Heaven by the hems ;
And lo, Christ walking on the water,
Not of Gennesareth, but Thames !

FRANCIS THOMPSON.

411

DRAKE'S DRUM

Drake he 's in his hammock an' a thousand mile away,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?)
Slung atween the round shot in Nombre Dios Bay,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Yarnder lumes the Island, yarnder lie the ships,
Wi' sailor lads a-dancin' heel-an'-toe,
An' the shore-lights flashin', an' the night-tide dashin',
He sees et arl so plainly as he saw et long ago.

Drake he was a Devon man, an' rüled the Devon seas,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
Rovin' tho' his death fell, he went wi' heart at ease,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
'Take my drum to England, hang et by the shore,
Strike et when your powder 's runnin' low ;
If the Dons sight Devon, I'll quit the port o' Heaven,
An' drum them up the Channel as we drummed them long ago.'

Drake he 's in his hammock till the great Armadas come,
(Capten, art tha sleepin' there below ?),
Slung atween the round shot, listenin' for the drum,
An' dreamin' arl the time o' Plymouth Hoe.
Call him on the deep sea, call him up the Sound,
Call him when ye sail to meet the foe ;
Where the old trade 's plyin' an' the old flag flyin'
They shall find him ware an' wakin', as they found him long ago !

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT.

412

UNWELCOME

We were young, we were merry, we were very very wise,
And the door stood open at our feast,
When there passed us a woman with the West in her eyes,
And a man with his back to the East.

O, still grew the hearts that were beating so fast,
The loudest voice was still.
The jest died away on our lips as they passed,
And the rays of July struck chill.

The cups of red wine turn'd pale on the board,
The white bread black as soot.
The hound forgot the hand of her lord,
She fell down at his foot.

Low let me lie, where the dead dog lies,
Ere I sit me down again at a feast,
When there passes a woman with the West in her eyes,
And a man with his back to the East.

MARY COLERIDGE.

413

THE LAKE ISLE OF INNISFREE

I will arise and go now, and go to Innisfree,
And a small cabin build there, of clay and wattles made;
Nine bean rows will I have there, a hive for the honey bee,
And live alone in the bee-loud glade.

And I shall have some peace there, for peace comes dropping slow,
Dropping from the veils of the morning to where the cricket sings;
There midnight 's all a-glimmer, and noon a purple glow,
And evening full of the linnet's wings.

I will arise and go now, for always night and day
I hear lake water lapping with low sounds by the shore;
While I stand on the roadway, or on the pavements gray,
I hear it in the deep heart's core.

W. B. Yeats.

414

THE FOLLY OF BEING COMFORTED

One that is ever kind said yesterday:
'Your well-beloved's hair has threads of grey,
And little shadows come about her eyes;
Time can but make it easier to be wise
Though now it seem impossible, and so
Patience is all that you have need of.' No,
I have not a crumb of comfort, not a grain;
Time can but make her beauty over again:
Because of that great nobleness of hers
The fire that stirs about her, when she stirs
Burns but more clearly. O she had not these ways,
When all the wild summer was in her gaze.
O heart! O heart! if she'd but turn her head,
You'd know the folly of being comforted.

W. B. Yeats.

415

THE COWARD

I could not look on Death, which being known,
Men led me to him, blindfold and alone.

RUDYARD KIPLING.

416

THE LAST CHANTEY

Thus said The Lord in the Vault above the Cherubim,
Calling to the Angels and the Souls in their degree :
'Lo ! Earth has pass'd away
On the smoke of Judgement Day.
That Our word may be established shall We gather up the sea ? '

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners :
'Plague upon the hurricane that made us furl and flee !
But the war is done between us,
In the deep the Lord hath seen us—
Our bones we'll leave the barracout', and God may sink the sea ! '

Then said the soul of Judas that betrayèd Him :
'Lord, hast Thou forgotten Thy covenant with me ?
How once a year I go
To cool me on the floe ?
And Ye take my day of mercy if Ye take away the sea ! '

Then said the soul of the Angel of the Off-shore Wind :
(He that bits the thunder when the bull-mouthed breakers flee) :
'I have watch and ward to keep
O'er Thy wonders on the deep,
And Ye take mine honour from me if Ye take away the sea ! '

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners :
'Nay, but we were angry, and a hasty folk are we !
If we worked the ship together
Till she foundered in foul weather,
Are we babes that we should clamour for a vengeance on the sea ?'

Then said the souls of the slaves that men threw overboard :
'Kennelled in the picaroon a weary band were we ;
But Thy arm was strong to save,
And it touched us on the wave,
And we drowsed the long tides idle till Thy Trumpets tore the sea.'

Then cried the soul of the stout Apostle Paul to God :
'Once we frapped a ship, and she laboured woundily.
There were fourteen score of these,
And they blessed Thee on their knees,
When they learned Thy Grace and Glory under Malta by the sea !'

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Plucking at their harps, and they plucked unhandily :
'Our thumbs are rough and tarred,
And the tune is something hard —
May we lift a Deepsea Chantey such as seamen use at sea ?'

Then said the souls of the gentlemen-adventurers—
Fettered wrist to bar all for red iniquity :
'Ho, we revel in our chains
O'er the sorrow that was Spain's ;
Heave or sink it, leave or drink it, we were masters of the sea !'

Up spake the soul of a gray Gothavn 'speckshioner—
(He that led the flinching in the fleets of fair Dundee) :
'Oh, the ice-blink white and near,
And the bowhead breaching clear !
Will Ye whelm them all for wantonness that wallow in the sea ? '

Loud sang the souls of the jolly, jolly mariners,
Crying : 'Under Heaven, here is neither lead nor lea !
Must we sing for evermore
On the windless, glassy floor ?
Take back your golden fiddles and we'll beat to open sea ! '

Then stooped the Lord, and He called the good sea up to Him,
And 'stablished his borders unto all eternity,
That such as have no pleasure
For to praise the Lord by measure,
They may enter into galleons and serve Him on the sea.

Sun, wind, and cloud shall fail not from the face of it,
Stinging, ringing spindrift, nor the fulmar flying free ;
And the ships shall go abroad
To the Glory of the Lord
Who heard the silly sailor-folk and gave them back their sea !

RUDYARD KIPLING.

417

RECESSIONAL

June 22, 1897

God of our fathers, known of old,
Lord of our far-flung battle-line,
Beneath whose awful Hand we hold
Dominion over palm and pine—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget !

The tumult and the shouting dies;
  The captains and the kings depart:
Still stands Thine ancient sacrifice,
  An humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

Far-called, our navies melt away;
  On dune and headland sinks the fire:
Lo, all our pomp of yesterday
  Is one with Nineveh and Tyre!
Judge of the Nations, spare us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

If, drunk with sight of power, we loose
  Wild tongues that have not Thee in awe,
Such boastings as the Gentiles use,
  Or lesser breeds without the Law—
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet,
Lest we forget—lest we forget!

For heathen heart that puts her trust
  In reeking tube and iron shard,
All valiant dust that builds on dust,
  And guarding, calls not Thee to guard,
For frantic boast and foolish word—
Thy Mercy on Thy People, Lord!

RUDYARD KIPLING.

418

CADGWITH

My windows open to the autumn night,
In vain I watched for sleep to visit me;
How should sleep dull mine ears, and dim my sight,
Who saw the stars, and listened to the sea?

Ah, how the City of our God is fair!
If, without sea, and starless though it be,
For joy of the majestic beauty there,
Men shall not miss the stars, nor mourn the sea.

LIONEL JOHNSON.

419

FOR THE FALLEN

With proud thanksgiving, a mother for her children,
England mourns for her dead across the sea.
Flesh of her flesh they were, spirit of her spirit,
Fallen in the cause of the free.

Solemn the drums thrill: Death august and royal
Sings sorrow up into immortal spheres.
There is music in the midst of desolation
And a glory that shines upon our tears.

They went with songs to the battle, they were young,
Straight of limb, true of eye, steady and aglow.
They were staunch to the end against odds uncounted,
They fell with their faces to the foe.

They shall grow not old, as we that are left grow old:
Age shall not weary them, nor the years condemn.
At the going down of the sun and in the morning
We will remember them.

They mingle not with their laughing comrades again;
They sit no more at familiar tables of home;
They have no lot in our labour of the day-time;
They sleep beyond England's foam.

But where our desires are and our hopes profound,
Felt as a well-spring that is hidden from sight,
To the innermost heart of their own land they are known
As the stars are known to the Night;

As the stars that shall be bright when we are dust,
Moving in marches upon the heavenly plain,
As the stars that are starry in the time of our darkness,
To the end, to the end, they remain.

LAURENCE BINYON.

420

SWEET STAY-AT-HOME

Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Well-content,
Thou knowest of no strange continent :
Thou hast not felt thy bosom keep
A gentle motion with the deep ;
Thou hast not sailed in Indian seas,
Where scent comes forth in every breeze.
Thou hast not seen the rich grape grow
For miles, as far as eyes can go.
Thou hast not seen a summer's night
When maids could sew by a worm's light ;
Nor the North Sea in spring send out
Bright hues that like birds flit about
In solid cages of white ice—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, sweet Love-one-place.
Thou hast not seen black fingers pick
White cotton when the bloom is thick,
Nor heard black throats in harmony ;
Nor hast thou sat on stones that lie
Flat on the earth, that once did rise
To hide proud kings from common eyes,
Thou hast not seen plains full of bloom
Where green things had such little room
They pleased the eye like fairer flowers—
Sweet Stay-at-Home, all these long hours.
Sweet Well-content, sweet Love-one-place,
Sweet, simple maid, bless thy dear face ;
For thou hast made more homely stuff
Nurture thy gentle self enough.
I love thee for a heart that 's kind—
Not for the knowledge in thy mind.—

W. H. DAVIES.

421

TREES

Of all the trees in England,
Her sweet three corners in,
Only the Ash, the bonnie Ash
Burns fierce while it is green.

Of all the trees in England,
From sea to sea again,
The Willow loveliest stoops her boughs
Beneath the driving rain.

Of all the trees in England,
Past frankincense and myrrh,
There 's none for smell, of bloom and smoke,
Like Lime and Juniper.

Of all the trees in England,
Oak, Elder, Elm, and Thorn,
The Yew alone burns lamps of peace
For them that lie forlorn.

WALTER DE LA MARE.

422

ARABIA

Far are the shades of Arabia,
Where the Princes ride at noon,
'Mid the verdurous vales and thickets,
Under the ghost of the moon ;
And so dark is that vaulted purple
Flowers in the forest rise
And toss into blossom 'gainst the phantom stars
Pale in the noonday skies.

Sweet is the music of Arabia
In my heart, when out of dreams
I still in the thin clear mirk of dawn
Descry her gliding streams ;

Hear her strange lutes on the green banks
Ring loud with the grief and delight
Of the dim-silked, dark-haired Musicians
In the brooding silence of night.

They haunt me—her lutes and her forests :
No beauty on earth I see
But shadowed with that dream recalls
Her loveliness to me :
Still eyes look coldly upon me,
Cold voices whisper and say—
' He is crazed with the spell of far Arabia,
They have stolen his wits away.'

WALTER DE LA MARE.

423

BEFORE THE ROMAN CAME TO RYE

Before the Roman came to Rye or out to Severn strode,
The rolling English drunkard made the rolling English road.
A reeling road, a rolling road, that rambles round the shire,
And after him the parson ran, the sexton and the squire ;
A merry road, a mazy road, and such as we did tread
The night we went to Birmingham by way of Beachy Head.

I knew no harm of Bonaparte and plenty of the Squire,
And for to fight the Frenchman I did not much desire ;
But I did bash their baggonets because they came arrayed
To straighten out the crooked road an English drunkard made,

Where you and I went down the lane with ale-mugs in our hands,
The night we went to Glastonbury by way of Goodwin Sands.

His sins they were forgiven him ; or why do flowers run
Behind him; and the hedges all strengthening in the sun ?
The wild thing went from left to right and knew not which was which,
But the wild rose was above him when they found him in the ditch.
God pardon us, nor harden us ; we did not see so clear
The night we went to Bannockburn by way of Brighton Pier.

My friends, we will not go again or ape an ancient rage,
Or stretch the folly of our youth to be the shame of age,
But walk with clearer eyes and ears this path that wandereth,
And see undrugged in evening light the decent inn of death ;
For there is good news yet to hear and fine things to be seen,
Before we go to Paradise by way of Kensal Green.

G. K. CHESTERTON.

424

SEA-FEVER

I must down to the seas again, to the lonely sea and the sky,
And all I ask is a tall ship and a star to steer her by,
And the wheel's kick and the wind's song and the white sail's shaking,
And a grey mist on the sea's face and a grey dawn breaking.

I must down to the seas again, for the call of the
running tide
Is a wild call and a clear call that may not be
denied ;
And all I ask is a windy day with the white clouds
flying,
And the flung spray and the blown spume, and the
sea-gulls crying.

I must down to the seas again, to the vagrant
gypsy life,
To the gull's way and the whale's way where the
wind 's like a whetted knife ;
And all I ask is a merry yarn from a laughing
fellow-rover,
And quiet sleep and a sweet dream when the long
trick 's over.

JOHN MASEFIELD.

425

ADLESTROP

Yes. I remember Adlestrop—
The name, because one afternoon
Of heat the express-train drew up there
Unwontedly. It was late June.

The steam hissed. Some one cleared his throat.
No one left and no one came
On the bare platform. What I saw
Was Adlestrop—only the name

And willows, willow-herb, and grass,
And meadowsweet, and haycocks dry,
No whit less still and lonely fair
Than the high cloudlets in the sky.

And for that minute a blackbird sang
Close by, and round him, mistier,
Farther and farther, all the birds
Of Oxfordshire and Gloucestershire.

EDWARD THOMAS.

426

MARGARET'S SONG

Too soothe and mild your lowland airs
For one whose hope is gone :
I'm thinking of a little tarn,
Brown, very lone.

Would now the tall swift mists could lay
Their wet grasp on my hair,
And the great natures of the hills
Round me friendly were.

In vain !—For taking hills your plains
Have spoilt my soul, I think,
But would my feet were going down
Towards the brown tarn's brink.

LASCELLES ABERCROMBIE.

427

A TOWN WINDOW

Beyond my window in the night
Is but a drab inglorious street,
Yet there the frost and clean starlight
As over Warwick woods are sweet.

Under the grey drift of the town
The crocus works among the mould
As eagerly as those that crown
The Warwick spring in flame and gold.

And when the tramway down the hill
Across the cobbles moans and rings,
There is about my window-sill
The tumult of a thousand wings.

JOHN DRINKWATER.

428

THE GOLDEN JOURNEY TO SAMARKAND

PROLOGUE

We who with songs beguile your pilgrimage
And swear that Beauty lives though lilies die,
We Poets of the proud old lineage
Who sing to find your hearts, we know not why,—

What shall we tell you ? Tales, marvellous tales
Of ships and stars and isles where good men rest,
Where nevermore the rose of sunset pales,
And winds and shadows fall toward the West :

And there the world's first huge white-bearded kings,
In dim glades sleeping, murmur in their sleep,
And closer round their breasts the ivy clings,
Cutting its pathway slow and red and deep.

II

And how beguile you ? Death has no repose
Warmer and deeper than that Orient sand
Which hides the beauty and bright faith of those
Who made the Golden Journey to Samarkand.

And now they wait and whiten peaceably,
Those conquerors, those poets, those so fair :
They know time comes, not only you and I,
But the whole world shall whiten, here or there ;

When those long caravans that cross the plain
With dauntless feet and sound of silver bells
Put forth no more for glory or for gain,
Take no more solace from the palm-girt wells ;

When the great markets by the sea shut fast
All that calm Sunday that goes on and on ;
When even lovers find their peace at last,
And Earth is but a star, that once had shone.

JAMES ELROY FLECKER.

429

AFTER RONSARD

When you are old, and I—if that should be—
Lying afar in undistinguished earth,
And you no more have all your will of me,
To teach me morals, idleness, and mirth,
But, curtained from the bleak December nights,
You sit beside the else-deserted fire
And 'neath the glow of double-polèd lights,
Till your alert eyes and quick judgement tire,
Turn some new poet's page, and to yourself
Praise his new satisfaction of new need,
Then pause and look a little toward the shelf
Where my books stand which none but you shall read :
And say : ' I too was not ungently sung
When I was happy, beautiful, and young.'

CHARLES WILLIAMS.

430

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me :
That there 's some corner of a foreign field
That is for ever England. There shall be
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,
A body of England's, breathing English air,
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.

And think, this heart, all evil shed away,
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England given ;
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

RUPERT BROOKE.

431

EVERYONE SANG

Everyone suddenly burst out singing ;
And I was filled with such delight
As prisoned birds must find in freedom
Winging wildly across the white
Orchards and dark-green fields ; on ; on ; and out of sight.

Everyone's voice was suddenly lifted,
And beauty came like the setting sun.
My heart was shaken with tears ; and horror
Drifted away . . . O but every one
Was a bird ; and the song was wordless ; the singing will never be done.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON.

432

ALMSWOMEN

At Quincey's moat the squandering village ends,
And there in the almshouse dwell the dearest friends
Of all the village, two old dames that cling
As close as any trueloves in the spring.
Long, long ago they passed threescore-and-ten,
And in this doll's house lived together then ;
All things they have in common, being so poor,
And their one fear, Death's shadow at the door.
Each sundown makes them mournful, each sunrise
Brings back the brightness in their failing eyes.

How happy go the rich fair-weather days
When on the roadside folk stare in amaze
At such a honeycomb of fruit and flowers
As mellows round their threshold ; what long hours
They gloat upon their steepling hollyhocks,
Bee's balsams, feathery southernwood, and stocks,
Fiery dragon's-mouths, great mallow leaves
For salves, and lemon-plants in bushy sheaves,
Shagged Esau's-hands with five green finger-tips.
Such old sweet names are ever on their lips.
As pleased as little children where these grow
In cobbled pattens and worn gowns they go,
Proud of their wisdom when on gooseberry shoots
They stuck eggshells to fright from coming fruits
The brisk-billed rascals ; pausing still to see
Their neighbour owls saunter from tree to tree,
Or in the hushing half-light mouse the lane
Long-winged and lordly.
But when those hours wane,
Indoors they ponder, scared by the harsh storm
Whose pelting saracens on the window swarm,
And listen for the mail to clatter past
And church clock's deep bay withering on the blast ;
They feed the fire that flings a freakish light
On pictured kings and queens grotesquely bright,
Platters and pitchers, faded calendars
And graceful hour-glass trim with lavenders.

Many a time they kiss and cry, and pray
That both be summoned in the selfsame day,
And wiseman linnet tinkling in his cage
End too with them the friendship of old age,
And all together leave their treasured room
Some bell-like evening when the may 's in bloom.

EDMUND BLUNDEN.

433

AFTER LONDON

London Bridge is broken down ;
Green is the grass on Ludgate Hill ;
I know a farmer in Camden Town
Killed a brock by Pentonville.

I have heard my grandam tell
How some thousand years ago
Houses stretched from Camberwell
Right to Highbury and Bow.

Down by Shadwell's golden meads
Tall ships' masts would stand as thick
As the pretty tufted reeds
That the Wapping children pick.

All the kings from end to end
Of all the world paid tribute then,
And meekly on their knees would bend
To the King of the Englishmen.

Thinks I while I dig my plot,
What if your grandam's tales be true ?
Thinks I, be they true or not,
What 's the odds to a fool like you ?

Thinks I, while I smoke my pipe
Here beside the tumbling Fleet,
Apples drop when they are ripe,
And when they drop are they most sweet.

J. D. C. Pellow.

434

A PRAYER FOR MY SON

Bid a strong ghost stand at the head
That my Michael may sleep sound,
Nor cry, nor turn in the bed
Till his morning meal come round;
And may departing twilight keep
All dread afar till morning's back,
That his mother may not lack
Her fill of sleep.

Bid the ghost have sword in fist:
Some there are, for I avow
Such devilish things exist,
Who have planned his murder, for they know
Of some most haughty deed or thought
That waits upon his future days,
And would through hatred of the bays
Bring that to nought.

Though You can fashion everything
From nothing every day, and teach
The morning stars to sing,
You have lacked articulate speech
To tell Your simplest want, and known,
Wailing upon a woman's knee,
All of that worst ignominy
Of flesh and bone;

And when through all the town there ran
The servants of Your enemy,
A woman and a man,
Unless the Holy Writings lie,
Hurried through the smooth and rough
And through the fertile and waste,
Protecting, till the danger past,
With human love.

W. B. YEATS.

435

THE HAWK

'Call down the hawk from the air;
Let him be hooded or caged
Till the yellow eye has grown mild,
For larder and spit are bare,
The old cook enraged,
The scullion gone wild.'

'I will not be clapped in a hood,
Nor a cage, nor alight upon wrist,
Now I have learnt to be proud
Hovering over the wood
In the broken mist
Or tumbling cloud.'

'What tumbling cloud did you cleave,
Yellow-eyed hawk of the mind,
Last evening? that I, who had sat
Dumbfounded before a knave,
Should give to my friend
A pretence of wit.'

W. B. YEATS.

436

BYZANTIUM

The unpurged images of day recede;
The Emperor's drunken soldiery are abed;
Night resonance recedes, night-walkers' song
After great cathedral gong;
A starlit or a moonlit dome disdains
All that man is,
All mere complexities,
The fury and the mire of human veins.

Before me floats an image, man or shade,
Shade more than man, more image than a shade;
For Hades' bobbin bound in mummy-cloth
May unwind the winding path;

A mouth that has no moisture and no breath
Breathless mouths may summon;
I hail the superhuman;
I call it death-in-life and life-in-death.

Miracle, bird or golden handiwork,
More miracle than bird or handiwork,
Planted on the star-lit golden bough,
Can like the cocks of Hades crow,
Or, by the moon embittered, scorn aloud
In glory of changeless metal
Common bird or petal
And all complexities of mire or blood.

At midnight on the Emperor's pavement flit
Flames that no faggot feeds, nor steel has lit,
Nor storm disturbs, flames begotten of flame,
Where blood-begotten spirits come
And all complexities of fury leave,
Dying into a dance,
An agony of trance,
An agony of flame that cannot singe a sleeve.

Astraddle on the dolphin's mire and blood,
Spirit after spirit! The smithies break the flood,
The golden smithies of the Emperor!
Marbles of the dancing floor
Break bitter furies of complexity,
Those images that yet
Fresh images beget,
That dolphin-torn, that gong-tormented sea.

W. B. YEATS.

437

THE DELPHIC ORACLE UPON PLOTINUS

Behold that great Plotinus swim,
Buffeted by such seas;
Bland Rhadamanthus beckons him,
But the Golden Race looks dim,
Salt blood blocks his eyes.

Scattered on the level grass
Or winding through the grove
Plato there and Minos pass,
There stately Pythagoras
And all the choir of Love.
W. B. YEATS.

438

TWO SONGS OF A FOOL II

I slept on my three-legged stool by the fire,
The speckled cat slept on my knee;
We never thought to enquire
Where the brown hare might be,
And whether the door were shut.
Who knows how she drank the wind
Stretched up on two legs from the mat,
Before she had settled her mind
To drum with her heel and to leap?
Had I but awakened from sleep
And called her name, she had heard,
It may be, and had not stirred,
That now, it may be, has found
The horn's sweet note and the tooth of the hound.
W. B. YEATS.

439

FROM THE 'ANTIGONE'

Overcome—O bitter sweetness,
Inhabitant of the soft cheek of a girl—
The rich man and his affairs,
The fat flocks and the fields' fatness,
Mariners, rough harvesters;
Overcome Gods upon Parnassus;
Overcome the Empyrean; hurl
Heaven and Earth out of their places,

That in the same calamity
Brother and brother, friend and friend,
Family and family,
City and city may contend,
By that great glory driven wild.

Pray I will and sing I must,
And yet I weep—Oedipus' child
Descends into the loveless dust.

W. B. YEATS.

See also Nos. 413, 414.

440

LAMENT OF THE FRONTIER GUARD

(translated from Rihaku)

By the North Gate, the wind blows full of sand,
Lonely from the beginning of time until now!
Trees fall, the grass goes yellow with autumn.
I climb the towers and towers
to watch out the barbarous land:
Desolate castle, the sky, the wide desert.
There is no wall left to this village.
Bones white with a thousand frosts,
High heaps, covered with trees and grass;
Who brought this to pass?
Who has brought the flaming imperial anger?
Who has brought the army with drums and with kettle-drums?
Barbarous kings.
A gracious spring, turned to blood-ravenous autumn,
A turmoil of wars-men, spread over the middle kingdom,
Three hundred and sixty thousand,
And sorrow sorrow like rain.
Sorrow to go, and sorrow, sorrow returning.
Desolate, desolate fields,
And no children of warfare upon them,

No longer the men for offence and defence.
Ah, how shall you know the dreary sorrow at the
North Gate,
With Rihoku's name forgotten,
And we guardsmen fed to the tigers.

EZRA POUND.

441

VILLANELLE: THE PSYCHOLOGICAL HOUR

I

I had over-prepared the event,
that much was ominous.
With middle-ageing care
I had laid out just the right books.
I had almost turned down the pages.

Beauty is so rare a thing.
So few drink of my fountain.

So much barren regret,
So many hours wasted!
And now I watch, from the window,
the rain, the wandering buses.
'Their little cosmos is shaken'—
the air is alive with that fact.
In their parts of the city
they are played on by diverse forces.
How do I know?
Oh, I know well enough.
For them there is something afoot.
As for me;
I had over-prepared the event—

Beauty is so rare a thing.
So few drink of my fountain.

Two friends: a breath of the forest . . .
Friends? Are people less friends
because one has just, at last, found them?
Twice they promised to come.

'Between the night and morning'

Beauty would drink of my mind.
Youth would awhile forget
my youth is gone from me.

II

('Speak up! You have danced so stiffly?
Some one admired your works,
And said so frankly.

'Did you talk like a fool,
The first night?
The second evening?'

'*But* they promised again:
"To-morrow at tea-time."')

III

Now the third day is here—
no word from either;
No word from her nor him,
Only another man's note:
'Dear Pound, I am leaving England.'

EZRA POUND.

442

GERONTION

Thou hast nor youth nor age
But as it were an after dinner sleep
Dreaming on both.

Here I am, an old man in a dry month,
Being read to by a boy, waiting for rain.
I was neither at the hot gates
Nor fought in the warm rain
Nor knee deep in the salt marsh, heaving a cutlass,
Bitten by flies, fought.

My house is a decayed house,
And the jew squats on the window sill, the owner,
Spawned in some estaminet of Antwerp,
Blistered in Brussels, patched and peeled in London.
The goat coughs at night in the field overhead;
Rocks, moss, stonecrop, iron, merds.
The woman keeps the kitchen, makes tea,
Sneezes at evening, poking the peevish gutter.
I an old man,
A dull head among windy spaces.

Signs are taken for wonders. 'We would see a sign!'
The word within a word, unable to speak a word,
Swaddled with darkness. In the juvescence of the year
Came Christ the tiger
In depraved May, dogwood and chestnut, flowering judas,
To be eaten, to be divided, to be drunk
Among whispers; by Mr. Silvero
With caressing hands, at Limoges
Who walked all night in the next room;

By Hakagawa, bowing among the Titians;
By Madame de Tornquist, in the dark room
Shifting the candles; Fraülein von Kulp
Who turned in the hall, one hand on the door.
Vacant shuttles
Weave the wind. I have no ghosts,
An old man in a draughty house
Under a windy knob.

After such knowledge, what forgiveness? Think now
History has many cunning passages, contrived corridors
And issues, deceives with whispering ambitions
Guides us by vanities. Think now

She gives when our attention is distracted
And what she gives, gives with such supple confusions
That the giving famishes the craving. Gives too late
What's not believed in, or if still believed,
In memory only, reconsidered passion. Gives too soon
Into weak hands, what's thought can be dispensed with
Till the refusal propagates a fear. Think
Neither fear nor courage saves us. Unnatural vices
Are fathered by our heroism. Virtues
Are forced upon us by our impudent crimes.
These tears are shaken from the wrath-bearing tree.

The tiger springs in the new year. Us he devours. Think at last
We have not reached conclusion, when I
Stiffen in a rented house. Think at last
I have not made this show purposelessly
And it is not by any concitation
Of the backward devils.
I would meet you upon this honestly.
I that was near your heart was removed therefrom
To lose beauty in terror, terror in inquisition.
I have lost my passion: why should I need to keep it
Since what is kept must be adulterated?
I have lost my sight, smell, hearing, taste and touch:
How should I use them for your closer contact?

These with a thousand small deliberations
Protract the profit of their chilled delirium,
Excite the membrane, when the sense has cooled,
With pungent sauces, multiply variety
In a wilderness of mirrors. What will the spider do,
Suspend its operations, will the weevil
Delay? De Bailhache, Fresca, Mrs. Cammel, whirled

Beyond the circuit of the shuddering Bear
In fractured atoms. Gull against the wind, in the
windy straits
Of Belle Isle, or running on the Horn,
White feathers in the snow, the Gulf claims,
And an old man driven by the Trades
To a sleepy corner.

Tenants of the house,
Thoughts of a dry brain in a dry season.
T. S. Eliot.

443

WHISPERS OF IMMORTALITY

Webster was much possessed by death
And saw the skull beneath the skin;
And breastless creatures under ground
Leaned backward with a lipless grin.

Daffodil bulbs instead of balls
Stared from the sockets of the eyes!
He knew that thought clings round dead limbs
Tightening its lusts and luxuries.

Donne, I suppose, was such another
Who found no substitute for sense;
To seize and clutch and penetrate,
Expert beyond experience,

He knew the anguish of the marrow
The ague of the skeleton;
No contact possible to flesh
Allayed the fever of the bone.

. . . . .

Grishkin is nice: her Russian eye
Is underlined for emphasis;
Uncorseted, her friendly bust
Gives promise of pneumatic bliss.

The crouched Brazilian jaguar
Compels the scampering marmoset
With subtle effluence of cat;
Grishkin has a maisonette;

The sleek Brazilian jaguar
Does not in its arboreal gloom
Distil so rank a feline smell
As Grishkin in a drawing-room.

And even the Abstract Entities
Circumambulate her charm;
But our lot crawls between dry ribs
To keep our metaphysics warm.

T. S. Eliot.

444

ANIMULA

'Issues from the hand of God, the simple soul'
To a flat world of changing lights and noise,
To light, dark, dry or damp, chilly or warm;
Moving between the legs of tables and of chairs,
Rising or falling, grasping at kisses and toys,
Advancing boldly, sudden to take alarm,
Retreating to the corner of arm and knee,
Eager to be reassured, taking pleasure
In the fragrant brilliance of the Christmas tree,
Pleasure in the wind, the sunlight and the sea;
Studies the sunlit pattern on the floor
And running stags around a silver tray;
Confounds the actual and the fanciful,
Content with playing-cards and kings and queens,
What the fairies do and what the servants say.
The heavy burden of the growing soul
Perplexes and offends more, day by day;
Week by week, offends and perplexes more
With the imperatives of 'is and seems'
And may and may not, desire and control.
The pain of living and the drug of dreams
Curl up the small soul in the window seat

Behind the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*.
Issues from the hand of time the simple soul
Irresolute and selfish, misshapen, lame,
Unable to fare forward or retreat,
Fearing the warm reality, the offered good,
Denying the importunity of the blood,
Shadow of its own shadows, spectre in its own gloom,
Leaving disordered papers in a dusty room;
Living first in the silence after the viaticum.

Pray for Guiterriez, avid of speed and power,
For Boudin, blown to pieces,
For this one who made a great fortune,
And that one who went his own way.
Pray for Floret, by the boarhound slain between the yew trees,
Pray for us now and at the hour of our birth.

T. S. Eliot.

445

NECROLOGICAL

The friar had said his paternosters duly
And scourged his limbs, and afterwards would have slept;
But with much riddling his head became unruly,
He arose, from the quiet monastery he crept.

Dawn lightened the place where the battle had been won.
The people were dead—it is easy, he thought, to die—
Those dead remained, but the living all were gone,
Gone with the wailing trumps of victory.

The dead men wore no raiment against the air,
Bartholomew's men had spoiled them where they fell;
In defeat the heroes' bosoms were whitely bare,
The field was white like meads of asphodel.

Not all were white; some gory and fabulous
Whom the sword had pierced and then the grey wolf eaten;
But the brother reasoned that heroes' flesh was thus,
Flesh fails, and the postured bones lie weather-beaten.

The lords of chivalry were prone and shattered,
The gentle and the body-guard of yeomen;
Bartholomew's stroke went home—but little it mattered,
Bartholomew went to be stricken of other foemen.

Beneath the blue ogive of the firmament
Was a dead warrior, clutching whose mighty knees
Was a leman, who with her flame had warmed his tent,
For him enduring all men's pleasantries.

Close by the sable stream that purged the plain
Lay the white stallion and his rider thrown.
The great beast had spilled there his little brain,
And the little groin of the knight was spilled by a stone.

The youth possessed him then of a crooked blade
Deep in the belly of a lugubrious knight;
He fingered it well, and it was cunningly made;
But strange apparatus was it for a Carmelite.

Then he sat upon a hill and hung his head,
Riddling, riddling, and lost in a vast surmise,
And so still that he likened himself unto those dead
Whom the kites of Heaven solicited with sweet cries.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

446

CAPTAIN CARPENTER

Captain Carpenter rose up in his prime
Put on his pistols and went riding out
But had got wellnigh nowhere at that time
Till he fell in with ladies in a rout.

It was a pretty lady and all her train
That played with him so sweetly but before
An hour she'd taken a sword with all her main
And twined him of his nose for evermore.

Captain Carpenter mounted up one day
And rode straightway into a stranger rogue
That looked unchristian but be that as may
The Captain did not wait upon prologue.

But drew upon him out of his great heart
The other swung against him with a club
And cracked his two legs at the shinny part
And let him roll and stick like any tub.

Captain Carpenter rode many a time
From male and female took he sundry harms
He met the wife of Satan crying 'I'm
The she-wolf bids you shall bear no more arms.'

Their strokes and counters whistled in the wind
I wish he had delivered half his blows
But where she should have made off like a hind
The bitch bit off his arms at the elbows.

And Captain Carpenter parted with his ears
To a black devil that used him in this wise
O Jesus ere his threescore and ten years
Another had plucked out his sweet blue eyes.

Captain Carpenter got up on his roan
And sallied from the gate in hell's despite
I heard him asking in the grimmest tone
If any enemy yet there was to fight?

'To any adversary it is fame
If he risk to be wounded by my tongue
Or burnt in two beneath my red heart's flame
Such are the perils he is cast among.

'But if he can he has a pretty choice
From an anatomy with little to lose
Whether he cut my tongue and take my voice
Or whether it be my round red heart he choose.'

It was the neatest knave that ever was seen
Stepping in perfume from his lady's bower
Who at this word put in his merry mien
And fell on Captain Carpenter like a tower.

I would not knock old fellows in the dust
But there lay Captain Carpenter on his back
His weapons were the old heart in his bust
And a blade shook between rotten teeth alack.

The rogue in scarlet and grey soon knew his mind
He wished to get his trophy and depart
With gentle apology and touch refined
He pierced him and produced the Captain's heart.

God's mercy rest on Captain Carpenter now
I thought him Sirs an honest gentleman
Citizen husband soldier and scholar enow
Let jangling kites eat of him if they can.

But God's deep curses follow after those
That shore him of his goodly nose and ears
His legs and strong arms at the two elbows
And eyes that had not watered seventy years.

The curse of hell upon the sleek upstart
Who got the Captain finally on his back
And took the red red vitals of his heart
And made the kites to whet their beaks clack clack.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM.

447

FUTILITY

Move him into the sun—
Gently its touch awoke him once,
At home, whispering of fields unsown.
Always it woke him, even in France,
Until this morning and this snow.
If anything might rouse him now
The kind old sun will know.

Think how it wakes the seeds,—
Woke, once, the clays of a cold star.
Are limbs, so dear-achieved, are sides,
Full-nerved—still warm—too hard to stir?
Was it for this the clay grew tall?
—O what made fatuous sunbeams toil
To break earth's sleep at all?

WILFRED OWEN.

448

STRANGE MEETING

It seemed that out of battle I escaped
Down some profound dull tunnel, long since scooped
Through granites which titanic wars had groined.
Yet also there encumbered sleepers groaned,
Too fast in thought or death to be bestirred.
Then, as I probed them, one sprang up, and stared
With piteous recognition in fixed eyes,
Lifting distressful hands as if to bless.
And by his smile, I knew that sullen hall,
By his dead smile I knew we stood in Hell.
With a thousand pains that vision's face was grained;
Yet no blood reached there from the upper ground,
And no guns thumped, or down the flues made moan.
'Strange friend,' I said, 'here is no cause to mourn.'
'None,' said the other, 'save the undone years,

The hoplessness. Whatever hope is yours,
Was my life also; I went hunting wild
After the wildest beauty in the world,
Which lies not calm in eyes, or braided hair,
But mocks the steady running of the hour,
And if it grieves, grieves richlier than here.
For by my glee might many men have laughed,
And of my weeping something had been left,
Which must die now. I mean the truth untold,
The pity of war, the pity war distilled.
Now men will go content with what we spoiled.
Or, discontent, boil bloody, and be spilled.
They will be swift with swiftness of the tigress,
None will break ranks, though nations trek from progress.
Courage was mine, and I had mystery,
Wisdom was mine, and I had mastery;
To miss the march of this retreating world
Into vain citadels that are not walled.
Then, when much blood had clogged their chariot-wheels
I would go up and wash them from sweet wells,
Even with truths that lie too deep for taint.
I would have poured my spirit without stint
But not through wounds; not on the cess of war.
Foreheads of men have bled where no wounds were.
I am the enemy you killed, my friend.
I knew you in this dark; for so you frowned
Yesterday through me as you jabbed and killed.
I parried; but my hands were loath and cold.
Let us sleep now. . . .'

WILFRED OWEN.

449

THE FLIGHT

Sing we the two lieutenants, Parer and M'Intosh,
After the War wishing to hie them to Australia,
Planned they would take a high way, a hazardous crazy air-way:

Death their foregone conclusion, a flight headlong
to failure,
We said. For no silver posh
Plane was their pigeon, no dandy dancer quick-
stepping through heaven,
But a craft of obsolete design, a condemned D.H.
nine;
Sold for a song it was, patched up though to write
an heroic
Line across the world as it reeled on its obstinate
stoic
Course to that southern haven.

On January 8, 1920, their curveting wheels kissed
England goodbye. Over Hounslow huddled in
morning mist
They rose and circled like buzzards while we rubbed
our sleepy eyes:
Like a bird scarce-fledged they flew, whose flying
hours are few—
Still dear is the nest but deeper its desire unto the
skies—
And they left us to our sleeping.
They felt earth's warning tug on their wings: vain
to advance
Asking a thoroughfare through the angers of the air
On so flimsy a frame: but they pulled up her nose
and the earth went sloping
Away, and they aimed for France.

Fog first, a wet blanket, a kill-joy, the primrose-of-
morning's blight,
Blotting out the dimpled sea, the ample welcome of
land,
The gay glance from the bright
Cliff-face behind, snaring the sky with treachery,
sneering
At hope's loss of height. But they charged it,
flying blind;
They took a compass-bearing against that dealer of
doubt,

As a saint when the field of vision is fogged gloriously steels
His spirit against the tainter of air, the elusive taunter:
They climbed to win a way out,
Then downward dared till the moody waves snarled at their wheels.

Landing at last near Conteville, who had skimmed the crest of oblivion
They could not rest, but rose and flew on to Paris, and there
Trivially were delayed—a defective petrol feed—
Three days: a time hung heavy on
Hand and heart, till they leapt again to the upper air,
Their element, their lover, their angel antagonist.
Would have taken a fall without fame, but the sinewy framework the wrist
Of steel the panting engine wrestled well: and they went
South while the going was good, as a swallow that guide nor goad
Needs on his sunny scent.

At Lyons the petrol pump failed again, and forty-eight hours
They chafed to be off, the haughty champions whose breathing-space
Was an horizon span and the four winds their fan.
Over Italy's shores
A reverse, the oil ran out and cursing they turned about
Losing a hundred miles to find a landing place.
Not a coast for a castaway this, no even chance of alighting
On sward or wind-smooth sand:
A hundred miles without pressure they flew, the engine fighting
For breath, and its heart nearly burst before they dropped to land.

And now the earth they had spurned rose up against them in anger,
Tier upon tier it towered, the terrible Apennines:
No sanctuary there for wings, not flares nor landing-lines,
No hope of floor and hangar.
Yet those iced-tipped spears that disputed the passage set spurs
To their two hundred and forty horse power; grimly they gained
Altitude, though the hand of heaven was heavy upon them,
The downdraught from the mountains: though desperate eddies spun them
Like a coin, yet unkindly tossed their luck came uppermost
And mastery remained.

Air was all ambushes round them, was avalanche earthquake
Quicksand, a funnel deep as doom, till climbing steep
They crawled like a fly up the face of perpendicular night
And levelled, finding a break
At fourteen thousand feet. Here earth is shorn from sight:
Deadweight a darkness hangs on their eyelids, and they bruise
Their eyes against a void: vindictive the cold airs close
Down like a trap of steel and numb them from head to heel;
Yet they kept an even keel,
For their spirit reached forward and took the controls while their fingers froze.

They had not heard the last of death. When the mountains were passed,
He raised another crest, the long crescendo of pain
Kindled to climax, the plane

Took fire. Alone in the sky with the breath of their enemy
Hot in their face they fought: from three thousand feet they tilted
Over, side-slipped away—a trick for an ace, a race
And running duel with death: flame streamed out behind,
A crimson scarf of, as life-blood out of a wound, but the wind
Of their downfall staunched it; death wilted,
Lagged and died out in smoke—he could not stay their pace.

A lull for a while. The powers of hell rallied their legions.
On Parer now fell the stress of the flight; for the plane had been bumped,
Buffeted, thrashed by the air almost beyond repair:
But he tinkered and coaxed, and they limped
Over the Adriatic on into warmer regions.
Erratic their course to Athens, to Crete: coolly they rode her
Like a tired horse at the water-jumps, they jockeyed her over seas,
Till they came at last to a land whose dynasties of sand
Had seen Alexander, Napoleon, many a straddling invader,
But never none like these. . . .

C. Day Lewis.

450

DESCRIPTION OF A VIEW

Well boiled in acid and then laid on glass
(A labelled strip) the specimen of building,
Though concrete, was not sure what size it was,
And was so large as to compare with nothing.
High to a low and vulnerable sky
It rose, and could have scraped it if it chose;
But, plain, and firm, and cleanly, like stretched string,

It would not think of doing such a thing;
On trust, it did not try.
My eye walked up the ladder of its windows.

Stretched in the crane's long pencil of a stalk
(Whose dry but tough metal brown of grass
Flowered its salted down on this tall chalk)
Sole as the bridge Milton gave death to pass
The beam of Justice as in doubt for ever
Hung like a Zeppelin over London river;
Its lifted sealine impiously threatened deluge,
Fixed, like a level rainbow, to the sky;

Whose blue glittered with a frosted silver
Like palace walls in Grimm papered with needles
The sands all shining in its larger concrete
A dome compact of all but visible stars.

WILLIAM EMPSON.

451

NOTE ON LOCAL FLORA

There is a tree native in Turkestan,
Or further east towards the Tree of Heaven,
Whose hard cold cones, not being wards to time,
Will leave their mother only for good cause;
Will ripen only in a forest fire;
Wait, to be fathered as was Bacchus once,
Through men's long lives, that image of time's end.
I knew the Phoenix was a vegetable.
So Semele desired her deity
As this in Kew thirsts for the Red Dawn.

WILLIAM EMPSON.

452

OUT ON THE LAWN

To Geoffrey Hoyland

Out on the lawn I lie in bed,
Vega conspicuous overhead

In the windless nights of June;
Forests of green have done complete
The day's activity; my feet
Point to the rising moon.

Lucky, this point in time and space
Is chosen as my working place;
Where the sexy air of summer,
The bathing hours and the bare arms,
The leisured drives through a land of farms,
Are good to the newcomer.

Equal with colleagues in a ring
I sit on each calm evening,
Enchanted as the flowers
The opening light draws out of hiding
From leaves with all its dove-like pleading
Its logic and its powers.

That later we, though parted then
May still recall these evenings when
Fear gave his watch no look;
The lion griefs loped from the shade
And on our knees their muzzles laid,
And Death put down his book.

Moreover, eyes in which I learn
That I am glad to look, return
My glances every day;
And when the birds and rising sun
Waken me, I shall speak with one
Who has not gone away.

Now North and South and East and West
Those I love lie down to rest;
The moon looks on them all:
The healers and the brilliant talkers,
The eccentrics and the silent walkers,
The dumpy and the tall.

She climbs the European sky;
Churches and power stations lie
Alike among earth's fixtures:
Into the galleries she peers,
And blankly as an orphan stares
Upon the marvellous pictures.

To gravity attentive, she
Can notice nothing here; though we
Whom hunger cannot move,
From gardens where we feel secure
Look up, and with a sigh endure
The tyrannies of love:

And, gentle, do not care to know,
Where Poland draws her Eastern bow,
What violence is done;
Nor ask what doubtful act allows
Our freedom in this English house,
Our picnics in the sun.

The creepered wall stands up to hide
The gathering multitudes outside
Whose glances hunger worsens;
Concealing from their wretchedness
Our metaphysical distress,
Our kindness to ten persons.

And now no path on which we move
But shows already traces of
Intentions not our own,
Thoroughly able to achieve
What our excitement could conceive,
But our hands left alone.

For what by nature and by training
We loved, has little strength remaining:
Though we would gladly give
The Oxford colleges, Big Ben,
And all the birds in Wicken Fen,
It has no wish to live.

Soon through the dykes of our content
The crumpling flood will force a rent,
And, taller than a tree,
Hold sudden death before our eyes
Whose river-dreams long hid the size
And vigours of the sea.

But when the waters make retreat
And through the black mud first the wheat
In shy green stalks appears;
When stranded monsters gasping lie,
And sounds of riveting terrify
Their whorled unsubtle ears:

May this for which we dread to lose
Our privacy, need no excuse
But to that strength belong;
As through a child's rash happy cries
The drowned voice of his parents rise
In unlamenting song.

After discharges of alarm,
All unpredicted may it calm
The pulse of nervous nations;
Forgive the murderer in his glass,
Tough in its patience to surpass
The tigress her swift motions.

W. H. AUDEN.

453

LOOK, STRANGER

Look, stranger, at this island now
The leaping light for your delight discovers,
Stand stable here
And silent be,
That through the channels of the ear
May wander like a river
The swaying sound of the sea.

Here at the small field's ending pause
Where the chalk wall falls to the foam, and its tall ledges
Oppose the pluck
And knock of the tide,
And the shingle scrambles after the sucking surf, and the gull lodges
A moment on its sheer side.

Far off like floating seeds the ships
Diverge on urgent voluntary errands;
And the full view
Indeed may enter
And move in memory as now these clouds do,
That pass the harbour mirror
And all the summer through the water saunter.

W. H. AUDEN.

454

A SHILLING LIFE

A shilling life will give you all the facts:
How Father beat him, how he ran away,
What were the struggles of his youth, what acts
Made him the greatest figure of his day:
Of how he fought, fished, hunted, worked all night,
Though giddy, climbed new mountains; named a sea:
Some of the last researchers even write
Love made him weep his pints like you and me.

With all his honours on, he sighed for one
Who, say astonished critics, lived at home;
Did little jobs about the house with skill
And nothing else; could whistle; would sit still
Or potter round the garden; answered some
Of his long marvellous letters but kept none.

W. H. AUDEN.

455

SPRING VOICES

The small householder now comes out warily
Afraid of the barrage of sun that shouts cheerily,
Spring is massing forces, birds wink in air,
The battlemented chestnuts volley green fire,
The pigeons banking on the wind, the hoots of cars,
Stir him to run wild, gamble on horses, buy cigars;
Joy lies before him to be ladled and lapped from his hand—
Only that behind him, in the shade of his villa, memories stand
Breathing on his neck and muttering that all this has happened before,
Keep the wind out, cast no clout, try no unwarranted jaunts untried before,
But let the spring slide by nor think to board its car
For it rides West to where the tangles of scrap-iron are;
Do not walk, these voices say, between the bucking clouds alone
Or you may loiter into a suddenly howling crater, or fall, jerked back, garrotted by the sun.

LOUIS MACNEICE.

456

TRAPEZE

Beyond the dykes of cloud and steel spikes of air
The sun's breathing golden prickling fur
Over a vibrant belly warned us
Leap the beast will some time
Breaking every bridge of the well-worn thoroughfare
Of the zodiac. Gone the fawning yawning purr
Changed for a foam-flash. Gone the indolent industry

That padded round the treadmill, raised the crops
And helped to work the tides. Look up and see
Fiery now . . . how he angrily
Flicks his tongue hungry around his chops.

Blood slavers over the evening sky;
Bees are at compline, not knowing that soon
An end is set to respectability.
On the skyline shaggy spears of grass
Itch ominously and the moon
Limps on a crutch whose ferrule taps to us
Doom (if rightly we decodify).

Still we are happy even if our nerves
Twitch now and again as the grasses do.
We know that we only live on sufferance
And that however well this star-seat serves
Our purpose as trapezists for this once,
In any case the rope is wearing through.
Tom Tom Terry, Tom Tom Terry.
The glutton tit swings in the cocoanut
In the equinoctial gale.
This circus-job means death sooner or later
From wild beasts or fire among the tinsel.
Tom Tom Terry, Tom Tom Terry.

LOUIS MACNEICE.

457

HOW STRANGELY THIS SUN

How strangely this sun reminds me of my love!
Of my walk alone at evening, when like the cottage smoke
Hope vanished, written amongst red wastes of sky.
I remember my strained listening to his voice
My staring at his face and taking the photograph

With the river behind and the woods touched by Spring;
Till the identification of a morning—
Expansive sheets of blue rising from fields

Roaring movements of light observed under shadow—
With his figure leaning over a map, is now complete.

What is left of that smoke which the wind blew away?
I corrupted his confidence and his sunlike happiness
So that even now in his turning of bolts or driving a machine
His hand will show error. That is for him.
For me this memory which now I behold,
When, from the pasturage, azure rounds me in rings
And the lark ascends, and his voice still rings, still rings.

STEPHEN SPENDER.

458

NEW YEAR

Here at the centre of the turning year,
The turning Polar North,
The frozen streets, and the black fiery joy
Of the Child launched again forth,
I ask that all the years and years
Of future disappointment, like a snow
Chide me at one fall now.

I leave him who burns endlessly
In the brandy pudding crowned with holly,
And I ask that Time should freeze my skin
And all my fellow travellers harden
Who are not flattered by this town
Nor up its twenty storeys whirled
To prostitutes without infection.

Cloak us in accidents and in the failure
Of the high altar and marital adventure;
In family disgrace, denunciation
Of bankers, a premier's assassination.

From the government windows
Let heads of headlines watch depart,
Strangely depart by staying, those
Who build a new world in their heart.

Where scythe shall curve but not upon our neck
And lovers proceed to their forgetting work,
Answering the harvests of obliteration.
After the frozen years and streets
Our tempered will shall plough across the nations.
The engine hurrying through the lucky valley
The hand that moves to guide the silent lines
Effect their beauty without robbery.

STEPHEN SPENDER.

459

THE SEAL BOY

See he slips like insinuations
Into the waves and sidles
Across breakers, diving under
The greater tidals,

Plunging, a small plane
Down dark altitudes,
Trailing bubbles like aerial bombs
Or a balloon's broods.

O moving ecstatic boy
Sliding through the gloomy seas
Who bring me pearls to enjoy
Rarer than to be found in these seas—

Between the fixed bars of your lips
Darts the kiss like silver
Fish, and in my wild grip
You harbour, for ever.

GEORGE BARKER.

460

THE CHIMERA

A chimera with a mane of rainbows flowing
Pursues me in my swiftest flight,
Or when I stand
Tenderly touches my perspiring hand,
And follows my going.

No space of crossing possible
I essay, but thrown ahead of me
Shown on the profile lines of lands
This figure stands
Exultant and beguiling and beautiful.

Like fields the annual fleece surges
With energy animal and human,
Five silver seas bear
This body, the stellar seven's despair,
And the eyes are tidal with celestial urges.

Whose form if not the world's we see,
Of whom the glittering feet if not
The oceans as wings of the world Mercury?
And larches and tulips the limbs, and the eyes
Flower indeed from the seeds of the starred skies.

GEORGE BARKER.

461

WHEN ONCE THE TWILIGHT

When once the twilight locks no longer
Locked in the long worm of my finger
Nor dammed the sea that sped about my fist,
The mouth of time sucked, like a sponge,
The milky acid on each hinge,
And swallowed dry the waters of the breast.

When the galactic sea was sucked
And all the dry seabed unlocked,
I sent my creature scouting on the globe,
That globe itself of hair and bone
That, sewn to me by nerve and brain,
Had stringed my flask of matter to his rib.

My fuses timed to charge his heart,
He blew like powder to the light
And held a little sabbath with the sun,
But when the stars, assuming shape,
Drew in his eyes the straws of sleep,
He drowned his father's magics in a dream.

All issue armoured, of the grave,
The redhaired cancer still alive,
The cataracted eyes that filmed their cloth;
Some dead undid their bushy jaws,
And bags of blood let out their flies;
He had by heart the Christ-cross-row of death.

Sleep navigates the tides of time;
The dry Sargasso of the tomb
Gives up its dead to such a working sea;
And sleep rolls mute above the beds
Where fishes' food is fed the shades
Who periscope through flowers to the sky.

The hanged who lever from the limes
Ghostly propellers for their limbs,
The cypress lads who wither with the cock,
These, and the others in sleep's acres,
Of dreaming men make moony suckers,
And snipe the fools of vision in the back.

When once the twilight screws were turned,
And mother milk was stiff as sand,
I sent my own ambassador to light;
By trick or chance he fell asleep
And conjured up a carcase shape
To rob me of my fluids in his heart.

Awake, my sleeper, to the sun,
A worker in the morning town,
And leave the poppied pickthank where he lies;
The fences of the light are down,
All but the briskest riders thrown,
And worlds hang on the trees.

DYLAN THOMAS.

462

THIS BREAD I BREAK

This bread I break was once the oat,
This wine upon a foreign tree
Plunged in its fruit;
Man in the day or wind at night
Laid the crops low, broke the grape's joy.

Once in this wind the summer blood
Knocked in the flesh that decked the vine,
Once in this bread
The oat was merry in the wind;
Man broke the sun, pulled the wind down.

This flesh you break, this blood you let
Make desolation in the vein,
Were oat and grape
Born of the sensual root and sap;
My wine you drink, my bread you snap.

DYLAN THOMAS.

NOTES

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AND

INDEX OF FIRST LINES

PREFACE TO THE NOTES

The notes given in this edition of Palgrave's *Golden Treasury* are the outcome of many years' teaching from what I believe to be the best collection of English poems which can be put into the hands of the young. As a collection of the most beautiful poems in the language it is easily surpassed by many other anthologies, notably the *Oxford Book of English Verse*; but unhappily education does not consist merely in the absorption of what is beautiful, and from the educational point of view Palgrave's selection is entitled to the first place mainly because it includes many pieces which are famous rather than admirable, pieces which we should be ashamed not to know, even if we do not take any real delight in knowing them.

Many competent teachers hold that the introduction of English masterpieces into the schoolroom is the surest way to implant in the young a lifelong distaste for poetry. Such was not, I am glad to think, the experience of my own boyhood, and I would suggest that where this lamentable result is found it proceeds either from the teacher's indifference to poetry, or from the pupil's inability to grasp the poet's meaning. It is true that there are minds incapable of appreciating poetry at any stage of their lives, just as there are those to whom music makes no appeal; but I have never

met a boy who disliked poetry which he could understand, while I have known many whose critical faculty and sense of beauty have been enlarged, as I think they would have been in no other way, by a careful study of some of the gems which Palgrave selected for his treasury.

The first essential then of notes is that they should throw light on the text, and this is unfortunately what so many annotators omit to do. In a note on a difficult passage paragraphs of exclamatory rhetoric on its beauty are useless to a reader who has failed to grasp its meaning, and would be easily out-weighed in value by the baldest paraphrase. Yet too many of the notes I have seen are one prolonged—generally feminine—twitter of admiration, full of the 'I-cannot-understand-I-love' spirit, but reducing the child, who is not at all disposed to love till he does understand, to a state of irritation highly unfavourable to the acquisition of a taste for poetry.

I have therefore made it my prime object to explain every word, phrase or line which I found difficult myself, and did not rest content with drawing the reader's attention to the 'matchless beauty' or the 'untranslatable charm' of the passage, or with advising him to 'compare' a similar expression in another volume, for well I knew that such advice would not be taken. It follows then that no small part of the notes consists in attempted paraphrase, and if, as Mr. Senhouse maintained, the moment a man begins to turn poetry into prose he begins to tell lies, the amount of mendacity in the following pages must be appalling; but, while fully conscious of the inadequacy of my own renderings, I shelter myself behind Bacon's dictum 'A mixture of a lie doth ever add pleasure'—or at all events in the present case makes for understanding.

That my explanations will commend themselves to every one is hardly to be expected; there is no key to

a poet's mind unless he has himself provided one, and an annotator can do no more than exercise that faculty of intelligent guessing which every good teacher tries to instil into his pupils. So in case any young people should read this Preface—which is most unlikely, as it will not fall within any examination limits—I give them full leave to question the accuracy of my interpretations, provided they can find better, and I beg them to exercise that right of private judgement, the use of which is the basis of all real conviction.

The citation of parallel passages affords a fine field for the display of an editor's reading, or at least testifies to his possession of a good Dictionary of Quotations, but as in the vast majority of cases it does nothing to increase the reader's understanding of the text, I have rigorously abstained from this easiest of all ways of eluding a difficulty, except where the parallel was needed to elucidate the text or to support my interpretation of it. The first object of an editor should be to get as far as possible into an author's mind and to put down what he finds there; thus if a poet appears to be consciously drawing on some earlier source, it is the editor's business, as I conceive, to cite the original passage (not merely to give a reference to it); but if there is no such conscious borrowing, the citation of a number of other passages bearing on the same point is to be deprecated as introducing matter which was not in the poet's mind at the time of writing. And yet it is almost pathetic to see how some reviewers, faithful to the mid-Victorian editions of the Classics on which they were reared, will reproach an editor with not having quoted all the obvious parallels to a passage in the text; this they will doubtless do with the present work, unless by some chance they pause to ask themselves what good end is served by such quotations. They may then realize that a power of abstention is not the least among the requirements of an editor.

I have devoted more space to textual criticism than is usual in editions of English books intended for the young; for I think a child's mind cannot be directed too early to the importance of verbal accuracy, and I cannot see that the critical faculty which is exercised by the study of the various readings in a chorus of *Agamemnon* is not equally benefited by the study of those in a lyric from *Lucasta*. Moreover, though I have not felt it necessary to flood each page with untempered eulogy, I have a deep love for the English Masters of Song, and an equally deep resentment against those who through carelessness or presumption have falsified their writings. I have accordingly not hesitated to amend the text given by Palgrave where the true reading was beyond dispute; though wherever such alteration is of importance the change is recorded in the notes.

Palgrave's notes, in so far as they are not mere expressions of admiration, are incorporated in the following pages; his summaries of the periods covered by the four books are omitted, as being more suitable for a History of Literature, and indeed as being of less value to-day than fifty years ago when they were written.

I should like to acknowledge the great help I have received from Mr. Charles Williams while the notes were going through the press. His poetic insight enabled him to throw light on many dark places, and he has detected many points which, for all my care, I had omitted to notice.

C. B. W.

NOTES

[*N.E.D.* = New English Dictionary (Oxford): *D.N.B.* = Dictionary of National Biography.]

BOOK FIRST

HENRY VIII—JAMES I

1

THOMAS NASH (1567–1601), a pamphleteer with an envenomed pen who was constantly at war with his contemporaries. This song is taken from *Summer's Last Will and Testament*, a play in which the chief characters are Will Summer, or Summers, Jester to Henry VIII, and the Four Seasons. It was written in 1593 and printed in 1600.

4. *jug-jug*: the conventional representation of the nightingale's song; *pu-we* is perhaps intended for the cry of the peewit or plover; *to-witta-woo*, more commonly 'to-wit-to-woo,' is supposed to represent the hoot of the owl. Cf. No. 27, l. 7.

2

WILLIAM DRUMMOND OF HAWTHORNDEN (1585–1649), a country gentleman living near Edinburgh, who took arms on the King's side during the Civil War. He collected a valuable library which he bequeathed to

Cambridge University. Professor Kastner in his recent edition of Drummond makes it abundantly clear that Drummond was the most scandalous plagiarist that ever won the name of a great poet. At least a third of his sonnets are translated or adapted from French or Italian writers, and what he stole he never acknowledged and very rarely improved. This song is taken from his *Poems* of 1616, but the text Palgrave has followed is that of the edition of 1656, brought out by Edward Phillips, Milton's nephew; this text was reprinted in 1711.

4. *Memnon's mother*: Memnon in early Greek legend was the son of Tithonus and Eos (the Dawn).

5. *That she thy càreer may*: presumably to fit modern pronunciation Palgrave in both editions printed, 'That she may thy career.' On this principle of editing each century will have to rewrite the works of the preceding.

11. *decore*: 'decorate.'

19. *And fates my hopes betray*: the 'not' must be understood from the previous line.

24. *preserves*: in modern grammar this would be 'preservest.' But in 14th-century English *-s* was the regular ending of the second person singular.

27. *Peneüs*, or Peneius, was the chief river of Thessaly; it ran through the beautiful vale of Tempe, where Apollo, the Sun-god, saw and became enamoured of Daphne, the brightness of whose eyes is mentioned by Ovid (*Met.* i. 498), 'videt igne micantes, Sideribus similes, oculos.'

28. After this line comes a couplet which Palgrave omitted as being 'hopelessly misprinted':

> 'Nay, suns which shine as clear
> As thou when two thou did to Rome appear.'

This only becomes hopeless if one forgets Livy's statement (xxviii. 11) that in the Second Punic War, among other portents, two suns appeared at Alba near Rome.

29. *Flora*: the goddess of flowers.

31. *Amphion* had received a lyre from Hermes on which he played with such skill that the stones of which he was building a wall round Thebes moved into their place; see Hor. *Od.* III. xi. 2.

34. After this line Palgrave has omitted the line,

'Kissing sometimes those purple ports of death,'

which apparently means her lips, from which issue words that slay her lovers.

36. *Phœbus in his chair*: *i.e.* the Sun-god's chariot.

37. *Ensaffroning*: 'painting yellow.'

39. *Night like a drunkard reels*: taken from *Romeo and Juliet*, II. iii. 3, 'Flecked darkness like a drunkard reels.'

44. *save She*: the nominative of the pronoun is normally used after 'save,' a relic of the time when the phrase was a nominative absolute, 'She being safe.'

3

William Shakespeare (1564–1616), born at Stratford-on-Avon, whither he also retired after he had made his fortune. His first reputation in London was made as an actor, his earliest play appearing two or three years after he reached the metropolis. The Sonnets were first published in 1609 in a quarto volume; but the date of their composition, like everything else about them, has been fiercely debated. There is reason to conclude that they were begun after 1590 and finished before 1599, but no nearer date can be fixed with certainty.

Sonnet No. LXIV. For the heading of this and the other sonnets and songs of Shakespeare given in the *Golden Treasury* Palgrave is responsible.

1. *fell*: 'cruel.'

2. *cost*: 'costly object'; an obsolete use found in 2 *Hen. IV*, I. iii. 60, 'leaves his part-created cost A naked subject to the weeping clouds.'

3. *sometime lofty*: *i.e.* which once were lofty.

4. *eternal* as the epithet of 'brass' is often found in the Roman poets.

7. *the firm soil win of the watery main*: 'the land encroaching on the sea.' In some parts of the coast the sea is gaining on the land, in others the land is gaining on the sea; thus the 'store' is balanced by the 'loss.'

10. *state itself confounded to decay*: *i.e.* not merely gained by another element, but wholly disappearing.

13. The grammar is a little loose; it is not enough to say that the antecedent to 'which' is 'thought,' for it is not the thought that is driven to weep, but the poet who is driven to weep by the thought.

4

Sonnet No. LXV.

1. *Since brass, nor stone*, etc.: 'Since there is neither brass, nor stone,' etc.

3. *hold a plea*: 'plead.' The usual meaning of the phrase is to try an action.

10. *Time's best jewel*: the poet's mistress, whom Time will one day gather to the chest where he stores his spoils.

12. *spoil of beauty*: Malone's emendation for the Quarto (1609) reading 'spoil or beauty.'

13. *none, unless*, etc.: his lady's reign will not be over when she is dead, but only when she is forgotten, and that she will not be so long as her poet's verses are read.

5

CHRISTOPHER MARLOWE (1564–1593), himself a tragic figure, is best known by his four great tragedies: *Tamburlaine*, *Dr. Faustus*, *The Jew of Malta*, and *Edward II*, on the last of which Shakespeare drew for his *Richard II*. Marlowe, known in his life as a revolutionary atheist, was killed in a drunken brawl at Deptford. He is ranked by Swinburne and J. A. Symonds among the great poets of the world.

This poem—or rather the first three stanzas and the fifth—appeared first in *The Passionate Pilgrim*, a short collection of poems published in 1599 with Shakespeare's name on the title-page, though the majority of the pieces were certainly not by him. It appeared again the following year—with the addition of stanzas 4 and 7—in a collection called *England's Helicon*, and was there attributed to Christopher Marlowe. The sixth stanza is not found before the second edition of Isaak Walton's *Compleat Angler* (1655), where the poem is given in

full as here printed. There are many variations in the other versions.

Passionate : ' in love,' which state is sometimes called ' the tender passion.'

8. *madrigals* : here used loosely for ' songs.' A madrigal is strictly a five- or six-part song written according to elaborate rules.

11. *kirtle* : ' petticoat.'

6

This ' madrigal '—for which term see note to No. 5, l. 8 above—is from the *Passionate Pilgrim* (1599). It can only doubtfully be assigned to Shakespeare.

1. *Crabbéd* : ' cross-grained, churlish.' ' The primary reference was to the crooked or wayward gait of the crustacean, and the contradictory, perverse and fractious disposition which this expressed.'—*N.E.D.*

3. *pleasance* : ' enjoyment.'

7. *brave* : ' fair to see,' generally referring to clothes.

19. *hie thee* : ' hasten.'

20. *stay'st* : ' delayest.'

7

Sung by Amiens in *As You Like It*, II. v. With many other of Shakespeare's songs it was set to music by Dr. Arne (1710–1778).

3. *turn* : ' adapt.' This is the Folio reading, needlessly altered by many editors to ' tune.' Palgrave had ' tune ' in his first edition, but gave the true reading in his second.

8

Sung by two Pages, ' both in a tune, like two gipsies on a horse,' in *As You Like It*, v. iii. The second line and the last three of the first stanza recur in all the following stanzas. The well-known music to this song was written by Thomas Morley, who died in 1604 about five years after the production of the play. It will be found in Chappell's *Popular Music of the Olden Time* and Boosey's *Songs of England*.

2. *With a hey and a ho*, etc. : this is one of the meaningless lines inserted by way of refrain into the songs of the period, and sometimes later, not a little to the confusion of foreign students, who have vainly striven to attach a meaning to them.

4. *ring time* : *i.e.* the season for giving a wedding-ring.

5. For some unexplained reason Palgrave omits the final ' ding ' in both editions.

13. *crownèd with the prime* : *i.e.* is at its height ; *prime*, from meaning ' first period,' has naturally taken the further meaning of ' period of perfection.'

9

This song was first printed in an anthology of 1602, compiled and partly written by Frank Davison and entitled *A Poetical Rapsodie*. It there appeared without ascription, but it was assigned to Dr. John Donne by Sir John Simeon who printed it in his *Unpublished Poems of Donne* in 1856. Grosart in his edition of Donne (1872) accepted the ascription, as did Palgrave in the second edition of his *Golden Treasury* ; but Professor Grierson, the latest editor of Donne, has relegated the poem to an appendix as being probably by John Hoskins (1566–1638), a wit, schoolmaster and lawyer who became Member of Parliament for Hereford. It is marked ' J. H.' in a MS. transcribed by William Drummond, and it is not found in any of the most trustworthy MSS. of Donne's poems. The fact that it is assigned to Donne in an anthology of 1711 called *The Grove* has no great weight, for Donne appears to have acted as a ' dumping ground ' for anonymous verse both in his lifetime and after his death. Born in 1573 he became Dean of St. Paul's under James I., and was esteemed one of the most eloquent preachers of his day, though to ours he is better known by his Satires and Lyrics. He died in 1631.

There is considerable discrepancy between the various MSS. and early printed versions ; the readings adopted by Palgrave in his first edition are in the main those of the *Poetical Rhapsody*.

1. *thou* : omitted in two good MSS. and in *The Grove*.

2. *strength* : ' completeness.'

4. *thou canst* : ' you can,' in *Poet. Rhap.* *for alteration* : ' to make me change.'

7. *such* : the MSS. for the most part give ' right.'

8. *He soon hath found* : there is a strong preponderance in favour of the reading ' His mind hath found ' ; Palgrave here follows *Poet. Rhap.*, but adopts the better reading in the second edition.

12. *Present* : so all the printed versions and all the MSS. except one. Palgrave conjecturally read ' Presence ' in his first edition, and this has since been found in one MS. But, on the principle that the less obvious reading is probably correct, ' Present,' which Palgrave printed in his second edition, appears preferable.

After this line follows a rather obscure stanza which Palgrave omitted, as he explains in the Preface, ' to bring the piece to a closer lyrical unity.' It is, fortunately, a process of which he has been sparing.

18. *I both enjoy and miss her* : it is so in Davison's version ; the weight of authority is in favour of ' And so enjoy her, and so miss her.' *The Grove* reads ' while none miss her.'

10

Sonnet No. LVII.

1. *tend* : ' attend.'

10. *your affairs suppose* : ' conjecture what is your business.'

13, 14. *in your will . . . he thinks no ill* : ' he believes that your intentions are always good.'

11

Sonnet No. XCVII.

5. *this time removed* : ' time of separation.'

6. *The teeming autumn*, etc. : an absolute clause equivalent to, ' while the teeming autumn was bearing.' *big* : ' pregnant.'

7. *wanton burden* : ' luxuriant produce ' ; a *burden* is that which is borne in the womb ; *prime* : ' spring,' as being the first season of the year. Cf. No. 8, l. 13, and note.

10. *But hope of orphans*, etc. : Autumn is the mother and Spring the father ; but Spring has vanished, so that the children when born will be fatherless.

13. *cheer*: 'face,' 'expression of countenance'; this, the original meaning, is now obsolete. The second meaning 'mood,' 'state of mind,' hardly survives except in the phrases 'of good cheer,' 'what cheer?'—and perhaps the latter is now only slang. The word is used in the sense of 'cheerfulness' from the 14th century onwards. Cf. note on No. 163, l. 3.

12

Sonnet No. XXIX.

6. *Featured*: 'formed,' 'shaped,' with reference to life rather than the face.

8. *I.e.* those occupations which generally give him pleasure are least able to satisfy him now.

11. It is noteworthy that the Quarto encloses this line in a parenthesis, connecting 'From sullen earth' with 'sings.' Mr. Percy Simpson in his *Shakespearean Punctuation* defends this reading; but I should doubt it.

13

Sonnet No. CIX.

7. *Just*: 'punctually'; *exchanged*: 'changed,' 'altered'—an obsolete sense.

10. *all kinds of blood*: 'people of different temperaments.'

11, 12. *so . . . stain'd To leave*, etc.: *i.e.* 'as to leave.'

14

Sonnet No. CIV.

4. *shook* for 'shaken' is not uncommon in the 17th century, which often used the past tense of strong verbs in place of the past participle.

8. *which* for 'who' is often found in Shakespeare and his contemporaries; it occurs frequently in the Authorised Version of the Bible (1611), notably in the Lord's Prayer.

9, 10. *Steal* I take to be intransitive, and *his* to be put for 'its,' *i.e.* beauty's; beauty slowly vanishes from the figure it adorns, as the hand steals imperceptibly round the clock.

11. *still* is the adjective, going with 'stand.'

13, 14. Posterity is addressed collectively in the former line, individually in the latter, where 'you' = 'any of you.'

15

Henry Constable (1562–1613) was a Cambridge graduate and a Roman Catholic; he lived most of his life in Paris where he was chiefly occupied in political matters and in endeavouring to spread the religion he held. This song is taken from *England's Helicon* (see note to No. 5), where it is entitled *Damelus' Song to his Diaphenia*. Palgrave omitted it from his second edition.

1. *daffadowndilly*: the *N.E.D.* says this is a playful expansion of 'daffadilly'; it is found in Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar*, and 'daffadilly' in Milton's *Lycidas*. They are both poetic forms of daffodil, which is itself derived from 'asphodel' through the form 'affodill,' now obsolete.

8. *encloses* in strict grammar should be 'enclosest,' but see note on No. 2, l. 24.

12. *For dead*: *i.e.* For, were I dead.

17. *the bees*: the habits of bees were probably less known in the sixteenth century than they are to-day. Bees have no king; the only males among them are the drones, and when these have accomplished their only task, that of fertilizing the queen, the bees show their love by stinging them to death.

16

Thomas Lodge (1558 ?–1625) was in turn a law-student, a corsair, a writer of stories, poems, and plays—in one of which a whale appears on the stage and casts up Jonah—and finally a physician. This poem is from his *Rosalynde, Euphues Golden Legacy* (1590), a tale in prose with songs interspersed; its chief title to fame is that it gave Shakespeare the plot and many of the details of *As You Like It*. Palgrave throughout changed the name from Rosalynde, or Rosalind, as it appears in all the early editions, to Rosaline, presumably to get a rime for 'mine.' If

editors are to allow themselves this licence, the corruption of texts will indeed go on apace.

1. *the clear* : 'the brightness.'

3. *colour* : so the first edition ; in the others it is 'colours.'

7. *Resembling* : for this, the reading of all the other editions, the first has 'Refining,' *i.e.* even the heavens become clearer when she looks at them.

8. *whenas they glow* : 'when her eyes sparkle.'

13. *shroud* : 'covering' ; in this sense it is obsolete, though we still use the expression 'shrouded in mystery.'

16. *Her lips* : so the first edition ; the others, with a uniformity of absurdity sufficiently remarkable, read 'Her eyes.'

17. *Whom* : 'who' in the sixteenth century was not restricted to persons. Cf. 2 *Hen. IV*, III. i. 'The winds who take . . .' Cf. note on No. 14, l. 8.

21. *is like* : so all editions except the first, which has 'Her neck like to.' The picture of Love imprisoned in Rosalynde's neck and trying to catch a glance of her eye suggests impossible contortions.

25. *for* : in the first edition 'fair,' as in the other stanzas.

27. *breasts* : the first edition has 'paps' in both lines ; but it is the only authority for 'orbs' ; all the others have 'robes.'

28. *Nature moulds the dew of light*, etc. : two exceedingly difficult lines. I can only conjecture that Rosalynde's breast is conceived as giving out a soft radiance ('the dew of light'), which goes to complete the sum of her perfections.

31. *orient*, from meaning 'eastern,' came, as applied to pearls, to mean 'brilliant,' the pearls of the Indian seas being superior to those of the mussels of Europe.

43. *for a fair there's fairer none* : the earliest editions have 'for her fair there is fairer none,' where 'fair' = 'beauty,' 'considering her beauty' ; cf. *Comedy of Errors*, II. i. 98, 'My decayéd fair A sunny look of his would soon repair' ; and cf. 'clear' for 'clearness' l. 1, above. The 1614 and later editions have 'for a fair there is a fairer none,' where 'a fair' may mean 'a fair lady.'

44. *so divine* : *i.e.* is there any one so divine.

17

From *England's Helicon*, where there are other pieces by 'Shepherd Tony,' whose identity Mr. Bullen in his reprint of that work declares to be unascertainable. He emphatically pronounces against its being a pseudonym of Anthony Munday, as Sir S. E. Brydges had conjectured. Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch however, in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, has assigned the song to Munday.

1. *by a spring*: so reads Brydges, but Mr. Bullen prints 'in a spring.'

12. *fond*: from 'foolish,' its original meaning, this word came to mean 'foolishly affectionate,' and then—its only modern meaning—'tender,' 'loving,' without any idea of disparagement.

14. *her fashion*: 'her shape.'

17. *this while*: 'this time.' The word is still used as a noun in the phrase 'a long while,' etc.

18

Sonnet No. XVIII.

7. *from fair*: 'from fairness,' as above, No. 16, l. 43. So also below, l. 10.

8. *untrimm'd*: the prefix un- is either negative, as in 'unmoved,' or privative, signifying the reversal of an action, as in 'unfold.' Here it has the latter force; to trim is to make neat, so to untrim is to disarrange.

10. *owest*: this was originally the same word as to 'own' and meant to 'have'; it is so found commonly in Shakespeare; the latest instance given in *N.E.D.* of its use in this sense is from Pepys's *Diary* (1694).

12. *to time*: *i.e.* to all time.

19

Sonnet No. CVI.

1. *wasted*: not 'misused,' but simply 'spent,' 'past.'

2. *wights*: 'persons,' almost obsolete except in a few phrases like 'luckless wight.'

5. *blazon*: 'description,' properly a description of armorial bearings.

8. *you master*: 'have as your own.'

11. *but with divining eyes*: *i.e.* not having seen you, they could but guess at your beauty.

12. *skill*: the Quarto reads 'still.' Tyrwhitt is responsible for the correction.

20

This is Dumain's 'ode' in *Love's Labour's Lost*, IV. iii. 97 *sqq.*; the play being written about 1591 and printed in 1598. The song was reprinted with several variations in the *Passionate Pilgrim* (1599) and *England's Helicon* (1600). Palgrave says he has taken the song from the last of these, but his readings follow *Love's Labour's Lost*.

3. *passing fair*: 'surpassingly beautiful.'

4. *wanton*: 'sportive.'

6. *'gan*: *i.e.* began. But the Quartos and Folios as well as numerous editors read 'can.' *Pass. Pilg.* and *Eng. Hel.* have 'gan.' In Elizabethan English, besides the verb *can* (to be able) there was another verb *can* which, originally a variant of *gan*, the past tense of *gin* (to begin), soon lost its definite meaning, and was used before an infinitive without *to* as a simple past tense, like the modern *did*; so *can find* means simply 'found.'

9. He addresses his lady:—'The air may touch thy cheeks—would that I might do the same'!

16. To be *forsworn* is to break an oath. Dumain with the other lords had sworn to see no woman for three years, but he finds it beyond his power to keep his promise.

17. *whom*: not seeing that this word could be given the time of a disyllable, Rowe (1714) read, 'for whom e'en Jove'; Palgrave followed him in his first edition, but restored the true reading in the second.

18. *Ethiope*: 'a blackamoor.'

19. *deny himself for Jove*: 'assert that he was Jove no longer.'

21

Sir Thomas Wyatt (1503 ?–1542), called the elder to distinguish him from his son of the same name who was executed in Mary's reign, was a courtier and diplomatist under Henry VIII, and was dispatched on various foreign missions. His poems were first published with those of the Earl of Surrey and others in *Tottel's Miscellany* (1557); but neither this poem nor No. 33—also by him—is given there or in the collection of 1585. They were both first printed in 1815 in Dr. Nott's edition from a MS. in the Duke of Devonshire's library.

1. *the tried intent*, etc.: 'the proved purpose of the devotion which I have endeavoured to show.'

3. *travail*: 'toil.'

6, 7. *since whan The suit*: 'for how long I have been your suitor.' *whan* is an earlier form of 'when.'

7. *the service*: *i.e.* [and] the service [which] none can tell.

9. *assays*: 'trials,' to which you have subjected me.

14, 15. *I.e.* Remember how long I have been wishing you well, as I do now.

17. *thine own approved*: 'one whom you have tested.'

22

William Alexander (1567 ?–1640) was for some time Secretary of State for Scotland; he was knighted by James I and raised to the peerage by Charles I with the title first of Viscount, then of Earl of, Stirling —of which Sterline is an earlier spelling. This sonnet is No. xxxiii. in his *Aurora* (1604).

2. *prejudge thy bliss*: 'decide what will make for your happiness without having tried it.'

7. *transform'd in me*: 'assuming a different form by entering my body'; *i.e.* handing over thy heart and soul to me.

9. *all my thoughts should in thy visage shine*: the 1604 edition and all others which I could find have 'all thy thoughts should in my visage'; but Palgrave is probably right in his emendation, for the consequence

of the transformation of l. 7 is given in the two following lines, each of which is introduced by 'Then.' The original reading merely repeats l. 7.

10. *if that*: archaic for 'if'; it has not been used except in poetry since the time of Shakespeare. 'When that' was also often used for 'when'; also 'while that,' 'how that,' etc.

12. *were*: subjunctive, 'would be.'

23

Sonnet No. CXVI.

1, 2. *Let me not . . . Admit*: 'May I never own that there are.'

4. *bends with the remover*, etc.: 'is disposed to draw back from one who is himself drawing back.'

8. *although his height be taken*: the position of the star in the sky when accurately taken may serve as a guide to the mariner, who however knows nothing of the astrological significance of the star.

9. *Time's fool*: 'the dupe of Time.' We still use the phrase 'to make a fool of' in this sense.

10. *bending sickle*: Time is generally represented as a mower with a curved scythe.

12. *bears it out*: 'endures without giving way.'

14. *nor no man*: in 16th and 17th century English the double negative did not produce an affirmative.

24

Sir Philip Sidney (1554–1586) was equally famous in his day as courtier, soldier, and poet. He seems to have lost the favour of Elizabeth in the first capacity, but he has always been considered the model of knightly courtesy, learning, and virtue. He was mortally wounded at the battle of Zutphen, where his refusal to take a drink of water, because a wounded soldier was lying near whose need was greater than his, has probably made his name familiar to every schoolboy.

This song as here given is from Puttenham's *Art of English Poetry* (1589), where it is cited as an instance of the repetition of a line by way of refrain. It is expanded into a sonnet (No. XLIX.) in *The Countess of*

Pembroke's Arcadia (1590), a pastoral romance with incidental poems, written by Sidney for his sister, Lady Pembroke.

2. *one for another*: so in Puttenham; in the *Arcadia* 'one for the other.' Palgrave in his first edition has 'one to the other'; in the second, he reads as here.

25

Joshua Sylvester (1563–1618) is chiefly known for his translation of Du Bartas's French poem on the Creation. This sonnet, which appears to be the only extant original production of its author, is from the *Poetical Rapsodie* (see note to No. 9). It is not given in Grosart's edition of Sylvester's *Works* (1876).

26

Sung by the Clown in *Twelfth Night* (II. iii). The heading, which means 'Make the most of to-day,' is of course Palgrave's, being taken from Horace, *Odes* I. xi. 8.

4. *sweeting*: properly a sweet apple, and hence a term of affection.

11. *Sweet-and-twenty*: this seems most naturally to be explained as giving the qualities and age of his mistress in one. It is true that seventeen is the age to which sweetness is proverbially ascribed, but the Clown had the wisdom to see that the extra three years would add materially to the young lady's intelligence without in any way detracting from her looks. The commentators are all at war about the phrase:—'sweet and twenty times sweet,' 'sweet and [give me] twenty kisses,' 'a vocative term of endearment'—without further explanation! The reader must take his choice.

27

Sung by Winter at the end of *Love's Labour's Lost* (V. ii).

2. *blows his nail*: breathes on his finger-tips to warm them.

7. *Tuwhoo*: this word was inserted by Capell (1760) to make the song correspond exactly to the one sung by Spring just before it.

9. *keel the pot*: 'cool the contents of the pot by stirring.'

10. *all aloud*: possibly not recognizing that 'all' was a mere intensive adjunct, Palgrave reads 'around' in his first edition, and 'about' in his second.

11. *saw*: 'trite maxim.'

12. *brooding*: the first meaning is to sit on eggs, and so to sit still as if one were trying to hatch out a scheme.

14. *crabs*: heated ale with spice or sugar and a roast crab-apple or a slice of toast added was a favourite drink for winter evenings.

28

Sonnet No. LXXIII.

9, 10. *such fire That*, etc.: in strict grammar 'that' should be 'as.' *his* = its, referring to 'fire.'

12. *Consumed with*: *i.e.* 'together with'; fire and fuel disappear together.

14. *leave*: Samuel Butler suggests 'leese,' a variant of 'lose,' which Shakespeare uses elsewhere (*Son.* v. 14). It certainly appears as if the poet were going to leave his lover, not vice versa.

29

Sonnet No. XXX.

1, 2, *sessions . . . summon*: he calls memory to bear witness as in a court of law.

4. *with old woes*, etc.: 'and utter afresh my old lamentations for the waste of my past life.'

6. *dateless*: 'marked by no fixed limits.'

8. *expense*: 'loss.'

9. *foregone*: 'gone-before,' 'past.' The verb to forgo (= go without) is often spelt 'forego,' and its past participle then is identical in form with this word.

13. *the while*: 'at such a time.'

30

Sonnet No. LX.

4. *sequent* : ' following one another.'

5. *Nativity, once in the main*, etc. : ' when we are born and launched into the sea of light, we slowly attain to the fullness of our powers ; but when we have reached this point we are assailed by calamities that make everything go awry.' There is certainly a general though not a consistent reference to astrology, which was accepted as a true science in Shakespeare's time, though it is commonly discredited to-day. Eclipses were considered evil omens among the Greeks and the Romans.

9. *transfix the flourish* : ' pierce through the gloss.'

11. *Feeds on the rarities of nature's truth* : Tyler explains, rightly as I think, there are few who have the true beauty which comes from nature—a good deal that passes for beauty being artificial and false—and on these few Time preys.

13. *times in hope* : ' ages yet to come.'

31

Sonnet No. LXXXVII.

3. *charter* : properly a written grant of rights by the Sovereign ; here his lady's worth had given her such rights.

8. *patent* : a right similarly granted to the exclusive enjoyment of some privilege.

11. *upon misprision growing* : ' being based upon a misconception of your own value.' The word is derived from the verb to misprize, and must not be confounded with the legal term misprision (akin to the French *méprendre*), meaning a wrongful act or omission.

32

Sonnet No. XCIV.

This difficult sonnet is a warning to the poet's beautiful friend not to expend his beauty and strength on unworthy objects. Beauty, like strength, confers power to hurt ; but those who ' rightly inherit heaven's

graces' make no use of their beauty to injure others, regarding it as their own property, to be husbanded with care. Others hold their beauty at the bidding of Passion, and use it as Passion dictates, being themselves but Passion's servants.

2. *do the thing they most do show*: *i.e.* devote themselves to the service of love, for which their appearance has so amply qualified them.

5. *rightly do inherit*, etc.: 'it is right that they should be endowed with supreme beauty.'

6. *from expense*: 'from being expended.'

10. *Though to itself*, etc.: *i.e.* that which is self-contained and self-centred will yet give pleasure if it be beautiful. The 'only' is misplaced, as so often in English; it goes with 'to itself.'

11. *with base infection meet*: 'become tainted with decay.'

33

See above, note to No. 21.

3. *To save thee*, etc.: *i.e.* promise not to leave me, and so save thyself from the charge of causing me pain.

4. *grame*: 'sorrow.' The word is still used in Scotland.

8. *That hath*: should be 'have,' the antecedent being 'me.' So in l. 14 below.

9. *In wealth and woe among*: 'wealth' is used in its original sense of 'prosperity.' 'Among' is rarely found with a singular noun which is not a noun of multitude.

34

Richard Barnfield (1574–1627). A scholar of Brasenose College, Oxford, who afterwards lived as a country gentleman in Staffordshire. His first book of poems appeared in 1594; his fifth, in which this song occurs, was called *Poems in Divers Humours*, and appeared in 1598. The song was reprinted without ascription in the *Passionate Pilgrim*—see above, No. 5—and in both versions there were thirty more lines than Palgrave has printed. This shortened form is found in *England's Helicon*, and marked 'Ignoto.'

3. *Sitting* : ' as I was sitting.'

4. *grove* : so in the original and in the *Passionate Pilgrim* ; *England's Helicon* has ' group.'

9. *She, poor bird* : there was till recently a general conspiracy among poets to treat the nightingale as feminine ; though in point of fact it is the cock-bird only that sings. Modern poets, however, *e.g.* Mr. Bridges, are more accurate on this point.

10. *up-till* : ' up to ' ; ' till ' is still used in Scotland for 'to' ; *England's Helicon* has ' against,' which Palgrave read in his first edition, substituting ' up-till ' in the second. There was an old superstition that a nightingale could sing only under the stimulus of pain, self-inflicted if obtained in no other way.

12. *That* is the conjunction, = ' so that.'

17. *lively* : ' vividly.'

23. *King Pandion* : In Greek legend he was king of Athens and father of two beautiful girls, Procne and Philomela ; the former of whom he gave in marriage to Tereus, king of a Thracian tribe living in Daulis, a town of Phocis near Delphi. After a son, Itys, was born to them, Tereus wearied of his wife, and, inviting Philomela to come to his court, he ravished her and cut out her tongue. Philomela however wove the story of her wrong into a robe and gave it to Procne, who thereupon slew her son Itys and served him up as food to her husband. She and her sister then fled, pursued by Tereus with an axe, and, as he was on the point of catching them, the gods transformed all three to birds, Tereus becoming a hoopoe, Procne a swallow, and Philomela a nightingale. Pandion died on hearing the story.

24. *lapp'd in lead* : ' enclosed in leaden coffins.'

27. This and the next line are from *England's Helicon*. The other two versions substitute thirty-two other, and distinctly inferior, lines.

35

Samuel Daniel (1562–1619) was in succession a private tutor, a groom of the privy chamber to Queen Elizabeth, and the head of a company of young players. This sonnet is No. li in his *Sonnets to Delia* (1592).

3. *languish* as a noun does not seem to have been used for over a century.

restore the light: *i.e.* of unconsciousness; the waking world had grown so dark to him that to leave it in sleep would be a return to light.

5. *let the day be time enough*, etc.: *i.e.* let not my sleep be but a continuation of my waking sorrows with all the added exaggerations of dreamland.

7. *their scorn*: 'the scorn in which they see I am held.'

9, 10. 'And you dreams, which do but re-echo my waking thoughts, come not to anticipate the suffering that I shall encounter next day.'

11. *Never let rising Sun approve you liars*: 'do not paint things worse than they will prove to be when the next day comes.'

13. *embracing clouds*: 'dreaming in a world of pure fancy.'

36

Sung by a boy to Mariana in *Measure for Measure*, IV. i.

4. *Lights that do mislead the morn*: *i.e.* her eyes are so bright that the morn takes them for the Sun—a common conceit of the period.

37

MICHAEL DRAYTON (1563–1631) is chiefly known for his work called *Polyolbion*, a topographical description of England in thirty parts, enriched by many early legends. The present sonnet is No. LXI in *Idea, the Shepherd's Garland* (1593).

4. *cleanly*: 'entirely.'

38

First appearing in the 1616 edition of Drummond's *Poems*. The text given is that of the 1656 and 1711 editions, which have several variants from the original.

1. *lute*: a stringed instrument resembling a guitar, which from the 14th to the 17th centuries was the

favourite instrument for chamber music throughout Europe.

4. *ramage*: 'the song of birds,' from the French *ramage*, with the same meaning.

6. *wont*, now used only as an adjective, was formerly the past tense of won, or wone, meaning to dwell, to be accustomed. The 1616 edition has 'used.'

9. *be*, for 'are,' was common to the end of the 17th century. It is still used in the phrase 'the powers that be.'

11. *Each stroke a sigh*: 'each touch of the strings [draws forth] a sigh.'

14. *turtle*: 'turtle-dove.'

still: 'continually.'

her loss: 'the loss of her,' *i.e.* the owner of the 'dear Voice.'

39

Sonnet No. CXLVIII.

4. *censures*: 'estimates'—without the modern idea of blaming.

40

From a collection of part-songs appearing in 1589 called *Songs of Sundry Natures*, the music of which was written by William Byrd, the composer of the earliest English madrigals. The song is printed also in *England's Helicon*, see note to No. 5.

3. *late forgot*: lately deserted by his mistress.

28. *passing glad*: 'surpassingly glad.'

32. *your*: so *England's Helicon*; Byrd has 'my.'

41

Edward Vere (1550–1604), seventeenth Earl of Oxford, was son-in-law to Burghley, who 'found his perverse humour a source of grave embarrassment.' He was continually losing and regaining Elizabeth's favour. Most of his verse appeared first in various anthologies. All that is extant was printed by Grosart in his *Miscellanies of the Fuller Worthies Library* (1872). This poem was first printed in the Introduction to Sir S. E. Brydges's edition (1812) of *England's Helicon*, where it is said to be taken from a Bodleian MS.

1. *fond*: 'foolish.' See note to No. 17, l. 12.

2. *Or that*: 'if that' is often found for 'if'; see above, note to No. 22, l. 10. If the subordinate sentence contains two clauses, the second is often introduced by 'that' alone.

3. *bond*: an adjective (=bound), as in 1 Corinthians, xii. 13, 'whether we be bond or free.'

8. *Phoebus*, the Sun-god, was the ideal of male beauty.

Pan, the Greek rural deity, had the head and trunk of a man, but the horns, ears, and lower limbs of a goat.

9. *haggards*: 'wild hawks.' As no haggards were tame, 'wild haggards' is tautology, unless 'wild' is to be taken with the verb 'range.'

11. *from the fist*: where the hawk was carried in the mediaeval sport of hawking.

13. *disport*: 'sport.'

15. *lure*: another hawking metaphor; a lure was a bunch of feathers used to recall the bird to the falconer.

16. *ourselves we ease*: 'we relieve ourselves of them.'

17. *when we their fancy try*: 'when we make trial of their love.' Cf. below, No. 50, l. 1.

42

Sung by Amiens in *As You Like It*, II. vii.

2. *unkind*: 'unnatural.' One of the first meanings of the substantive 'kind' is nature.

7. *Heigh-ho* is generally used to express weariness, but in *Midsummer Night's Dream* (IV. i. 209), it is a shout to some one at a distance, and here it can hardly be anything but a cheerful cry.

12. *That dost*: Palgrave in both editions has, 'Thou dost.'

bite so nigh: 'so deeply.' Cf. the phrase 'to shave close.'

14. *warp*: now meaning to bend, had originally the idea of changing or turning; the effect of the wind is to change the appearance of the water either by ruffling its surface or by freezing it.

16. *friend remember'd not*: 'the forgetting of one friend by another.'

43

From the *Poems* of 1616. For *Madrigal*, see note to No. 5, l. 8.

4. *to bring* : 'in order that I may bring.'

5. *prince which* : Cf. above, No. 14, l. 8, and note. *monarchize* : the only entirely independent sovereign in the world is Death.

7. *caitiffs* : 'caitiff,' in its original form the same word as 'captive,' came to imply a mixture of wickedness and misery.

blest : 'fortunate, happy.'

44

Sung by the Clown in *Twelfth Night* (II. iv).

2. *sad cypres* : (or cypress) this may either refer to the tree or the fabric. If the former it may mean (1) the coffin of cypress wood, or (2) boughs of the tree, which were often strewn or carried as a sign of mourning. The fabric, more commonly called 'cypress lawn,' was a light transparent material resembling crape; when black it was often used for mourning, but here the shroud was white (l. 5), so that one of the former explanations seems preferable.

10. *black* : *i.e.* covered with a black pall.

15. *never find* : this is subjunctive, = 'may never find.'

45

Sung by Guiderius and Arviragus in *Cymbeline* (IV. ii). There is a fourth stanza in a different metre which Palgrave has omitted.

5. *Golden* : 'resembling gold, either in beauty or value.' Cf. the Golden Age, the Golden Legend, the Golden Treasury, etc.

10. *the reed is as the oak* : *i.e.* all earthly things, whether strong or weak, are equally unimportant.

14. *thunder-stone* : 'thunderbolt.'

18. *Consign to thee* : Steevens explains, 'seal the same contract with thee,' and *N.E.D.* adopts the explanation without quoting a parallel.

46

Ariel's second song in *The Tempest* (I. ii).

1. *Full fathom five* : *i.e.* quite thirty feet below the surface. The fathom is supposed to be the distance from finger tip to finger tip when the arms are held outwards as far apart as possible ; this is reckoned at six feet.

4, 5. *Nothing of him that doth fade*, etc. : *i.e.* every perishable part of him is undergoing a change.

5. *But doth* : ' which does not.'

7. *ring his knell* : after these words there comes in the play ' *Burthen* : Ding-dong,' the chorus sung off the scene.

47

John Webster (1580 ?–1625) is, so far as any account of his life is concerned, lost in obscurity, the dates of his birth and death being alike conjectural. He wrote for the stage between 1602 and 1624, sometimes in collaboration with Dekker, Marston, Drayton, and others, but his supreme achievements, *The White Devil* (1612) and *The Duchess of Malfi* (1623), were all his own. For sheer horror these surpass all other English plays, and can only be compared with the *Oedipus Tyrannus of* Sophocles. This dirge is from *The White Devil* (v. iv in modern editions) ; it is sung by Cornelia over her son's body.

5. *dole* : ' lament,' from the Lat. *dolor* ; not to be confused with the similar Saxon word, meaning ' destiny,' ' allotted portion.'

10. *them* : the ' men ' of the previous line.

48

Sonnet No. xxxii.

1. *well-contented* : the epithet is transferred from the poet, who is quite content to die, to the day of his death.

2. *churl* : a word used from early times as the opposite of noble or gentle. Death is no gentleman, for he is quite regardless of people's feelings.

4. *lover*: in the seventeenth century this word had not its present narrow meaning, but was applied to any one who loved another.

7. *Reserve them*: 'keep them in your possession.' *rhyme*: in the wide sense, 'verses.'

12. *ranks of better equipage*: 'better equipped ranks,' *i.e.* making a fairer show of poetic ability.

49

Sonnet No. LXXI.

1, 2. *No longer . . . Than you shall hear*: 'only so long as you hear.'

8. *woe*: 'sorrowful.' Its use as an adjective, though now obsolete, is common in Spenser.

10. *compounded*: 'united.'

13. *wise world*: too wise, that is, to grieve over what is gone.

50

Sung in *The Merchant of Venice* (III. ii) while Bassanio is meditating on the caskets.

1. *Fancy*: 'love.' Cf. above, No. 41, l. 17.

6. *Fancy dies*, etc.: love, which is born in the eyes, may die there before coming to maturity; which means no more than that the eyes can show the birth and speedy death of love.

51

JOHN LYLY (1554?–1606) is best known as the author of *Euphues*, through the success of which a fantastic style of speech soon became fashionable, as is illustrated by Scott in the mouth of Sir Piercie Shafton in *The Monastery*. Besides this work, which has given the word 'euphuism' to the English language, Lyly wrote half a dozen comedies.

This song is sung by Apelles in *Campaspe* (III, v), the second of Lyly's comedies, which first appeared in 1584, and was printed the same year, but without the three songs—of which this is one; these are first found in the edition of 1632.

4. *His mother's doves*, etc.: the birds sacred to Aphrodite or Venus were the dove, the swallow, the

sparrow, and the swan (for which last cf. below, No. 53, ll. 62, 63).

7. *on 's* : ' on his.'

8. *crystal* : ' transparent clearness.'

9. *of his chin* : Palgrave has ' on his chin ' in both editions.

11. *set* : ' staked.'

52

Little is known of the life of Thomas Heywood (*d.* 1650). He was writing plays in 1596, and his latest work is dated 1641. Besides the twenty-four plays from his own pen he had a hand in nearly two hundred others, and was also the author of several poems and treatises.

This song is from the *Rape of Lucrece* (iv. vi), which was printed in 1608 ; but most of the songs were not added till the fourth edition (1630).

4. *good-morrow* : a salutation used on meeting in the morning ; its place has now been taken by ' good morning.'

13. *bill* : in both editions Palgrave printed ' hill,' and was unhappily followed in every setting of this song to music which I have seen.

16. *Stare* : ' starling,' which is a diminutive of the former.

53

Edmund Spenser (1552 ?–1599), the earliest great poet of the Elizabethan era and a friend of Sir Philip Sidney, lived mostly in Ireland where he held various offices under the Lord Deputy. His greatest work, *The Faerie Queene*, was almost entirely written in that country. The *Prothalamion or a Spousal Verse*, the last of his productions, was written in 1596 during his residence with Lord Essex, to celebrate the double marriage of the two daughters of the Earl of Worcester to two ' worthie ' but untitled ' Esquyers.' The word Prothalamion, ' a Song written before a marriage,' was coined by Spenser on the analogy of Epithalamium, ' a Song upon a marriage.'

2. *Zephyrus* : ' the west wind.'

4. *Hot Titan's beams* : the Titans in Greek mythology were the sons of Urănus (Heaven) and Ge (Earth ;)

one of them, Hyperion, was the father of Helios, the Sun, who is therefore frequently spoken of as 'the Titan.'

6. *long fruitless stay*: Spenser made suit on various occasions to get a post at Elizabeth's court, but without success.

9. *afflict my brain*: the verb has another object 'whom' (l. 5). This construction, termed the 'Whole and Part Figure,' is not uncommon in classical Greek.

12. *rutty*: 'abounding in ruts' (*N.E.D.*). This seems more probable than Collier's interpretation, 'abounding in roots,' though apparently 'rooty' was sometimes spelt 'rutty' in the 16th century.

14. *all the meads adorn'd*: sc. were adorned; the 'were' being supplied from the 'was' of the previous line.

16. *paramours*: 'lovers'; the word is now restricted to unlawful love.

17. *is not long*: 'is close at hand.'

21. *the flood thereby*: 'the stream which ran beside them.'

23. *As each had been a bride*: 'brides formerly walked to church with their hair hanging loose behind. Anne Bullen's was thus dishevelled when she went to the altar with King Henry the Eighth.' Steevens.

25. *entrailèd*: 'entwined.'

26. *flasket*: 'a long shallow basket' (Johnson); the word is a diminutive of 'flask.'

27. *full feateously*: 'very skilfully or elegantly.'

32. *primrose true*: the primrose seems to have been the symbol, not of truth, but of early death, or misfortune, which makes it scarcely an appropriate flower for a bridal bouquet.

33. *vermeil*: (pron. ver'mil) a poetic form of 'vermilion.'

38. *the lee*: here and in l. 115 below, Spenser uses this word for 'stream' or 'current.' Again in the *Faerie Queene*, v. ii. 19, he has 'His corps was carried downe along the Lee.' The word is also used in the *Ruines of Time*, but I have not found it outside Spenser, and it is not noticed in *N.E.D.*

40. *Pindus*: a range of mountains in North Greece, separating Thessaly from Epirus.

42. *when he a swan would be*: Jupiter, in order to

gain access to Leda, wife of Tyndareus, assumed the form of a swan, and became by her the father of Helen and of Castor and Pollux.

55. *Eftsoons*: 'soon after.'

had flowers their fill: 'flowers, as many as they wanted.'

60. *Them seem'd*: 'it seemed to them.' This, which is one of the two surviving impersonal verbs in modern English, is only found now with a first-person object, 'meseems.' But cf. below, No. 379, l. 13, 'Herseemed.'

63. *Venus' silver team*: Cf. above, No. 51, l. 4. *team*, which regularly means the animals which draw an object, must here stand for the chariot which is drawn, but *N.E.D.* gives no such meaning.

78. *Peneus*: see above, note on No. 2, l. 27. Every ninth year a festival of Apollo was held at Tempe, in course of which flowers were cast on the river.

98. *virtue to remove*, etc.: 'power to put an end to any distaste which a lover may feel, and once for all to dispel any treachery in the mind of a friend.' *assoil*: 'to absolve, forgive,' and so 'get rid of.'

101. *accord*: 'bring into agreement.'

104. *That fruitful issue*, etc.: 'which may give you abundant offspring to uphold you against your enemies.' The succession of the two relatives 'That' and 'Which' is awkward.

106. *redound*: lit. 'to overflow,' Lat. *redundare*.

110. *undersong*: 'chorus or burden.'

113. *resound*: 'repeat'; not often found as a transitive verb.

115. *lee*: see above, l. 38.

121. *Cynthia*: 'the Moon': the name was given to Diana from Mount Cynthus in Delos where she was born.

shend, with past tense 'shent,' usually means 'to injure, disgrace'; here it must mean 'to surpass'; where two rival beauties are concerned the two meanings become identical.

129. The precise locality of Spenser's birth is said to have been East Smithfield, which lies just east of the Tower.

130. *from another place*: Spenser's father moved to London from near Burnley in north-east Lancashire, where the family had resided for several generations.

Perhaps, however, the poet is here claiming relationship with the Spencers of Althorp in Northamptonshire, the head of which family was then Sir John Spencer, to each of whose three daughters he dedicated a poem. In ' Colin Clout's come home again ' he claims that he is the ' meanest ' of that ' noble family.'

132. The poet has got terribly lost in this sentence ; not only is there no principal clause for the ' when they came ' to depend on, but the ' bricky towers ' remain without a verb of any kind.

whereas : ' where.' Cf. ' whenas,' No. 16, l. 8.

those bricky towers : sc. of the Temple, which lies to the south of Fleet St., and extends from Whitefriars on the east to Essex St. on the west. It was named after the Knights Templars who settled here in 1185, but about 1330 it passed into the hands of the students of Common Law, and now forms, as the Inner and the Middle Temple, two of the Inns of Court or Associations of Barristers.

The Knights Templars, the greatest of the Military Orders, were founded in 1118 for the protection of pilgrims to Palestine ; but they soon became so powerful as to be a menace to all orderly government, and were finally suppressed in 1308.

135. *whilome* : ' formerly.' *wont* : see above, note to No. 38, l. 6.

137. *a stately place* : Essex House, formerly called Leicester House and inhabited by the Earl of Leicester, uncle of Sir Philip Sidney, and first favourite with the Queen; it was Sidney who introduced Spenser to Leicester and thus found him his first patron. Leicester died in 1588.

140. *Whose want* : this is the object of ' feels ' ; ' my friendless state feels, all too deeply, the loss of him.'

142. *Old woes* : object of ' to tell.'

145. *a noble peer* : the Earl of Essex, who had in this year (1596) made a successful descent upon Cadiz.

148. *Hercules' two pillars* : the promontories on either side of the Straits of Gibraltar were so called in classical times.

153. *endless happiness* : Essex was executed for rebellion in 1601.

164. *Hesper* : or Hesperus, the evening star, here personified and depicted as rising with its beams

(' golden hair ') from the sea, which is what the Evening Star never does. See note to No. 187.

166. *to the river's open viewing* : ' to where he can get a clear view of the river ' ; *river's* is objective.

167. *ensuing* : ' following.'

169. *Two gentle knights* : these were the ' Two Worthie Gentlemen, M. Henry Gilford and M. William Peter, Esquyers,' the bridegrooms.

173. *the twins of Jove* : Castor and Pollux, sons of Jupiter by Leda, cf. note on l. 42 above. On Castor's death they were translated, as Gemini, to the Zodiac, the ' baldric ' or belt in the heavens in which the sun and the planets appear to revolve.

54

Thomas Dekker or Decker was born about 1570 and was alive in 1637. He wrote eight plays alone, among them the delightful *Shoemaker's Holiday*, and collaborated with Middleton, Webster, Massinger, etc., in many others; he was also the author of several pamphlets and engaged in a fierce literary quarrel with Ben Jonson.

This song is from *The Pleasant Comodie of Patient Grissill*, Act I (1603), which was reprinted by Grosart in vol. v. of the *Non-Dramatic Works of Thos. Dekker* (1886). The play had not been included in Pearson's edition of the *Dramatic Works* because Dekker was only part author of the Comedy, which was written in collaboration with Chettle and Haughton in 1599, and was first printed in 1603, and then anonymously.

1. *thou, i.e.* the reader ; the second and fourth lines are exclamations, not addresses.

6. *golden numbers* : ' large sums of gold.'

11. *crispéd* : lit. ' curled,' so ' ruffled.'

55

This poem, like the others of Drummond's in the *Golden Treasury*, is taken from the (posthumous) edition of 1656 or that of 1711. It appeared first in the 1616 edition of the *Poems* with two variations.

5. *bequeath* : Pope seems to have been the last to

use the word in the simple sense of 'commit,' 'assign,' without the implication that the assigner is dead.

11. *in a thought*: 'swift as a thought,' or, as we should say, 'in a flash.'

12. *erst*: 'at first'; it is the superlative of ere ='before.'

The last two lines in the 1616 edition ran :—

'For even when most admired, it in a thought,
As swelled from nothing, doth dissolve in nought.'

56

Sonnet No. CXLVI.

2. In the Quarto this runs :—

'My sinfull earth these rebbel powers that thee array,' where the first three words are presumably repeated by a printer's error from l. 1, and something has dropped out. This has opened up a fine field for the commentators, who with nothing to guide them as to the meaning of the lost words have differed widely in their suggestions. Malone conjectured 'Fool'd by,' Steevens 'Starved by,' Herford 'Lord of,' Tyler 'Why feed'st . . . ?' Massey keeps the first three words and omits 'that thee,'—when 'which' must be understood before 'those rebel powers.' Malone seems to be on the right track, but 'Girt,' 'Spoiled,' 'Tricked,' and many another monosyllabic participle would yield equally good sense. Palgrave in the second edition reads 'Foil'd by.'

2. *array*: 'deck out,' 'adorn.'

4. *costly* is here an adverb, 'in a costly manner.'

6. *mansion* in the 17th century had no implied idea of splendour; it meant simply 'an abiding place,' 'dwelling.' Cf. John xiv. 2, 'In my Father's house are many mansions.'

8. *charge*: either (1) 'thy expenditure,' or (2) 'the body which is entrusted to thy care.' I incline to the former; 'is all your expenditure to be for the benefit of the worms?' To ask whether worms would devour the body is rather pointless.

10. *aggravate*: 'increase,' literally 'make heavier.'

11. *terms*: 'periods of time.'

13. *feed on death*: *i.e.* get food for the soul from the destruction of worldly interests.

57

This is an expansion of a ten-line Greek epigram attributed to Poseidippus or Plato the Comic Poet and beginning Ποίην τις βιότοιο τάμοι τρίβον ; both the original and this poem were published in 1629 by Thomas Farnaby in his *Florilegium*, a collection of Greek epigrams with Latin renderings. The English verse—which is the only English in the book—is there attributed to Lord Bacon. It was again printed as Bacon's in 1630 in Joshua Sylvester's *Panthea*. The two versions are identical, except in one word. A version with a few variants is printed in *Reliquiae Wottonianae* (see note to No. 72), as having been found among Wotton's papers.

2. *span* : properly the distance from the tip of the thumb to the tip of the little finger at their widest stretch, taken arithmetically to be nine inches ; it is often used vaguely for a short space.

8. *limns* : 'paints.' To 'limn the water' is equivalent to 'ploughing the sand.'

12. *To dandle fools* : *i.e.* to keep them occupied and prevent their becoming a nuisance.

16. *the three* : *i.e.* the Court, the Country, and the City.

21. *moan* : this (or rather 'mone') is the reading of *Florilegium* and is adopted by Spedding and Dr. Hannah. The *Panthea* reading is 'none,' which Grosart accepts (*Misc. of the Fuller Worthies' Library*, i. 20), declaring that 'moan' 'spoils the thought and the rhyme and corresponds with a flaw in a jewel-fascet' ; he does not apparently see that 'would have none' can hardly be taken as an alternative to 'wish them gone.'

24. *single thraldom* : this is the state of having no wife ; for there a man is still in subjection to his possessions, his servants, his employment or his needs. This sentence is an instance of the figure called Chiasmus, where of four terms the first and fourth go together, as do the second and third. Perhaps the best known instance in English occurs in Matthew vii. 6, 'Give not that which is holy unto the dogs, neither cast ye your

pearls before swine, lest they trample them under their feet and turn again and rend you' ; where the 'trample' refers to the swine and the 'turn' to the dogs.

25. *still* : 'continually.'

58

This is from the *Flowers of Sion* (1623) ; as elsewhere, Palgrave follows the 1656 and 1711 editions. There is, however, but one variation : in l. 13 the first edition has 'our minds do muse' for 'we stay our minds.'

3. *Of Him* depends on 'art and wisdom.'

8. *period of* : 'limit to.'

9-12. These four lines are taken shamelessly from Sidney's *Astrophel and Stella* (1591), xi.,

> 'For like a child, that some fair book doth find,
> With gilded leaves or coloured vellum plays,
> Or, at the most, on some fine picture stays,
> But never heeds the fruit of writer's mind.'

11. *ribbands* : *i.e.* the bookmarkers.

14. *some picture* : *i.e.* some incident which illustrates the working of divine laws ; but we do not investigate the laws themselves.

59

Not printed till the posthumous *Poems* of 1656.

5. *vice's moody mists* : the practice of vice is here supposed to obscure the judgement, so that a vicious person cannot clearly distinguish things as they are ; but it is not easy to see why this obscurity of vision is termed 'moody,' which *N.E.D.*, citing the passage, interprets 'sullen, gloomy.' Vicious people are often hilarious and the virtuous are often gloomy—for instance Drummond in this sonnet. One would not like to think the poet is being merely alliterative.

6. *blindly* adds nothing to the line. Blind Fortune would naturally act blindly.

8. *Ply* : 'go to and fro.'

The problem Drummond raises here is at least as old as the Book of Job ; virtuous people do suffer, as

it seems to us, undeservedly. No one has ever satisfactorily accounted for it, but the most helpful comment on the fact is certainly that of the Stoics, who taught that from all adversity the wise man could gain advantage.

60

Sonnet No. LXVI.

1. *all these* : sc. the following.

2. *As* : 'for example.'

3. *needy nothing*, etc. : 'some empty non-entity decked out in fine array.'

4. *unhappily forsworn* : 'compelled by unkind fate to break its word.'

5. *gilded honour*, etc. : 'riches and honours heaped upon unworthy persons.'

6. *strumpeted* : 'prostituted,' compelled to marry without love.

8. *I.e.* a strong man prevented from acting by a weakling who has authority over him.

11. *simplicity* : 'want of intelligence.' Jowett in his *Plato* speaks of 'that other simplicity which is only a euphemism for folly' (*Rep.* III. 400 E.).

61

From the *Flowers of Sion* (1623).

2. *Girt with rough skins* : see Matthew iii. 4, 'And the same John had his raiment of camel's hair, and a leathern girdle about his loins ; and his meat was locusts and wild honey.'

5. *His food was locusts* : locusts, beetles, and grasshoppers were the only 'flying creeping things which have four feet' allowed as food by the Mosaic Law (Lev. xi. 21-23).

6. *virgin hives* : natural hives which had never been pillaged before.

13. *relent* : 'the echoes alone showed signs of grace by repeating the Baptist's message.'

BOOK SECOND

CHARLES I—WILLIAM III

62

JOHN MILTON (1608–1674), educated at St. Paul's School and Christ's College, Cambridge, generally admitted to be England's greatest poet after Shakespeare, was Latin Secretary under the Protectorate, and suffered a short imprisonment at the Restoration. Besides his poems he was the author of the noble *Areopagitica*, a plea for the liberty of the press, and of some memorable tracts on Divorce.

This Ode was begun on Christmas Day 1629, when Milton, then aged 21, was still at Cambridge, having taken his degree earlier in the year. 'Though far less popular than most of the poetry of Milton,' says Hallam, 'the Ode is perhaps the finest in the English language.' It was printed in 1645 and, with a few alterations, in 1673. The text given here is that of the latter edition.

5. *the holy sages*: the earliest passage in the Old Testament which is taken to refer to Christ is the statement that the seed of the woman should bruise the head of the serpent (Gen. iii. 15). There are others equally appropriate.

10. *He wont*: see above, note to No. 38, l. 6.

11. *Trinal*: 'Threefold.'

19. *Now while the heaven*, etc.: *i.e.* before sunrise.

20. *took*: for 'taken'; cf. note to No. 14, l. 4. Elsewhere Milton used 'taken' and 'ta'en.'

23. *star-led wizards*: the Magi; see Matt. ii. 1.

24. *prevent*: in its literal sense 'come before.'

28. A reference to Isaiah vi. 6, 7, 'Then flew one of the seraphims unto me, having a live coal in his hand, which he had taken with the tongs from off the altar; And he laid it upon my mouth.'

29. *It was the winter*: historically, of course, the birth of Christ cannot have taken place in the winter. The winter solstice (Dec. 25th) was fixed on as the date

commemorating his birth because in early Pagan cults there was a festival of the Sun on that day.

36. *paramour*: see above, note to No. 53, l. 16.

41. *Pollute*: in modern form 'Polluted.' It may be considered, according to Abbott, not as a shortened form of the participle, but as an adjective taken directly from the Latin 'pollutus.'

blame: 'wrong-doing.'

45. *cease*: its transitive sense, 'put a stop to,' dates, like the intransitive, 'come to an end,' from the 14th century.

48. *the turning sphere*: according to the Ptolemaic system of astronomy the Earth was a fixed body at the centre of eight globes or spheres which revolved round it and formed the paths of the Sun, the Moon, and the planets.

49. *His ready harbinger*: harbinger (connected with 'harbour') is here used in its original sense of one sent on before to provide lodging for a royal personage. *His* = Christ's.

50. *turtle wing*: the turtle-dove has always been deemed the symbol of love.

51. *myrtle wand*: the myrtle being sacred to Venus was considered the emblem of love.

52, *sqq.* It is said that at the time of Christ's birth the world—or rather that part of it which was known to Europe—was entirely free from war. But according to Merivale, 'The actual state of the world . . . will hardly . . . bear out such an assertion in its literal sense. On the frontiers, at least, . . . the Romans were always in arms, and enjoyed hardly a momentary respite from active operations.' *Gen. Hist. of Rome*, ch. 54.

56. *hookéd chariot*: hooks and scythes were fixed to the wheels or the frames of war chariots to catch the enemy in a charge.

59. *awful*: 'full of awe, or wonder'—not, as usually, 'inspiring awe.'

60. *sovran*: this is the correct spelling—from the late Lat. *superanus*—of 'sovereign'; the modern form is due to a confusion with 'reign.'

64. *whist*: 'silent,' an adjective derived from the interjection.

67. *forgot*: cf. l. 20, 'took.'

68. *birds of calm* : it was fabled of the halcyon or kingfisher that it bred at the winter solstice in a nest floating on the waves, during which time perfect calm prevailed in Nature.

69, 70. *The stars . . . Stand fix'd* : under the Ptolemaic system, as under the Copernican, the 'fix'd stars,' as they are now called, would usually appear to revolve round the Earth.

71. *one way* : sc. towards Bethlehem.

influence : an ethereal fluid was supposed to stream from the stars and affect human destinies.

74. *Lucifer* : [=Light-bringer] 'the Morning Star.'

75. *orbs* : may mean either (1) the stars themselves or (2) the spheres in which they moved. I incline to the former.

76. *bespake* : now only used as a transitive verb. In its intransitive sense it means no more than 'spake.'

78. *her room* : 'the space she—*i.e.* day—required.' Day being put for Aurora, the dawn, is feminine.

81. *As* : 'As though.'

85. *lawn* : any stretch of grass-covered land is rightly, though not commonly, so termed.

86. *Or ere* : 'before.' This use of the term as a preposition is irregular. It is a later spelling of 'or ever,' where 'or' is a preposition or conjunction (=before) and 'ever' adds emphasis ; cf. Daniel vi. 24. '. . . or ever they came at the bottom of the den.' *Ere* is itself a preposition or conjunction with the same meaning, 'before,' and has no connexion with 'ever' or 'e'er.'

point : 'moment.'

88. *than* : an alternative spelling of 'then.' The two words, which were originally one, were not distinguished and kept definitely apart till about 1700.

89. *Pan* : the god of shepherds and flocks in Greek mythology, considered in later times as the personification of Nature as a whole (τὸ πᾶν). Cf. also note to No. 314, l. 1.

92. *silly* : 'simple,' 'homely,' without any abusive signification. Cf. Hieron (1607) 'Little thought she that that silly man that sat there . . . was the Saviour of the world.'

95. *strook* : for 'struck' ; an obsolete past part. of 'strike.'

98. *As* : 'in such a way as.'

102, 103. *I.e.* thrilling the airy region [which lies] beneath the hollow round [=sphere] of the Moon's orbit. The sphere of the Moon (see note to l. 48) was the globe next outside the earth.

Cynthia : see note on No. 53, l. 121.

106. *its* : this is one of the three places in Milton where this word occurs ; the others being *Par. Lost*, I. 254, and IV. 813 (Masson).

109. *surrounds their sight* : 'was visible all round them.'

112, 113. *Cherubim* . . . *Seraphim* : see below, notes on No. 115, ll. 10, 12.

115. *quire* : this—the original—spelling of 'choir' is still retained in the English Prayer-book ; the modern form, adopted to connect it with its ultimate origin, the Greek 'choros,' appeared in the 18th century.

116. *unexpressive* : 'inexpressible' ; the English prefix 'un' was often used with Latin words which had become fixed in the language, *e.g.* unfortunate, unjust. Many of these words, *e.g.* uncessant, unglorious, have now rejected 'un' for the correcter 'in.'

Heir : the riming of this word to 'quire' is noteworthy.

119. *the sons of morning* : see Job xxxviii. 6, 7. 'Who laid the corner stone thereof [*i.e.* of the earth] ; when the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy ?'

sung : the usual form of the past tense in the 17th and 18th centuries, though 'sang' is now more general.

124. *weltering* : 'rolling.'

125. *ye crystal spheres* : Pythagoras held that the concentric spheres (see l. 48), at the middle of which lies the Earth, had each its special musical note, and that as they revolved they gave out a natural harmony ; this was termed the Music of the Spheres.

131. *ninefold* : to the eight spheres of the Ptolemaic system mediæval astronomers had added two outer spheres, the 'Crystalline,' beyond that of the Fixed Stars, and the 'Primum Mobile' or First Moving Thing, which enclosed all the rest. Milton apparently here, though not in other places, omits the outermost sphere from his chord.

132. *consort* : for 'concert,' which is a different word.

The confusion, which is common from the 16th to the 18th century, appears more than once in Addison.

135. *the age of gold*: Hesiod, a Greek poet of the 8th century B.C., divided the history of the world into five ages, the first of which, when Saturn ruled, was termed the Golden Age; it was the period of universal happiness, peace, and prosperity.

136. *speckled vanity*: vanity is one of the less heinous vices; indeed it has some of the elements of virtue, being closely allied to conceit—the name we give to that quality in our enemies which we term self-respect in our friends. Vanity cannot therefore be termed black, but only spotted.

138. *earthly mould*: *i.e.* man, formed from the dust of the earth. *N.E.D.* takes 'mould' here to mean 'earth'; but as that makes its epithet tautologous, is it not more likely that Milton meant 'shape,' in which sense he uses the word in *Par. Lost*, XI. 567, 'The liquid ore he drained Into fit moulds prepar'd'?

140. *mansions*: see above, note to No. 56, l. 6.

143, 4. The first edition has, 'Th' enameld Arras of the Rainbow wearing, And Mercy set between.'

146. *clouds down steering*: 'directing the clouds in their course beneath her.'

155. *ychain'd*: y- (corresponding to the German ge-) was a common prefix to past participles in Middle English. It still survives in a few archaic words, 'yclept,' 'yclad.'

158. *on mount Sinai*: see Exodus xix. 16. 'And it came to pass on the third day in the morning, that there were thunders and lightnings, and a thick cloud upon the mount, and the voice of the trumpet exceeding loud.'

167. *But now begins*: the 'perfect bliss,' which will follow the Day of Judgement ('then'), has its beginning with the birth of Christ ('now').

168. *The old Dragon*, etc.: see Revelation xx. 2. 'And he [the angel] laid hold on the dragon, that old serpent, which is the Devil, and Satan, and bound him a thousand years.'

172. *swinges*: 'strikes,' 'lashes.'

173. *The oracles are dumb*: the pagan oracles, which seem in their early days to have been wholly 'on the side of the angels,' afterwards declined considerably

both in honesty of purpose and accuracy of prediction. The fiction that the oracles ceased at the Christian era is sufficiently disproved by the violent opposition offered to them by the early Fathers. The most famous oracle of the ancient world—that of Apollo at Delphi—was consulted as late as the fourth century after Christ.

175. *archéd roof*: many of the ancient oracles were in natural caves.

178. *Delphos*: there is no authority for this form, which Milton uses elsewhere and Shakespeare four times. Delphi was a small town at the foot of Mount Parnassus and six miles from the Gulf of Corinth.

179. *nightly*: 'in the night,' not 'happening each night.'

180. *pale-eyed*: 'dim-eyed,' through long seclusion from the light of day.

183. The omission of 'is' before 'heard' makes the verse rather awkward.

There is a story told by Plutarch (*Defect. Orac.* 17) that some sailors, who were on a voyage from Greece to Italy, were becalmed near the Island of Paxos, and heard a voice crying to them over the waters and bidding their pilot call out on reaching the mainland that Great Pan was dead. On his doing this there was heard a great wailing of many voices, so that all wondered.

186. *Genius*: the tutelary god of a particular person or place.

191. *Lars*, or Lares, were the protecting deities of a house, the spirits of departed ancestors to whom honour was paid in the home.

Lemures were hostile spirits of the dead who roamed the earth as spectres. The word is here a dissyllable, being pronounced as English (Masson). It is to be noticed that 'hearth' goes with 'Lars' and 'consecrated earth' with 'Lemures,' an instance of Chiasmus, for which see above, note on No. 57, l. 24.

194. *Flamens*: 'priests devoted to the service of particular deities.'

195. The sweating of statues is a portent often mentioned, *e.g.* by Cicero, Virgil, and Lucan, as heralding some event of national importance.

197. *Peor*, properly the name of a mountain, is used,

as in Numbers xxv. 18, for Baal-peor, a god of the Moabites and Midianites.

Baalim: the Hebrew plural of Baal, the chief male divinity of the people of Canaan; the plural form is due to the fact that he was worshipped under many different modifications.

199. *twice-batter'd god*: Dagon, the fish-god of the Philistines, fell down twice before the Ark of the Covenant which had been placed in his temple (1 Samuel v. 2-4).

200. *Ashtaroth*: the Hebrew plural of Ashtoreth or Astarte, the principal goddess of the Phœnicians. For the plural form cf. Baalim, above. She was represented in some of her aspects as the Moon.

203. *The Lybic Hammon*: Amun, an Egyptian deity (hence 'Lybic,' *i.e.* African), was represented as a ram or a man with a ram's head.

shrinks: 'draws back.'

204. *Thammuz*, or Tammuz, was a Syrian deity identified with the Greek Adonis, a fair youth beloved of Venus and slain by a wild boar. The maids of Syria, of which the chief city was Tyre, used yearly to lament the death of Tammuz in the month of June, which they called after their deity.

205. *Moloch*: a manifestation of Baal the sun-god in his destructive aspect, to whom human sacrifices were offered by fire.

209. *grisly*: 'horrible, grim.' Also written 'grisely.'

210. *furnace blue*: burning with a blue flame, the result either of a draught or of some substance, *e.g.* salt, thrown into the fire.

211. *The brutish gods*, etc.: most of the deities of Egypt were depicted with some or all of the attributes of animals. *Isis*, the chief female deity, had the horns of a cow; *Horus*, her son, had the head of a hawk; *Anubis*, another son, the head of a jackal.

213. *Osiris*, the creator, the principle of justice and the judge of the dead, does not appear to have been rightly portrayed with any brute attributes. But Milton followed an early tradition (cf. Juvenal, viii. 29) which identified him with the bull-god Apis, worshipped at Memphis. According to Plutarch's tale, which no doubt Milton followed, Typhon (see note on l. 226) had made a beautiful chest of the exact size of Osiris, and

having by a stratagem caused Osiris to lie down in it, he clapped on the lid and fastened it down ; the chest was then flung into the Nile. Isis contrived to regain the chest, but later on during her absence Typhon found it and tore the body of Osiris into fourteen pieces which he scattered throughout the land. These Isis piously sought and buried each one as she found it.

219. *anthems dark* : as the timbrel, or tambourine, is a cheerful instrument, I can only take this as a transferred epithet describing time or place.

220. *sable-stoléd* : the stole was properly the outer garment of Roman matrons, a long tunic reaching to the feet with short sleeves.

ark : the shrine wherein was placed an image of the god.

223. *eyn* : the common plural of 'eye' from the 14th to the 16th century.

226. *Typhon* : his Egyptian name was Set. He was the brother and murderer of Osiris ; one of the forms he took was that of a monstrous serpent. Some commentators take Typhon here as put for Typhœus, a monster of Greek mythology whose lower half was formed of serpent-coils ; but it seems less probable that Milton should so jump from the religion of Egypt to that of Greece. Besides which Typhœus was not a god.

231. *orient* : here used in its literal sense, 'eastern.' See note on No. 16, l. 31. It is a well-established tradition that at sunrise all ghosts who have been roaming the earth retire to their own realm.

234. *several* : 'separate.' Apparently the spirit returns to Tartarus and the ghostly body to the grave.

235. *yellow-skirted* : Mr. A. S. Cook compares κροκό-πεπλος, 'yellow-veiled,' used by Hesiod of a sea-nymph.

236. *maze* : 'winding tracks on the grass.' Cf. 'the quaint mazes in the wanton green.'—*M.N.D.* II. i. 99.

240. *youngest-teemèd* : 'last produced' ; to teem is to give birth to. The star was the one which led the Magi to Bethlehem, and is looked on by Milton as having been produced for that purpose.

243. *courtly* : 'serving as a court' to the new-born King.

244. *Bright-harness'd* : 'clad in shining armour.'

serviceable : 'ready for service.'

63

JOHN DRYDEN (1631–1700), the foremost poet and dramatist of his day, was Poet Laureate and undisputed king of the literary world of London. His *Absalom and Achitophel*, a satire on the political parties of his time, is perhaps his greatest work; though *The Hind and the Panther*, written in defence of the Roman Catholic religion, to which he was a convert, is almost equally powerful.

This Ode was written to be sung on St. Cecilia's Day, November 22, 1687. It was set to music by Draghi, an Italian composer. Cecilia, a Christian lady who was martyred at Rome, A.D. 230, and afterwards canonized as the patron saint of Music, is said to have invented the organ and to have drawn an angel from heaven to listen to her playing. Chaucer tells her story in *The Second Nun's Tale*. In 1683 a musical society was founded in London to celebrate her festival each year by the performance of a specially written Cantata. The Odes were written by Dryden in 1687 and 1697 (see below, No. 116), and by Pope in 1708, though this last was not performed on the occasion for which it was written.

1. The idea that music could build up an ordered whole from fragments is found in the legend of Amphion; see note to No. 2, l. 31.

2. *universal frame*: 'structure of the Universe.'

4. *jarring atoms*, etc.: cf. Genesis i. 2, 3, 'And the earth was without form, and void; and darkness was upon the face of the deep . . . And God said, Let there be light: and there was light.'

7. *more than dead*: *i.e.* worse than dead, for the dead have at least lived once.

15. *diapason*: 'the whole range of notes.' The term is from the phrase ἡ διὰ πασῶν χορδῶν συμφωνία, 'the concord through all the notes,' *i.e.* the octave.

16. Dryden worked out this idea in his later Ode (below, No. 116), in whose splendour, as Johnson says, the earlier one is lost.

17. *Jubal*: 'the father of all such as handle the harp and organ' (Genesis iv. 21).

the chorded shell: 'the lyre,' which, according to the

Greeks, was invented by Hermes from the chance finding of the shell of a tortoise across which the sinews of the animal remained stretched tight.

28. *alarms*: in the literal sense 'calls to arms'—from Ital. *all' arme*.

29. The line is intended to represent the sound it describes. This adaptation of the sound to the sense is called Onomatopœia.

33. *complaining*: 'plaintive.'

36. *lute*: see above note to No. 38, l. 1.

37. *Sharp*: 'high-pitched.' A violin has notes which can be reached by no other instrument.

47. *To mend the choirs above*: 'add to,' without the idea that the heavenly choirs were defective; this is a rare use of the word, and, even with this meaning, the suggestion smacks of presumption.

48. *Orpheus*, one of the Argonauts, was presented by Apollo with a lyre whereon he played so wonderfully that wild beasts and the rocks and trees of Olympus followed the sound of his music. See also note to No. 66, l. 58.

50. *Sequacious*: 'following': this word, from 'sequax,' is one of the hideous Latinisms of the later Renaissance which time has mercifully stifled. We have however kept 'loquacious' from 'loquax.'

63. *Music shall untune the sky*: as Music had at first 'tuned,' *i.e.* brought into harmony, the several discordant atoms of which the Universe is composed, so at the last day it will 'untune' the Cosmos, that is, reduce it again to 'jarring atoms.'

64

This sonnet, the first in the *Golden Treasury* preserving the true sonnet form, Palgrave terms 'the most mighty Sonnet in any language known to him.' The resonance of the long 'o' sound at the end of eleven out of the fourteen lines has been pointed out by Mr. Watts-Dunton. The sonnet was written to protest against the persecution in 1655 of the Vaudois or Waldenses, a people living in three valleys of Piedmont in North Italy, who had always been independent of the Church of Rome, and on that account had been subjected to

many persecutions. The cruelty shown towards them by the Duke of Savoy in 1655 not only produced this sonnet, but called forth a remonstrance from Cromwell couched in a Latin letter written by Milton to the Duke. The persecution ceased for a while, only to be renewed with greater severity thirty years later.

4. *stocks*: 'blocks of wood.'

10. *Their martyr'd blood . . . sow*: Tertullian, a second century Father, wrote 'the blood of Christians is the seed of the Church.'

12. *The triple tyrant*: *i.e.* the Pope; so-called from the triple crown he wears, emblematic of his dignity in heaven, on earth, and in purgatory.

13. *A hundred-fold*: now used only as an adverb; here it is a substantive, as in Matthew xiii. 8.

14. *the Babylonian woe*: the reformed churches applied to Rome the abusive language used of Babylon in Revelation (chaps. xvii. xviii.).

65

Andrew Marvell (1621–1678), poet and satirist, was tutor to Cromwell's ward, William Dutton, and assistant to Milton in the Latin secretaryship under the Commonwealth; he sat in Richard Cromwell's Parliament and in those of 1660 and 1661 as member for Hull. The Ode, which must have been written about 1650, was not printed till Thompson's edition of Marvell's *Works* (1776). It is termed 'Horatian' as being written in a four-line metre, as are many of the odes of Horace. In 1649 Cromwell had been appointed by Parliament lord-lieutenant and general of Ireland, to bring into subjection that country, which still was mainly royalist. This he accomplished in a campaign of nine months carried out with a calculated ferocity and pitiless rigour which long caused his name to be detested among the Irish, whose bitterest execration used to be 'The curse o' Crummle on ye!'

1. *forward*: 'eager,' 'spirited.'

appear: sc. before the world. The road to fame now, says Marvell, is through action not letters.

8. *corslet*: defensive armour covering the body; in time of peace it would be hung up in the hall.

9. *cease*: in the obsolete sense of 'rest.'

12. *Urgéd his . . . star*: 'directed his destiny.' The stars were commonly supposed to regulate the lives of men, cf. note to No. 62, l. 71; but Cromwell forced his star to do his bidding.

13. *first* is answered by 'then' in l. 21.

15. *thorough his own side*: 'through his own party.' Cromwell's first task was to come to the front of the Parliamentarians.

17-20. 'A rival and an enemy are the same to an ambitious man; indeed he resents the restriction of his power more than any active opposition.'

24. *laurels*: there may be an allusion to the fact that the gold coinage issued in 1619 showed the king's head surrounded by a laurel wreath. The laurel was commonly assigned to persons who had achieved distinction either in war or in poetry.

25, 26. *blame The face of angry heaven's flame*: a rather confused expression for 'reprove the lightning to its face.'

29. *private gardens*: Cromwell lived the life of a quiet country gentleman at Huntingdon, St. Ives, and Ely successively till the election of the Long Parliament, at which time he was forty-one years old.

31, 32. 'As though he had no more serious objects than the cultivation of his fruit-trees.' The *bergamot* is a species of pear; there is another plant of the same name from which a perfume is extracted, but it is an entirely different species.

34. *the great work of Time*: *i.e.* the English constitution.

39, 40. *I.e.* ancient Rights are only valid so long as the holder can maintain them; right unsupported by might is helpless.

41. *that hateth emptiness*: the doctrine that 'Nature abhors a vacuum,' by which mediæval men of science tried to explain the operations of matter, is as old as Aristotle; in Galileo's time—half a century before Marvell—it had been discovered that Nature's 'horror of a vacuum' ceased in the common pump at the height of about thirty-three feet. This led to the investigation of the pressure of the atmosphere, on the ascertaining of which the old theory was dropped.

42. *Allows of penetration less*: 'can still less admit

the interpenetration of matter,' *i.e.* that where one body already is another can be put without removing the first.

46. *were not*: subjunctive, 'would not be,' sc. if one investigated.

47. *Hampton*: in August 1647 Charles, then in the hands of Cromwell, was allowed to live in comparative freedom at Hampton Court, and here he entered into negotiations with the army which were defeated by his own incurable duplicity. In November he secretly withdrew and took refuge with Colonel Hammond, governor of the Isle of Wight, who lodged him in Carisbrooke Castle, where he remained practically a prisoner. How far Charles's flight from Hampton was designed by Cromwell it is not easy to say; but certainly by that ill-judged action the King was playing into Cromwell's hands.

56. *Did clap their bloody hands*: this unseemly action is so utterly opposed to the character of the Puritans, that we can only regard it as an unhappy invention of Marvell's; though in Dr. G. Bates's *Elenchus* (1661) there is a statement that, as the King walked out after his trial, the Roundhead soldiers puffed tobacco smoke in his face. Green says that, as the executioner held up the King's head, 'a groan of pity and horror burst from the silent crowd.'

57-64. These two beautiful stanzas show that, though Marvell approved of Charles's execution, he yet was quite alive to the good qualities of the King, of whom it was said with truth that 'nothing in his life became him like the leaving of it.'

66. *assured the forcéd power*: 'secured the power which had been seized by force.'

67-72. When the temple of Jupiter was founded on the Tarpeian hill at Rome by Tarquinius Superbus, a human head with the face intact was found by the men who were digging the foundations. This was taken by the augurs as a sign that Rome would become the head of the world (Livy 1. 55; Pliny, *Nat. His.* xxviii. 4).

78. *confest How good he is*: for this poetic fiction see above, note to the title.

87. *what he may*: 'so far as he can.'

89. *has his sword . . . ungirt*: Cromwell did not make

any special surrender of his power to Parliament after the subjugation of Ireland as here suggested ; and three years later (April 1653) he forcibly ejected the members and locked the doors of the House.

95. *lure* : the technical term for calling the falcon. See note to No. 41, l. 15.

97. *presume* : ' expect.'

98. *his crest does plume* : ' sets a plume on the top of his helmet.'

101, 102. Cæsar conquered Gaul in eight years and retained it as a permanent part of the Roman Empire ; Hannibal overran Italy in a few months, but, failing to attach the inhabitants to his cause, retired to Africa.

104. *climacteric* : ' critical,' ' fatal.' At certain periods of his life a person was supposed to be specially liable to some change in his health or fortunes ; these were generally taken to be the multiples of 7—though others counted the multiples of 9. The product of the two figures, 63, was called the grand climacteric, and was supposed to be specially critical.

105. *The Pict* : put for the Scots, whom Cromwell had subjugated just after his suppression of Ireland.

106. *parti-colour'd* : ' variegated,' and so ' variable, unreliable.' There is no doubt an allusion to the Scottish tartans.

107. *valour sad* : *i.e.* Cromwell's ; *sad* = ' quiet or sober, as contrasted with the *perfervidum ingenium Scotorum* (that lost Dunbar).' Grosart.

109. *tufted brake* : ' thicket growing in clumps.'

110. *mistake*, etc. : ' take him for something else than what he is, and so refrain from setting on his hounds to chase him as a deer.'

117-120. ' In addition to the deterrent effect of a drawn sword on the dark spirits of rebellion, it must be used in action.'

66

This, perhaps the most famous ' Threnody ' (or lamentation for the death of a friend) in the language, was written in 1637 on the death of Milton's college friend Edward King, who was drowned close to the Welsh shore in crossing from Chester Bay to Ireland. It was first printed in 1638 in a collection of memorial

poems on King, and was afterwards included in the *Poems* of 1645 and those of 1673.

1. *Yet once more*: it was the second death in Milton's circle within the year; King was drowned in August, and Milton's mother, who lived with him at Horton, had died the previous April.

laurel, myrtle, and *ivy,* being all dark, are emblems of mourning. Others take the lines to mean 'Once more I am breaking out into song'; the three plants being all emblematic of poetry.

5. *before the mellowing year*: 'ere Autumn comes to ripen them.'

6. *dear*: not the common word meaning 'beloved' or 'costly,' but a different word now only found in poetry, meaning 'grievous.' It is used by Shakespeare, 'Fortune's dearest spite,' and by Shelley, 'at my dearest need.'

7. *Compels*: the singular is used because the two subjects express but one idea.

11. *to sing*: sc. 'how to sing.' None of King's verses that have been preserved—they are all in Latin—are, says Masson, very poetical or elegant.

14. *meed*: 'due tribute.'

melodious tear: put for 'tearful melody' or 'sad song,' by a kind of Hypallage or reversal of terms.

15. *the sacred well*: the fountain Helicon on Mount Parnassus was sacred to the Muses.

21. *as he passes*: 'Muse,' being put for poet, is here masculine.

23. *For we were nursed,* etc.: Milton and King were together at Christ's College, Cambridge, Milton being the senior in standing by sixteen months.

25. *lawns*: see above, note to No. 62, l. 85.

27. *drove*: sc. 'our flocks.'

28. *the gray-fly*: 'perhaps a dor-beetle,' *N.E.D.*

winds her sultry horn: 'drones at noon-tide.'

29. *Battening*: 'feeding full.' The word is more commonly used intransitively.

30, 31. 'Till the Evening-star (Venus) had begun to sink in the west.' For this star see below, note to No. 187.

33. *Temper'd*: 'attuned,' 'sung in tune.'

oaten: 'made of the straw of oats'; though reeds would be more suitable for a shepherd's pipe.

34. *Satyrs* were Greek, and *Fauns* Latin rural deities; they are both described as having the bodies of men and the lower limbs of goats.

36. *Damoetas*, the name of a shepherd in Virgil's *Eclogues*, is here put for one of the Cambridge dons of the time; to determine which is mere guess-work.

40. *gadding*: 'straggling.'

45. *canker*: 'caterpillar'; more often called 'cankerworm.'

46. *taint-worm*: a crawling insect supposed to infect cattle.

weanling: 'newly weaned.'

47. *that their gay wardrobe*, etc.: *i.e.* which have bloomed in the early spring.

49. *ear*: because they would miss the sound of his songs.

52. *on the steep*, etc.: Penmaenmawr on the north-west coast of Carnarvonshire, from which on a clear day it is possible to see as far as the Isle of Man. On Meini Hirion close by is one of the most famous 'Druidic circles' in the country; a survey, to which perhaps Milton's attention had been directed, had been made of it in the reign of Charles I.

54. *Mona*, or Anglesea, is an almost flat island, once well-wooded ('shaggy'), but nowhere 'high.' Holyhead Mountain, its solitary eminence, is only a little over 700 feet in height.

55. *Deva*: the Dee. It was supposed to foretell events by its varying depth, its waters appearing to swell without rain.

56. With Palgrave's punctuation 'Had ye been there' is the object of 'dream'; but Milton put a note of exclamation after 'dream,' in which case there seems to be an ellipsis, 'Had ye been there—[he would still have perished,] for what, etc.?'

58. *the Muse herself*: Orpheus was the son of Calliope, the Muse of Epic Poetry. He was torn in pieces by the Thracian Maenads or female devotees of Dionysus (Bacchus), who were, according to one form of the legend, urged on by their god so to vindicate his claim to the worship which Orpheus had withheld from him; the Muses, unable to protect their poet, collected the fragments of his body and buried them; but his head had been flung by the Maenads into the river Hebrus,

and was carried down to the sea and floated over to the island of Lesbos.

59. *enchanting* : *i.e.* able to charm beasts and trees by his song. Cf. No. 63, ll. 48-50.

61. *rout* : ' disorderly crowd.'

64. *uncessant* : see above, note to No. 62, l. 116.

65, 66. *I.e.* to devote oneself to serious poetry. *to meditate the Muse* : from Virg. *Ecl.* i. 2, ' Musam meditari.'

68. *To sport with Amaryllis*, etc. : *i.e.* to write love songs, as did Herrick, Carew, Ben Jonson—to name only a few of Milton's contemporaries whose love songs are given in this book. Amaryllis and Neæra are two shepherdesses in the *Eclogues* of Virgil. Others take the line literally, of actual love-making, and ll. 65, 66 to refer to poetry in general ; but ' strictly ' is against this interpretation.

71. *That last infirmity of noble mind* : those who are too advanced to be allured by other worldly baits, such as money or power, may yet feel the enticements of fame ; though this too is a weakness which at a higher stage they will abjure. Milton may have had in mind ' etiam sapientibus cupido gloriae novissima exuitur ' (Tacitus, *Hist.* iv. 6).

75. *the blind Fury* : Milton is here confusing the Furies and the Fates. The former were the terrible goddesses who punished men for their crimes ; the Fates were the powers that controlled men's destinies. They were three in number, Clotho who spun the thread of life, Lachesis who wound it off the distaff for each man, and Atropos who with her shears cut short the thread when a man had run his allotted course. Atropos is here called ' blind,' not because she is so depicted in classical mythology, but because Fate too often appears to act with blind disregard of justice and expediency.

76. ' *But not the praise* ' : Phœbus Apollo, as patron of poets, interposes his comment : ' Fate may cut short life, but a man's reputation will outlive him.'

77. *trembling ears* : there is an old superstition, found in Pliny and current to-day, that tingling of the ears is a sign that a person is being talked about. As Masson says, Milton saw that what he had been saying about poetic fame was applicable to himself.

79. *foil*: a thin metal plate put under a jewel to show it off. With 'set off,' 'is,' or 'lies' must be supplied. It is possible, however, and so Mr. H. B. Cotterill takes it, that 'set off' qualifies 'foil'; but this is to my mind unlikely, as foil is used in order to set off a jewel, not as being beautiful in itself. The essence of the lines is that Fame is not a mere matter of superiority to one's contemporaries or of popular estimation, but depends on the absolute and unerring judgement of God. Man's standard is always relative; that of God is absolute.

81. *by those pure eyes*: 'according to the light in which Jove sees it.'

85. *Arethuse*: the fountain of Arethusa on an island in the Bay of Syracuse is here invoked as the source of the inspiration of Theocritus, the greatest of the Greek pastoral poets (3rd century B.C.).

86. *Mincius*: on an island in this river is situated Mantua, the home of the poet Virgil, whose *Eclogues*, largely imitated from Theocritus, are the best-known of the classical pastoral poems.

87. *That strain*: *i.e.* ll. 76-84; after which the shepherd strain begins again.

88. *my oat*: 'oaten pipe.' Cf. above, l. 33.

90. *in Neptune's plea*: 'to speak in defence of Neptune,' the sea-god, who protested his innocence in the matter.

91. *felon*: 'savage,' 'cruel.'

92. The present tense 'hath' and the note of interrogation at the end show that these were his actual words.

93. *gust of rugged wings*: 'rough-winged gust'; the winds are pictured as winged creatures with ruffled feathers.

96. *Hippotades*: Aeolus, son of Hippotes, god of the winds. Classical proper names ending in -ades, -ides, and certain other terminations, mean 'son, or descendant of' some one. Such words are termed 'patronymics.' They are found with various prefixes or suffixes in all Aryan languages.

99. *Panope*: a sea-nymph, daughter of Nereus.

100. The ship had struck on a rock in perfectly calm weather through some curse inherent in herself, and not through any assault of wind or sea.

101. *Built in the eclipse*: there has always been a superstition that eclipses, especially eclipses of the sun, portend disaster. As one or other of the heavenly bodies is constantly being eclipsed and disasters are not infrequent, the believers in the superstition have plenty of evidence for their faith.

103. *Camus*: god of the Cam, or Granta, the river on which Cambridge stands.

104. *sedge*: 'flags,' growing on the banks of rivers; the lines mean 'His mantle [was] hairy, and his bonnet [was made of] sedge [and] inwrought, etc.'

106. *sanguine flower*: the hyacinthus, which according to Greek mythology sprang from the blood of Hyacinthus, a beautiful youth beloved by Apollo who accidentally slew him with a quoit. The marks on the flower may be read by the eye of faith as AI AI, a Greek exclamation of mourning. Mr. Cotterill, in a most interesting Appendix to his edition of *Lycidas*, discusses —and rejects—the identity of the ancient hyacinthus and the modern hyacinth; rejecting it for the quite sufficient reason that there are on the latter no marks of the kind described. He inclines to the belief that hyacinthus was the dark-blue garden larkspur.

107. *reft*: the past participle of a verb, now obsolete except in poetry, to 'reave,' meaning to seize by force.

pledge: like the Latin *pignus*, used for 'child,' children being pledges of love between the parents.

109-129. Ruskin has a commentary on these lines in *Sesame and Lilies* (§§ 20-24).

109. *The pilot of the Galilean lake*: St. Peter, who was a fisherman on the Sea of Galilee. He is looked on as the head of the Church in virtue of Christ's words in Matthew xvi. 18, 19, where he is also given 'the keys of the kingdom of heaven.' The modern conception of the keys is that they are those of heaven and hell respectively; for though by tradition St. Peter is the janitor of heaven only, it is not easy to see why two keys should be wanted for one door—one to lock and the other to unlock it. It should be noted too that the essential thing about the door of heaven is that it should open to admit the souls of the saved; about that of hell that it should shut to prevent the escape of the lost.

111. *amain*: 'forcibly.'

112. *mitred locks*: for the papal mitre or tiara, see above, note to No. 64, l. 12.

bespake: see above, note to No. 62, l. 76.

113. *How well could I have spared*, etc.: Edward King was a Fellow and Tutor of Christ's College, and was intending to take Orders.

117. *scramble at the shearers' feast*: *i.e.* struggle for preferment and other church emoluments.

122. *What recks it them?* 'What does it concern them?'

They are sped: 'they have got what they wanted.' Cf. 'God speed you.'

123. *their lean and flashy songs*: an allusion to the dreary and unsatisfying preachments of the hireling clergy. *flashy*: 'watery,' 'insipid.' The word is used by Evelyn (1658) of poor turnips, 'soft, flashy, insipid.'

124. *scrannel*: 'thin, meagre.'

126. *draw*: 'breathe in.' The 'wind' is spiritual pride, and the 'mists' are false doctrines.

128. *the grim wolf*: the Church of Rome, always working in secret to make converts.

129. *nothing said*: 'without any protest on the part of the Protestants.'

130. *two-handed engine*: *i.e.* the executioner's axe. Pope calls a pair of scissors 'a little engine'; here Milton calls the axe 'two-handed' for the simple reason that two hands were required to wield it; but this explanation is far too simple for the commentators, who have exhausted their ingenuity over the epithet, explaining the 'two' as referring to the Old and New Testaments, or the two Houses of Parliament, or other equally clever and improbable interpretations.

That Milton intended this threat to the clergy to stand out prominently in the poem is shown by the heading which he prefixed to the later edition of 1645: 'In this Monody the Author bewails a learned Friend, unfortunately drowned in his Passage from Chester on the Irish Seas, 1637. And by occasion foretells the ruin of our corrupted Clergy, then in their height.'

132. *Alpheus*: the river-god who loved Arethusa (see above, l. 85); she was a nymph before she was turned into a fountain to escape his attentions.

the dread voice: that of St. Peter, ll. 113-131. The stern interlude is over and the pastoral strain is renewed.

136. *use*: 'dwell.' Cf. Fletcher, *Faithful Shepherdess*, III. 1, 'No fish that useth in the mud.' It is the same word as the one meaning 'to be accustomed.'

the whispers Of shades: a compressed expression for 'the whispers of trees that cast a shade.'

138. *the swart star*: the dog-star, Sirius, which is in the ascendant in July and August; it is called 'swart,' or 'swarthy,' because of the effect produced in those months, not by itself, but by the sun on people's complexions.

141. *purple*: a very vague colour, comprising any shade from crimson to violet.

vernal: 'of spring.'

142. *rathe*: 'early.' It is the positive degree of the adjective; its comparative 'rather' being now only used as an adverb.

forsaken: in his first draft of the poem Milton wrote 'unwedded,' *i.e.* to the sun; the substituted word has the same force.

143. *crow-toe*: this name is given to the wild hyacinth and to the various species of buttercup.

tufted: 'growing in clusters.'

144. *freak'd*: 'streaked.' The word in this sense 'seems to have been formed by Milton.' *N.E.D.*

146. *woodbine*: 'honeysuckle.'

149. *amarantus*: a genus of plants with coloured foliage, of which the Prince's Feather and Love-lies-bleeding are species. The word, which is now generally, but incorrectly, spelt 'amaranthus' means 'unfading.'

151. *laureat*: 'crowned with laurel.'

hearse: besides its modern meaning, this word means a coffin, or a bier, or a framework used to cover either of them.

152, 153. *I.e.* Let us, to ease our aching hearts, pretend that we have found his body.

154. *the shores*: some such verb as 'hold' must be supplied; for 'wash far away,' though appropriate to 'seas,' cannot with equal propriety be applied to 'shores.' This figure of speech is called Zeugma.

158. *monstrous*: 'teeming with monsters.'

159. *our moist vows*: 'our tearful prayers.'

160. *Bellerus*: Bolerium or Belerium was the name of Land's End in Roman times. Milton has assumed a giant Bellerus, after whom it was named.

fable : this must be put for ' fabled stronghold.'

161 : *the guarded mount* : Mount St. Michael in Mount's Bay on the southern coast of Cornwall. The archangel is said to have appeared in the fifth century to an anchorite who lived on the mount. Milton conceives him as still standing on its summit and looking out southward over the sea.

Namancos and Bayona's hold : in *Mercator's Atlas* (1636) the tower of Namancos and the castle of Bayona are marked close to Cape Finisterre in the north.-west of Spain ; though they are not to be found in modern atlases. Milton, as various editors suggest, may well have turned to *Mercator* for some high-sounding Spanish place-names.

164. *dolphins* : they were reported to have carried the musician Arion safe to shore when he was thrown overboard by his murderous crew.

168. *the day-star* : ' the Sun.'

170. *tricks* : ' sets off,' ' adorns.'

new-spangled ore : ' gold glittering with renewed brightness.'

173. *walk'd the waves* : Matthew xiv. 25, *sqq.*

175. *oozy* : *i.e.* defiled with sand and mud from the sea-bottom.

176. *unexpressive* : see above, note on No. 62, l. 116.

nuptial : see Revelation xix. 9, ' Blessed are they which are called unto the marriage supper of the Lamb.'

181. *wipe the tears* : cf. Revelation vii. 17.

183. *Genius* : See above, note to No. 62, l. 186.

184. *In thy large recompense* : ' by way of full compensation to thee.'

186. *Thus sang* : here the pastoral poem ends and Milton speaks of the singer as of some one outside himself.

uncouth originally meant ' unknown,' and so acquired its modern meaning of ' outlandish,' ' awkward.' But in early times the word had an active, as well as a passive meaning, ' not-knowing,' ' ignorant,' in which sense it is used by Richard Rolle in the 14th century. It is true that for Milton to describe his poem as that of an ' ignorant rustic ' puts a severe strain on his modesty — but he was too great to care about poetic consistency.

187. *morn went out*: the grey morning 'goes out' as full day comes in.

188. *quills*: *i.e.* the pipes on which he played.

189. *Doric*: the idylls of Theocritus, and those of Bion and Moschus who followed him, were written in the Doric dialect of ancient Greece. Hence the word comes to mean pastoral.

190. *all the hills*: *i.e.* the shadows of all the hills.

192. *twitch'd*: 'hitched it up round him.'

193. *fresh woods*: his sorrow for his dead comrade drove him from the haunts where they had lived together. There may be an allusion here to the fact that a few months after writing *Lycidas* Milton went to Italy for fifteen months.

67

Francis Beaumont (1584–1616) is best known as the collaborator with John Fletcher in the writing of plays. The two lived together on the Bankside, Southwark, till Beaumont's death. This poem is in the 1653 edition of Beaumont's *Poems*, but not in that of 1640.

4. *these heaps*: in the 1653 edition this is 'these heap'; editors have disagreed as to whether this should be 'these heaps,' as here, or 'this heap'; the latter, which is adopted in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*, would refer to the Abbey, the former to the separate tombs.

5. *Here they lie, had realms*: sc. who had realms.

13. *bones of birth*: sc. of noble birth.

18. *once dead*: *i.e.* when it is once dead.

68

James Shirley (1596–1666) was the author of thirty-five plays, most of which are tragi-comedies; he also finished several of Fletcher's plays. This song is taken from the masque of *Cupid and Death*, written in 1653 and produced the same year.

11. *servile emissaries*: 'slaves sent out to do his bidding.'

14. *quaint*: 'ingenious.'

15. *A smile or kiss*: *i.e.* when given to another.

69

From Scene iii of *The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses* printed in 1659. This is the best-known of all Shirley's songs.

1. *blood and state* : 'birth and position.'

12. *tame but one another* : *i.e.* they cannot vanquish death.

15. *murmuring* : *i.e.* complaining of the shortness of life.

19. *purple* : 'royal.' It is less likely that Shirley meant 'blood-stained,' for that idea is sufficiently expressed in the next line.

70

This sonnet was written in November 1642, when Milton was living in Aldersgate St., London. The battle of Edgehill had been fought in October, and the Royalist forces were advancing towards London. When they reached Brentford, however, the appearance of the Trained Bands induced them to retire.

1. *Colonel* : this word was generally a trisyllable in the 17th century, though it began to be reduced to its present dimensions as early as 1669.

2. *Whose chance . . . may seize* : a confusion of two constructions, (1) 'whose chance it may be to seize,' and (2) 'who by chance may seize.'

4. *harms* : the plural, which was common in early and middle English, is now rare ; though it appears in Longfellow and in Francis Thompson.

5. *charms* : 'spells,' *i.e.* his verse.

8. *Whatever clime* : in apposition to 'lands and seas.'

10. *The great Emathian conqueror* : Alexander the Great. Emathia was a district of Macedonia whose boundaries at one time apparently embraced Pella where Alexander was born. It was in B.C. 336 that Alexander overran Greece ; Thebes, which had been the home of Pindar, the greatest lyric poet of Greece, being taken by storm after a vigorous resistance. The whole of the population who survived the assault, except one family, were sold into slavery, and the city

razed to the ground with the exception of the Citadel and the house of Pindar, whose name, though he had been dead for over a century, secured safety for his dwelling-place and for his descendants.

13. *sad Electra's poet* : according to the tale told by Plutarch in his *Life of Lysander*, the Spartans having taken Athens in 404 B.C. were contemplating the entire demolition of the city, when a musician struck up a chorus from the *Electra* of Euripides, which so affected the conquerors that they contented themselves with pulling down the walls which connected the city with its harbour Piræus. ' Sad Electra ' was the theme of tragedies by Æschylus and Sophocles as well as by Euripides, but the dramas of the last two only are extant.

71

Milton's blindness, which had been coming on for ten years, was complete in 1652 when he was forty-four years old. He never recovered his sight, but died blind at the age of sixty-six.

3. *that one talent* : *i.e.* his power of writing. Yet *Paradise Lost*, *Paradise Regained*, and *Samson Agonistes* were all written after this date. In the word ' talent ' there is of course a reference to the Parable of the Talents in Matthew xxv. 14-30, from which the second meaning of talent (capacity) is derived.

7, 8. *Doth God*, etc., is the object of ' I ask,' and the whole is the principal sentence to which the first six lines ' When I consider, etc. ' are introductory.

8. *fondly* : ' foolishly.'

72

Sir Henry Wotton (1568–1639) was at different times of his life a traveller, James I's ambassador at Venice, and Provost of Eton. His tracts, letters, etc., were collected and published in 1651 under the title *Reliquiae Wottonianae*.

The earliest copy of this poem—which is the one followed here—is to be found in the ' fift impression ' (apparently used for ' edition ') of *A Wife* by Sir Thomas Overbury, ' whereunto are added many witty Characters

. . . written by himself and other learned gentlemen his friends, 1614.' The poem is there ascribed to 'H. W.' A very similar version is printed by J. P. Collier in his *Memoirs of Edward Alleyn* from a MS. in Ben Jonson's handwriting at Dulwich College, which has been assigned (*D.N.B.*) to the year 1616. Both these have many variations from the posthumous *Rel. Wot.* version. Palgrave in his first edition mainly followed Collier, though he adopted five readings from *Rel. Wot.* in his second.

4. *silly* : 'simple'; see note to No. 62, l. 92.

7. *Untied* : *un-* is here used in a negative, not a privative sense, see note to No. 18, l. 8. Percy, who prints the poem in his *Reliques*, has 'not tied,' for which there seems to be no authority.

8. *vulgar* : in its primitive sense, 'belonging to the common people,' with no disparaging suggestion. Cf. 'the vulgar tongue.'

9. *hath his life from rumours freed* : *i.e.* never listens to gossip, nor retails it.

12. *accusers* : an informer under the Roman Empire was enriched, as he may be to some extent in this country to-day, out of the estate of the person against whom he had brought a successful accusation. The *Rel. Wot.* reading is 'oppressors.'

14. *who never understood* : *i.e.* has never learnt by receiving praise to which he knew he was not entitled. The *Rel. Wot.* reading, which Palgrave here did not adopt in his second edition, is 'hath ever understood,' *i.e.* knowing the sting of undeserved praise, has been careful to abstain from giving it.

16. *I.e.* in his management of people is not guided by politic considerations but by a simple love of justice.

17. *Who God* : the 1614 version has 'Who unto God,' corrected in the 'sixt impression, 1615.'

18. *I.e.* to grant him spiritual rather than material benefits.

20. *well-chosen* : the *Rel. Wot.* reading is 'religious.'

21. *servile bands* : 'enslaving chains.'

73

Ben Jonson (? 1573–1637) was one of the most learned men of his age and the author of many tragedies,

comedies, and masques, as well as of a number of elegies, epistles, lyrics, etc. He is buried in Westminster Abbey, where his tomb bears the terse inscription, 'O rare Ben Jonson.'

This extract is the seventh stanza from the ode *To the immortal memory and friendship of that noble pair, Sir Lucius Cary and Sir H. Morison*, printed in a collection of Jonson's poems entitled *Underwoods* (1640).

3. Nor [is it] standing long [that doth make] an oak [better be].

4. *bald*: in *Underwoods* this is—by an obvious error—printed 'bold.'

6. *fairer far*: sc. than the oak.

74

George Herbert (1593–1633) was for some time Public Orator at Cambridge and later Rector of Bemerton in Wilts. He is chiefly remembered for his religious poems published in 1633 after his death under the title of *The Temple*. The heading of this beautiful little poem there is 'The Pulley,' *i.e.* the means whereby God lifts man to Himself.

6. *made a way*: 'entered into the composition of man.'

15. *both*: *i.e.* both God and man.

16. *keep the rest*: 'all the other qualities.' The use of the word 'rest' in this sense is the one blemish in this otherwise perfect poem; for Rest was the one quality which God had refused to man. But probably Herbert, whose taste in such matters was not in advance of his age, deliberately used the word as a conceit.

75

Henry Vaughan (1622–1695), who styled himself 'The Silurist,' from the Silures, the ancient inhabitants of South Wales, was a mystic and a doctor of medicine practising at Brecon. His poems are of very unequal merit. This one is taken from *Silex Scintillans* (1650).

4. *my second race*: the theory of pre-existence is no new one in the Christian Church, for it was held by several of the Fathers, notably by Origen (d. 253 ?). Vaughan apparently recognizes only one stage of existence before birth on this earth; others have

imagined with more reason that each of us has spent many lives here with glimpses of heaven between.

6. *a white, celestial thought*: practical experience would lead one to believe that very few children—if any—are born with the dispositions of angels; and that those few do not become tainted with the world, for they very rarely arrive at maturity. The ordinary child appears to have neither morals nor manners until it has learnt, in one way or another, the advantages that come from their possession. To regard adolescence as a steady progress downhill is surely to indict not merely education but existence.

17. *I.e.* learnt, at the instigation of the Devil, to indulge each of my senses in its own peculiar pleasures.

18. *several*: 'separate.'

19. Wordsworth too seems to have been more conscious of his own immortality in his infancy than when he came to his full powers: see his *Ode* below, No. 287. It may be doubted whether the average child has any conception of death, much less of a future life.

24. *my glorious train*: *i.e.* the company of the saints.

26. *City of Palm trees*: this was the name given to Jericho, the first city the Israelites took in the Promised Land.

76

This sonnet was probably written in 1656, when Milton was totally blind. It was addressed to one of the sons—Masson says probably Henry, the second son—of Henry Lawrence, who, after sitting in the Long Parliament, became President of Cromwell's Council (1654) and one of his House of Lords (1657).

4, 5. *I.e.* taking such enjoyments as the weather permits.

6. *Favonius*: the West wind.

8. *that neither sow'd*, etc.: see Matthew vi. 28, 'Consider the lilies of the field, how they grow; they toil not, neither do they spin.'

10. *Attic taste*: 'refined elegance.' The Athenians were distinguished by this quality over all the other peoples of Greece. Attica was the division of Ancient Greece in which Athens was situated.

11. *artful*: 'skilful.' This word, like 'cunning,' has more commonly a slightly sinister meaning to-day.

12. *Tuscan*: 'Italian.' The music of Italy was then, even more than in the early nineteenth century, considered the best in Europe.

13, 14. *spare To interpose them oft*: 'avoid indulging in them too often.'

77

Cyriack Skinner was 'a merchant's son of London, an ingenious young gentleman and scholar to John Milton' (Wood's *Ath. Oxon.*); other authorities make him the son of a Lincolnshire squire. In any case his mother was the daughter of Sir Edward Coke, the famous judge who opposed James I on a question of the royal prerogative and edited Littleton's work on 'Tenures.' The sonnet was probably written in 1655.

2. *Themis*: the Greek goddess of Law.

4. *wrench*: 'distort.'

5. *resolve*: 'make up your mind.'

6. *that after*, etc.: 'which is followed by no repentance.'

7, 8. *I.e.* lay aside your mathematics and your study of foreign politics. *Archimedes* was the famous geometrician of Syracuse who discovered the principle —since called after him—that a body immersed in water loses weight equal to the weight of the water it displaces. He was killed in the capture of Syracuse by the Romans (212 B.C.). *Swede* is here plural. Thanks to Gustavus Adolphus (d. 1632) Sweden was for a time raised to the level of a first-class power. This position she only lost when conquered by the Russians at Pultowa (1709).

11. *other things*: *i.e.* other than the pursuit of 'solid good.'

12, 13. *that care . . . That*: the former 'that' is a demonstrative and the latter a relative; a modern poet would probably have written 'the care . . . which.'

14. *refrains*: *i.e.* from enjoying it.

78

Diana, the ancient moon-goddess of the Italians, was later identified with the Greek Artemis. On earth she was the virgin-goddess who presided over hunting; in the heavens she was the goddess of the moon; as Hecate she ruled in the world of the dead. She was also termed Cynthia from her birth-place Cynthus, a mountain in Delos. Cf. No. 53, l. 121.

This song is from *The Fountain of Self-love, or Cynthia's Revels* (v. i) printed in 1601.

5. *Hesperus* was the singer of the song; otherwise there would be some inappropriateness in the Evening Star's asking the Moon to come and outshine him.

79

Richard Crashaw (1613?–1649) was a fellow of Peterhouse, Cambridge, who, being turned out of his fellowship for refusing to take the Covenant in 1644, joined the Roman Church and was made a Canon of Loretto. He wrote a good deal of secular as well as religious poetry. This song is taken from *The Delights of the Muses* (1646) where it is entitled 'Wishes. To his (supposed) Mistress.' There are 42 stanzas in the original, which Palgrave has cut down to 21, and —what is perhaps less excusable—he has not printed these in their original order. The original numbers of the stanzas he prints are, in order, 1-7, 9, 10, 30, 32, 31, 26, 27, 29, 35, 36, 38, 39, 41, 42.

6. *shady leaves of destiny*: I doubt whether Mr. W. Bell is right in saying this refers to the Book of Fate. The epithet is against it and rather suggests that the poet figures destiny as a tree putting forth fruit which is as yet hidden by the foliage.

7, 8. *Till that ripe birth Of studied Fate*: 'Till She, the matured product which Fate has ordained, appear'; *studied* is used in an active sense, 'working with deliberate intent.'

9. *steps tread our earth*: this is the reading which Grosart has adopted from an Harleian MS. in place of

'steps to our earth.' Palgrave, who read 'to' in his first, adopted 'tread' in the second edition.

18. *tire*: 'head-dress.'

19. *Something more*: *i.e.* in the way of beauty I wish her something more, etc.

20. *Taffata*: (or taffeta) a thin glossy silk.
tissue: cloth interwoven with gold or silver.
can: used absolutely for 'can accomplish.'

28. *Sidneian*: Sir Philip Sidney—for whom see above, note on No. 24—was a model of the accomplished gentleman of his day.

37-39. 'Days which owe none of their happiness to their contrast with the sorrows of the previous night.'

46-48. 'I wish that the blessings she has may be so many that she has none left to wish for.'

51. *Weave them*: the lady's brows inspired the poet, and so are said to weave for themselves the garland of verse which he offers.

55-56. *here Lo! I unclothe*: 'in these verses I reveal my thoughts.'

59. *fix*: 'render constant.'

60. *determine*: 'direct.'

62. *fly before ye*: 'outstrip you'; *i.e.* may she be more than I have even fancied.

63. *her story*: *i.e.* a truthful account of her.

80

This song is printed in Percy's *Reliques* (1765), where the editor says it 'is ancient, but we could only give it from a modern copy.' Mr. Wheatley in his edition of Percy says that the song is quoted in Brome's *Sparagus Garden*, acted in 1635. It appears in the 1733 edition of Allan Ramsay's *Tea-table Miscellany*; the earliest edition of which appeared in 1724. The title Palgrave prefixes is his own.

3. *Under*: this is 'over' in Ramsay.

5. *Under floods*: Percy has 'Under the floods,' and Ramsay 'Over the floods.'

14. *Lest herself fast she lay*: 'lest she entangle herself.'

23. *Set*: sc. Though you set.

34. *To stoop to your fist*: to come at your call like a hawk in the mediæval sport of fowling.

35. *inveigle*: 'entrap.' As there was supposed to be only one phœnix living at a time, and that somewhere in the Arabian desert, catching it would be a sufficiently arduous undertaking.

81

Sir Charles Sedley (1639?–1701), courtier, poet, and dramatist, was notorious for the looseness of his morals and the brilliance of his wit. This song is sung by Victoria in *The Mulberry Garden* (III. ii), a comedy which appeared in 1668 and was reprinted in 1722. A version with several variations is included in the *Tea-table Miscellany* (1733); this was followed in the main by Palgrave in both his editions, but as Ramsay's version can have no authority as against the author's, I have restored the original text. Palgrave is responsible for the title.

1. *that I now could sit*: Ramsay has 'could I now but sit.'

4. *No pleasure, nor no pain*: 'No happiness nor pain'—Ramsay.

7. *the growing fire*: 'that rising fire'—Ramsay.

8. *Must*: 'would'—Ramsay.

11. *took*: 'takes'—Ramsay.

15. *Fond love*: 'So love'—Ramsay.

16. *And in my bosom rest*: 'And center'd in my breast'—Ramsay.

18. *And Cupid*: 'While Cupid'—Ramsay.

21. *Each . . . their*: 'each,' being singular, should be followed by the singular 'his' or 'her'; but as both are wanted here, and as 'his or her' would be intolerable even in prose and impossible in verse, there is abundant excuse for Sedley's bad grammar. The need of a possessive adjective to express 'his or her'—like the Latin *suus* and the French *son*—is one of the great defects of the English language.

In the original another stanza follows which is altogether weaker than the others, and is omitted by Sir A. T. Quiller-Couch, who gives the rest of the song in the *Oxford Book of English Verse*.

82

Robert Herrick (1591–1674), author of the daintiest lyrics of the 17th century, was rector of Dean Prior, near Totnes in Devon; he was ejected from his living by the Puritans for seventeen years, but reinstated after the Restoration. He published *Hesperides*, wherein this song comes, in 1647; there it bore the title, 'To the Virgins, to make much of Time.' It had appeared earlier (in 1640) with a few variations in an anthology called *Wit's Recreations*.

2. *still*: 'always,' as often in 17th and 18th century literature.

11. *being spent*: *i.e.* it (the first age) being spent.

15. *prime*: 'period of perfection.' Cf. No. 8, l. 13.

83

Colonel Richard Lovelace (1618–1658) was a Cavalier lyric poet, who was imprisoned in 1642 for presenting to the House of Commons a petition from the men of Kent 'for the restoring the king to his rights'; he was again imprisoned in 1648, and while in gaol revised his poems, which he published the following year under the title of *Lucasta*. In that work this poem is the second song and is entitled, 'To Lucasta, going to the Wars,' the grammar of which fully justifies Palgrave in inserting the 'on.'

4. *To war and arms*: Lovelace not only fought and spent all his fortune for the King, so that he died in poverty, but helped the French in 1646 to capture Dunkirk from the Spaniards.

7. *stronger faith*: *i.e.* than he had shown in pursuit of love.

10. *you too shall*: as Mrs. Meynell says, it is a pity Lovelace did not write 'thou too shalt,' but I have not the temerity to follow her in printing it.

84

Dyce, whose text as printed for the Percy Society in 1843 is here followed, says that the poem is given with several variations in Michael Est's (or East's) *Sixt Set*

of Bookes (1624), but I have not been able to verify the statement. It is printed in *Reliquiae Wottonianae*—see note on No. 72—and, 'with some corrections from an old MS. copy,' in Percy's *Reliques of Ancient English Poetry*. A good many of these corrections were adopted by Palgrave in his first edition, though he did not consistently follow either version. In the second edition he followed the *Reliquiae*, except in three places.

Elizabeth, Queen of Bohemia, was the eldest daughter of James VI and I; in 1613 she married Frederick the Elector Palatine, who, six years later, became king of Bohemia. She was the mother of Prince Rupert who fought in our Civil War, and of Sophia who, by her marriage with the Elector of Hanover, became mother of George I. Frederick held the throne of Bohemia only for one year, and was then expelled by the Catholic League; whereupon he retired with his family to Holland, where they lived in extreme poverty. Elizabeth died in England in 1662.

5. *Moon*: *Rel. Wot.* has 'sun'—a much poorer reading. This famous compliment, which no doubt Wotton took from Horace, *Odes* I. xii. 47, 'velut inter ignes Luna minores,' loses some of its point when we consider that it is only through its nearness that the moon appears to outshine the stars, and that she shines only by reflected light, while the 'meaner beauties' are each of them central suns flaming in their own majesty.

6-10. Percy, followed by Palgrave in his first edition, transposes this and the next stanza and reads 'Ye' for 'You' at the beginning of each.

6. *curious*: this may mean either 'finely wrought' or 'skilful'; both meanings are now obsolete.

8. *passions*: *Rel. Wot.* has 'voices.'

10. *Philomel*: see above, No. 34, l. 23.

shall: Palgrave read 'doth,' whence I know not.

13. *proud virgins*: purple being the mark of noble birth.

17. *form*: 'physical beauty.' In Percy this line runs, 'In sweetness of her looks and mind.'

18. *By virtue first, then choice*: *i.e.* first by her innate goodness, then by her marriage to Frederick.

19. *were*: Percy has 'was.'

85

Lady Margaret Ley was daughter of Sir James Ley, afterwards first Earl of Marlborough. He became Lord High Treasurer in 1624; and President of the Council in 1628. Lady Margaret married a Captain Hobson; she and her husband seem in the subsequent troubles to have sided with the Parliament.

3. *unstain'd with gold or fee*: he had succeeded Bacon as Speaker of the House of Lords, and had pronounced the Peers' sentence on his predecessor when he was found guilty of bribery in 1621 and removed from office.

5. *the sad breaking*: Charles's third parliament—the one which passed the Petition of Right—was summoned in March 1628 and dissolved by the King in March 1629. No other was summoned till the Long Parliament, 1640. Ley died four days after the dissolution.

7. *Chaeronea*: the scene of the victory gained by Philip of Macedon in 338 B.C. over the Bœotians and Athenians. This was the climax of Philip's attempts, which had been continued for fifteen years, to subvert the freedom of Greece, and it practically reduced that country to the position of a province of Macedonia. The victory is termed 'dishonest' on account of the wholesale bribery whereby Philip had endeavoured to undermine the patriotic feelings of the Greeks.

8. *that old man eloquent*: on hearing the news of the Athenian defeat, Isocrates, the famous orator, who was then aged 98, took his own life.

9. *later born*: Milton was born in 1608, twenty years before the death of the Earl, but he was naturally too young to know much of political life before he took his degree in 1629.

13. *both judge you*: strictly this should be 'judge you both.'

86

In the first impression of the first edition of *The Golden Treasury* this poem is marked anonymous, which accounts for its inclusion in the Second Book—

its rightful place being the Fourth. It is omitted from the second edition.

George Darley (1795–1846) was the author of 'Sylvia' (a lyrical drama), 'The Labours of Idleness,' etc.; he was a constant contributor to the *London Magazine* and to the *Athenæum*. A complete edition of his works appeared in 'The Muses' Library' in 1908. This song appears as anonymous in Archbishop Trench's *Household Book of English Poetry* (1868); where it has the title 'A Ryghte Pythie Song,' and is spelt in mediæval style throughout. The present title is Palgrave's.

2. *the moon's despair*: *i.e.* a brow whose radiance is such as to render the moon envious—a conceit that recalls the worst efforts of the Caroline poets.

10. *Hebe's*: she was the cup-bearer of the gods in Greek mythology.

13. *gauds*: 'idle adornments.'

20. *Ilium*: 'Troy'; neither Greeks nor Trojans, says Darley, benefited much by the Trojan war. This was brought on by Paris's carrying off the fair Helen, wife of Menelaus, king of Mycenæ. As, however, the Trojan war afforded Homer material for the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*, the Greece of a later age derived incalculable benefit from it.

22. *Poison can breath*: the inversion is rather awkward; 'breath which once shed perfume can also poison.'

25. *For*: 'As for.'

27. *the Syren's*: the Sirens—there is no excuse for the 17th and 18th century 'y'—were fabulous monsters, half woman half bird, who sat on rocks by the sea and lured mariners to their destruction.

35. *honey-fly*: this is the bee, according to *N.E.D.*, which, however, quotes only this one instance of its use and assigns it to 'about 1700.' Thus the whole ear of Denmark is abused by Darley's anonymity.

38. *indefeasible*: literally 'that cannot be defeated, or done away with,' so 'indestructible.'

39. *won above*: 'succeeded in reaching heaven'; to 'win in' and to 'win away' are found in early ballads.

87

THOMAS CAREW (1598?–1639?), for some time a student in the Middle Temple, was afterwards secretary to the embassy at Venice and other places, and a favourite of Charles I. His poems were published in 1640. In the original this song is called 'Disdain Returned,' a title which is explained by a third stanza wherein the poet tells Celia that, since he finds nothing but pride and scorn in her soul, he is fixed in his resolve to leave her. It is reprinted by Percy (*Reliques*) with the heading 'Unfading Beauty'; and here Palgrave gives it, Cerberus-like, a third.

1. *He*: this word has no grammatical connexion with anything in the sentence, being picked up by *his flames* (l. 6), *i.e.* the love of one who admires a rosy cheek, etc.

9. *equal love*: according to the French proverb there is no such thing; *il y a toujours un qui aime et un qui tend la joue.*

88

From *Hesperides*; Palgrave gives the heading correctly.

6. *wantons*: 'sports.'

7. *Whenas*: a variant of 'when' which appears in Matthew i. 18, where it is printed as two words.

89

EDMUND WALLER (1606–1687) was a member of the Long Parliament, who was expelled the House and banished from the country in 1643 for engaging in a plot on the King's behalf. Returning seven years before the Restoration he wrote a fine panegyric on Cromwell; the recollection of which did not deter him from a congratulatory ode to Charles II when he came to the throne. He remained a favourite of the King throughout his reign. His poems were published in 1645 in three editions, two at least of which, and possibly the third as well, were without the poet's authority. An authorized edition appeared in 1664.

2. *wastes her time and me* : this is an instance of the figure of speech called Zeugma, the verb ' wastes ' being used in a different sense with its two objects.

4. *resemble* : ' compare,' an archaic use.

12. *retired* : ' withdrawn ' ; this transitive sense is now used only in military phrases.

90

This song is from a collection of Ben Jonson's poems entitled *The Forest*, published in 1616.

1. *Drink to me* : *i.e.* show your goodwill to me by your looks rather than by drinking my health.

3. *but*—as so often in verse—is misplaced ; it goes with ' leave,' ' only leave a kiss.'

8. *change* : ' take it in exchange.'

9. *late* for ' lately ' is now found only in poetry.

15, 16. The latter line goes with both verbs in the former line : the growth of the flowers and their scent are both derived from Celia.

91

Thomas Campion (1567 ?–1619) was a physician, a poet, and a musician ; he wrote and produced several masques, the music being of his own composition. He also wrote a treatise on Counterpoint.

This song is from his *Third and Fourth Booke of Ayres* (*c.* 1617). The words had been previously set to music by R. Alison in *An Howres Recreation in Musicke* (1606) ; but they are claimed by Campion as his own in a Preface to the Fourth Book.

In his first edition Palgrave marked this song as Anonymous.

4. *flow* : ' spring in profusion.' The unusualness of the phrase has induced many editors to read ' grow,' changing the ' grow ' of l. 2 to ' blow ' ; but presumably Campion had a right to choose his own words.

6. ' *Cherry-Ripe* ' was the cry of the country-folk who hawked their cherries about the streets. No liberties may be taken with this fair maid's cherries till they offer themselves.

8. *orient pearl* : see above, note to No. 16, l. 31.

9, 10. The pronouns are a little vague : ' which ' is

the object of 'shows' and refers to rows of pearl; 'they' refers to 'cherries.' 'And when her laughter displays her teeth, her lips look like a rose with snow in its midst.' 'They' cannot refer to her teeth, and therefore is not redundant, as Mr. Bell says it is.

13. *watch*: 'watch over,' 'guard.' None but negroes can comfortably look at their own lips.

14. *like bended bows*: this is a very happy simile, an arched eyebrow being regarded as a great beauty.

16. *with eye or hand*: her admirers may not even look at the lips of this very imperious lady; they would hardly wish to touch them—with their hands.

92

This song is headed 'Delight in Disorder' in *Hesperides*.

2. *Kindles in clothes a wantonness*: 'produces a sportive appearance in one's clothing'; there is no improper sense in the word 'wanton.' Cf. No. 88, l. 6.

3. *lawn*: properly a kind of very fine linen, and so anything made of such material; here a lawn scarf.

4. *Into a fine distraction*: 'so as to produce a dainty disorder.'

5. *erring*: in its literal sense, 'wandering.'

7. *neglectful*: 'showing marks of its owner's neglect.' *N.E.D.* gives no instance of this use of the word.

thereby: 'beside it,' *i.e.* close to the cuff.

12. *a wild civility*: 'an untaught refinement'; but 'wild' implies more than 'untaught,' and 'civility' more than 'refinement': wild and civil are at opposite poles, so that this expression is an Oxymoron or contradiction in terms.

13. *Do*: the subject extends from l. 3 to l. 12.

93

Also from *Hesperides*, and entitled 'Upon Julia's Clothes.'

3. *liquefaction*: properly 'melting.' The folds of a fabric have been so often compared to fluids that we now speak of 'flowing robes,' etc. without any idea that we are using a metaphor.

5. *brave vibration each way free*: *i.e.* the beautiful play of the light as it darts freely in all directions over the silk.

94

This is taken from the *Poetical Rapsodie* (1602), for which see above, note to No. 9.

1. *wit* originally had a much wider meaning than now; it included all that a man was said to 'wit,' that is to know; so the five wits are the five senses, and to be out of one's wits is to be out of one's mind. Here the word means 'good taste.'

95

This song is taken from the 1664 edition of Waller. A version with six variants appeared in Moseley's—possibly authentic—edition of 1645; see note to No. 89.

5. *my Heaven's extremest sphere*: 'the orbit which bounded my Heaven.'

96

From *Hesperides*. Palgrave has retained Herrick's title.

2. *Protestant*: 'one who makes a protestation (*i.e.* a solemn declaration)'—HERE of his devotion.

6. *sound and free*: here these words mean the same, 'untouched by love.' Cf. the word 'heart-whole.'

18. *cypress tree*: the cypress is the emblem of mourning. See note to No. 44, l. 2.

22. *The very eyes of me*: either (1) because a man's eyes are the most precious part of his body, or (2) because the poet sees but with his lady's eyes.

97

From *The Second Set of Madrigals . . . newly composed by John Wilbye* (1609), a musician of whom very little is known, though his songs are still popular. He gives no clue to the authorship of the words.

7. *a true woman's eye*: women are—rather unfairly—charged with a lack of reasoning power, especially

in matters of love. In point of fact most women when in love know why they are so, quite as well as men do,—though they do not always care to parade the reason.

98

This song is from Sedley's Poems, published in his collected *Works* (1722).

1. *Not . . . that* : *i.e.* the reason of my constancy is not that. . . .

5. *to very thee* : ' to thy very self' ; not, that is, to her position, fortune, or other externals.

7, 8. This misplacing of ' only ' is all too common in verse ; here it might have been easily avoided by the substitution of ' alone I,' for ' I only ' in both lines.

11. *afford* : ' supply, produce.'

99

From *Lucasta*. This poem was written in April 1642 during Lovelace's confinement in the gate-house, Westminster, alluded to in the note to No. 83. It is printed by Percy in his *Reliques* with two readings for which there is no authority in the 1649 edition of Lovelace, ' birds ' for ' Gods ' in l. 7, and ' linnet-like confinéd ' for ' like committed linnets ' in l. 17. Palgrave followed Percy in his first edition, but gave the right readings in the second.

10. *Thames* : no doubt the place of Lovelace's imprisonment had something to do with his adoption of this word as a synonym of ' water ' ; I can find no parallel.

17. *committed* : ' imprisoned ' ; the full phrase is ' committed to prison.'

18. *shriller* : *i.e.* than the linnets ; hardly a fortunate adjective.

23. *curl the flood* : break the surface of the water into waves.

25, 26. These lines have become a quotation almost too hackneyed for use outside the schoolroom.

29. *freedom in my love* : *i.e.* freedom to love Althea.

30. *in my soul* here means no more than ' in my thoughts.'

100

This is the first song in *Lucasta*. The 'on' in the title is a quite justifiable interpolation of Palgrave's.

3. *that* was often used after an 'if' clause or a 'when' clause to indicate the continuance of the subordinate sentence; *que* is used in French in the same way. The modern English usage is to repeat the 'if' or 'when.'

In this edition the second stanza of the poem is omitted—though Palgrave restored it in his later edition. It runs—

> 'But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
> To swell my sail,
> Or pay a tear to swage
> The foaming blue-god's rage;
> For whether he will let me pass
> Or no, I'm still as happy as I was.'

swage: for 'assuage.'

the blue-god is of course Neptune, god of the sea.

7. *betwixt us*: sc. 'lie betwixt us.'

10. *controls*: the verb is singular because 'faith and troth,' the subject, are looked on as one idea. 'Twin souls' may be separated, but they rise superior to all considerations of time and space; and so do Lovelace and Lucasta through the faith they have in each other.

12. *Unseen, unknown*: *i.e.* unrecognized by the outside world.

101

Sir John Suckling (1609–1642) was a courtier of the reign of Charles I, who sat in the Long Parliament for six months, but, being implicated in a plot to rescue Strafford from the Tower, fled to the continent where he died in poverty, it is said by his own hand. This song is sung by Orsames in Act iv. Sc. i, of *Aglaura*, a play produced in 1637 and printed in the *Fragmenta Aurea* of 1646. It is reprinted in Percy's *Reliques* The title is Palgrave's.

11. *Quit*: 'cease to act so.'

102

Abraham Cowley (1618–1667) was a Royalist poet and doctor of medicine, educated at Cambridge, who followed Henrietta Maria to Paris in 1646, returning at the Restoration. Johnson considered him the earliest of the modern poets and accordingly in his famous edition of the English poets (1779–1781) began with him. This song is sung by David to Michol [*sic.*] in Book III of the *Davideis*, a wearisome 'Sacred Poem of the Troubles of David in four books,' published in 1668.

11. *numerous*: 'rhythmic,' 'musical'; 'number' is often used in the sense of rhythm or verse.

14. *I.e.* As she has vanquished me with her eyes, do you in turn vanquish her through her ears.

15. *virtue*: 'power.'

19. the second *too* = moreover; music can relieve pain and grief, but my passion is too deep-seated to be so cured.

103

George Wither or Withers (1588–1667), educated at Oxford, was a royalist captain of horse in 1639, and three years later a major under the Parliament. He became one of Cromwell's major-generals and at the Restoration suffered three years' imprisonment. This song was first printed, under the title 'The Author's Resolution in a Sonnet,' in the same volume as *Fidelia* (1615); it was reprinted in 1620 in Wither's *Works* with many variations due no doubt to its being a pirated edition which the poet repudiated. A good many of these were printed by Palgrave in his first edition, to be discarded in the second. As here printed it follows the 1615 text.

9, *pined*: 'distressed'; the transitive use is now obsolete.

14. The turtle-dove was the emblem of love. Cf. No. 38, l. 14. The pelican, according to a fable derived from Egypt, would draw blood from its own breast to feed its young.

33. *Great or good, or kind or fair*: a summary of the

qualities given in the four previous stanzas, but in the reverse order.

34. *the more*: *i.e.* more on account of her possessing those qualities.

104

JOHN FLETCHER (1579–1625) was the junior partner, in genius, though not in age, of Francis Beaumont (see above, on No. 67). Sixteen plays are attributed to his pen alone, including *Bonduca* and *Valentinian*; but most of his work was done in collaboration with Beaumont, Massinger, Middleton, and others.

This song is sung by the Passionate Lord in Act III. Sc. iii, of *The Nice Valour*, printed in 1647 and probably produced about 1624. The play is attributed to Beaumont and Fletcher conjointly, but Mr. A. H. Bullen says that all the songs in it may without hesitation be assigned to Fletcher. The opening of the song is so like that of *Il Penseroso* (see below, No. 113), that Milton is commonly regarded as having taken his idea and some of his expressions from Fletcher's poem.

9. *that piercing mortifies*: 'that penetrates the hearer and renders him dead to the world.'

12. *Fountain heads*: the springs where the water issues from the earth.

13. *pale passion*: *i.e.* the lover grown pale with longing.

16. *a parting groan*: 'the groan of one on the point of death.'

18. *still*: in its usual 17th-century sense, 'always.'

105

For SIR WALTER SCOTT, see below, Book IV. This song is from *Old Mortality*, chap. xxiii; a copy of verses found in Bothwell's pocket book, 'written obviously with a feeling which atoned . . . for the roughness of the poetry and the conceits with which it abounded.' Palgrave's excuse for inserting it in Book II is that it represents the character of a Soldier of Fortune in the 17th century. It is omitted from the second edition.

3. *braid* is especially used of a plait of woman's

hair; he terms it 'mystic' as being connected with the mysteries of love.

7, 8. *sworn to dwell With the first sin*: 'allied themselves with murder.'

26. *sweetness*: *i.e.* thy sweetness would have tamed my angry moods.

106

This is from the *Tea-table Miscellany* (see note to No. 81), and is reprinted in Percy's *Reliques* as 'an ancient song from a modern copy.' Percy's latest editor, Mr. Wheatley, says 'there is very little doubt that it was in existence long before 1670.' Indeed, the *Tea-table Miscellany*, whose own date is 1724, gives it as 'an old Song.' There are no variations between the two copies except in one word in the last line.

1. *waly*: (pronounced 'wawly') an exclamation of grief.

bank and *brae* in northern dialect have the same meaning, 'slope' or 'hill.'

4. *wont*: see note to No. 38, l. 6.

5. *aik*: 'oak.'

7. *syne*: a Scottish form of *since*, the earliest meaning of which is 'then,' 'thereupon.'

8. *did lichtly me*: 'treated me with disdain.' To *lightly* is a transitive verb, chiefly found in its Scottish form, meaning 'to treat lightly.'

9. *be* does not appear ever to have been used for 'is' in early English; though it was commonly found for 'are'; see above, note to No. 38, l. 9.

13. *busk*: 'attire.'

14. *kame*: 'comb.'

17. *Arthur-seat*: generally known as Arthur's Seat, a hill some 800 feet high to the east of Edinburgh.

18. *'fil'd*: this is the reading of both copies; but for some reason or other Palgrave substituted 'prest' in both his editions.

19. *Saint Anton's well*: the hill to the north of Arthur's Seat is called St. Anthony's hill after a chapel at its foot.

21. *Marti'mas*: St. Martin's day is November 11.

25. *fell*: 'cruelly,' the adjective being put for the adverb, as in 'The wind blows cold.'

29. *by Glasgow* : this means, I suppose, ' near.'
32. *cramasie* : or cramoisy, ' crimson cloth.'
40. *I'll never* : Percy reads ' I'se never,' where ' I'se ' is a dialect abbreviation of ' I shall.' Palgrave in both editions substituted a line, presumably of his own, ' And the green grass growing over me.'

107

This ballad is to be found in Scott's *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* which first appeared in 1802, the songs in it being generally taken down from traditional sources. It had been published by Ritson in 1794, and was included in Chambers's collection of 1829, but no two versions are the same, and I cannot find one identical with Palgrave's. The incident on which it is founded is supposed to have taken place in the reign of James V. The tale runs that Helen, daughter of the Laird of Kirconnell in Dumfriesshire, was walking by a stream with Adam Fleming her lover, when a rival suitor appeared on the farther bank and pointed his gun at Adam ; Helen flung herself in the way and received the bullet in her own body.

4. *lea* : ' a grassy field.'
7. *burd* : a poetic word, used chiefly in northern dialects, for ' lady.' Its origin is uncertain.
9. *think na but* : in Scott ' think na ye.' This requires a note of interrogation at the end of the next line.
11. *I laid her down* : in Scott, ' There did she swoon ' ; with which reading *wi' meikle care* must mean ' to my great grief.'
15. The repetition of this line admirably marks the intentness with which Adam followed Helen's murderer ; he had but one idea in his mind, to avenge her.
19. Here the repetition seems to depict the gloating joy which Adam took in the mutilation.
31. *thou lies* : the grammar of ballads can rarely be judged by conventional standards ; but see note on No. 2, l. 24.
40. *Since my Love* : in Scott this is ' For her sake that.'

108

Also from Scott's *Minstrelsy*. As Scott points out it greatly resembles an old ballad called 'The Three Ravens,' given by Ritson in his *Ancient Songs and Ballads*.

Corbies: 'carrion crows.'

3. *The tane . . . the t'other*: the 'the's' are of course redundant, being contained in 'tane' and 't'other.'

5. *fail dyke*: 'wall of turf.'

13. *hause-bane*: 'neck-bone,' *i.e.* collar-bone; *hause* is also spelt 'halse.'

16. *theek*: 'roof or thatch.'

109

From *Hesperides*.

1. *pledges*: 'offspring.' See above, note on No. 66, l. 107.

3. *date*: 'term of existence.'

15. *brave*: 'handsome.'

110

Also from *Hesperides*.

111

This poem appeared originally in 1681, with the title 'The Garden.'

1. *amaze*: 'bewilder.'

2. *the palm*, etc.: used in a general sense for 'victory'; a crown of oak-leaves was given to a soldier who had saved the life of a Roman citizen in battle; a wreath of bay-leaves or laurel was worn by poets as well as by victorious generals.

3. *uncessant*: for the form see above, note to No. 62, l. 116.

5. *narrow-vergéd*: 'making but a small margin round their heads.'

7. *close*: 'combine.' This line is from the edition of 1726. That of 1681 reads 'While all flowers and all trees do close,' which, as Grosart says 'reads haltingly.'

15. *all but rude* : ' almost barbarous.'

18. *amorous* : in the obsolete sense of ' lovely.' So in the *Primer of Sarum* (1557), ' O Mother of God, most glorious and amorous.'

23, 24. ' If I carve any name upon you, it will be your own.'

25. *our passions' heat* : the word ' heat ' as used in athletic contests acquires its meaning through being ' a single intense effort or bout of action ' (*N.E.D.*), and so something tending to heat the performer.

28. *Still* : ' always.'

29. *Daphne*, the daughter of the river-god Peneus, was pursued by Apollo, till, praying to Zeus for aid, she was changed into a laurel tree.

31. *Syrinx*, an Arcadian nymph, in like manner was pursued by Pan and changed into a reed, out of which Pan then made his pipes.

33. *in this* : sc. garden. This is the reading of 1681 ; Palgrave has ' is this.'

37. *curious* : ' rare.'

41. *from pleasure less* : ' withdraws from smaller outside enjoyment into its own internal happiness.'

43-46. *where each kind*, etc. : *i.e.* there is nothing in nature which the human mind cannot picture to itself ; it can indeed go beyond this and create other worlds for its own enjoyment.

45. *these* : the objects of the material universe.

47. *Annihilating all that's made*, etc. : so intent is the mind on its own creations that all the objects round become merely a blurred sensation of shady green.

49. *foot* : presumably ' source,' which is called the ' Fountain head ' by Fletcher, above, No. 104, l. 12.

54. *whets* ; ' trims,' ' dresses.'

56. *Waves in its plumes the various light* : ' causes the changing light to flicker in its plumage.'

60. An allusion to Genesis ii. 18. ' It is not good that the man should be alone ; I will make him an help-meet for him.'

61. *beyond a mortal's share* : *i.e.* too much happiness for a mere mortal ; this quite unorthodox reason for the creation of Eve gains point from the fact that Marvell was a married man, as appears from the administration granted to his widow.

66. *this dial new* : as different flowers have different

times for opening and closing, an observant gardener can plant a flower-bed so as to mark the time of day. Linnæus formed a dial (or clock) of forty-six such flowers. The curious may find further details in *Notes and Queries* (3rd Series, vi, p. 215).

68. *fragrant zodiac* : for the zodiac, see note on No. 53, l. 173. Here the zodiac is the flower-bed.

112

L'Allégro [Ital. 'the cheerful man'] and *Il Penseroso* ['the thoughtful man'] were two of Milton's early poems, being probably written in 1632 when he was living at Horton near Colnbrook in Bucks. Palgrave calls them 'the earliest pure Descriptive Lyrics in our language. . . . The meaning of the first is that Gaiety is the child of Nature ; of the second that Pensiveness is the daughter of Sorrow and Genius.' The two poems were first printed in 1645, and again in 1673.

2. *Cerberus* : the dog with three heads—or according to Hesiod with fifty—a serpent's tail and other unattractive characteristics, who guarded the portals of the Lower World. In classical mythology he does not appear to have had any offspring ; Milton chose him as a fitting partner for 'blackest Midnight.'

3. *Stygian* : the adjective from Styx, the chief river of the Lower World. The word means 'loathing.'

6. *jealous wings* : as grudging that the light shall enter.

7. *night-raven* : 'variously identified as the night-owl, night-heron, night-jar, or a distinct species' (*N.E.D.*).

8. *ebon*, from ebony, a hard black wood, is often used in poetry for 'black.'

9. *ragged* : 'rough,' 'irregular.' In modern English it is not commonly used of hard substances.

10. *Cimmerian* : the Cimmerii were a mythical people living in the farthest West, on the border of the ocean, in a land enveloped in perpetual gloom.

12. *Euphrosyne* : one of the three Graces or goddesses of gentleness and beauty. Her name means 'cheerfulness' ; her sisters were Aglaïa ('brightness') and Thalia ('bloom'). Their parentage is variously given ; according to the most popular version they were the

daughters of Zeus. The 'sager' singers of l. 17 seem to be Milton's invention.

19. *Zephyr . . . Aurora*: 'the West wind and the Dawn.'

20. *a-Maying*: the first of May was celebrated by all the young people getting up before daybreak and going out into the fields to gather the may; this they brought home to decorate their houses. A similar festival called Floralia was celebrated for five days by the ancient Romans.

23. *Fill'd her with thee*: 'made her pregnant,' 'made her thy mother.'

24. *buxom* and *blithe* had much the same meaning in the 17th century, viz. 'merry,' 'lively.' The former word is now used rather in the sense of 'plump,' 'comfortable-looking.'

debonair: 'genial.' [French, *de bonne aire*, of good disposition.']

27. *Quips*: defined by Lyly in 1584 as 'a short saying of a sharp wit, with a bitter sense in a sweet word.'

cranks: 'verbal conceits.'

wanton wiles: 'sportive tricks.'

28. *becks*: 'bows.'

wreathéd: properly 'twisted,' *wreathe* being cognate with 'writhe.' The act of smiling makes curved lines in the face.

29. *Hebe's*: see above, note to No. 86, l. 10.

34. *fantastic*: 'arbitrarily used by Milton for: Making "fantastic" movements (in the dance)' *N.E.D.* The movements were the product of the dancers' fancy.

36. *mountain nymph, sweet Liberty*: it is a common notion of the poets—which history does something to support—that the spirit of Freedom is more commonly found in mountainous countries, doubtless because they are easier to defend. But the fen-lands were the last refuge of the English against the Normans, and the Low Countries showed unsurpassed heroism in their struggle with Philip of Spain.

43. *watch-tower*: this is of course a metaphor for that part of the sky in which the lark hovers as he sings.

45. *Then to come*: this may be taken (1) as depending

on 'admit me' (l. 38); it is then co-ordinate with 'To live' and 'To hear,' and the poet is pictured as wakened by the lark in the early morning, getting out of bed, and going to the window to bid good morning to the sun, or the day, or possibly to the lark. Others take it (2) as depending on 'To hear' (l. 41), and co-ordinate with 'begin' and 'startle.' The idea then is that the poet hears the lark come to his window to bid him good-morning — a sufficiently improbable action on the lark's part, to say nothing of the fact that there is a 'to' before 'come,' and none before the *ex hypothesi* co-ordinate words 'begin' and 'startle.'

in spite of sorrow: 'in defiance of sorrow'; these words in their usual sense seem equally inappropriate to the cheerful man and to the lark. True, the poet might have had a bad night, but that would be only an additional reason for getting a draught of good morning air.

48. *eglantine*: apparently taken by Milton as 'honeysuckle.' The usual meaning is 'sweetbriar.'

62. *dight*: 'arrayed.' This line is in the absolute construction; the verb 'to dight' is now obsolete, its past participle only being found in poetry.

67. *tells his tale*: probably 'relates his story,' a sense in which the phrase has been used since the 13th century; rather than 'counts up the sum' [of his sheep], which sense of the phrase is not found before the 19th, though the separate words are used in such senses earlier. See *N.E.D. s.v.* 'tell,' 17.

71. *Russet*: 'reddish-brown.' A *lawn* is any open space in the middle of trees.

fallows: 'fields which have been ploughed and harrowed, but not sown.'

74. *labouring*: 'teeming, heavy with rain.'

75. *pied*: 'variegated,' qualifying 'meadows.'

78. *Bosom'd*: either (1) 'standing out like a bosom,' or (2) 'enclosed as in a bosom'; 'high' suggests the former.

80. *Cynosure*: (1) the constellation *Ursa Minor* in which comes the Pole Star, (2) in metaphoric sense, a 'guiding star,' (3) the centre of attraction.

83. *Corydon and Thyrsis*: two shepherds from Virgil's seventh *Eclogue*.

85. *messes*: in its earliest sense a mess is a 'portion

of food ' ; it is from the Old French *mes*, whose modern form *mets*=viand, dish.

86. *Phillis*, or rather Phyllis, was a shepherdess in Virgil's third *Eclogue* ; from this line of Milton's the name has come to be commonly applied to a waitress.

88. *Thestylis* : a shepherdess from the second *Eclogue*. Of course all these names are used in a general sense for country lads and lasses.

89. *if the earlier season lead* : ' if it is earlier in the year, so that she is summoned to the hay, rather than the corn.'

91. *secure* : ' free from care ' ; the Latin *securus*.

92. *invite* : ' appeal to our fancy.'

93. *ring round* : ' ring in succession.'

94. *rebecks* : a kind of old-fashioned fiddle.

98. *holy-day* and holiday were originally the same word ; the meaning here is that of the latter.

99. *live-long* is merely ' an emotional intensive of long ' (*N.E.D.*) ; the first syllable is a corruption of lief (=dear).

102. *Faery Mab* : Mab was the midwife of the fairies, *i.e.* the fairy who brought men's dreams into being ; she had a special predilection for cream and other dairy produce. Thus Ben Jonson in his *Entertainment . . . at Althorpe* says :

> ' This is Mab, the mistress fairy,
> That doth nightly rob the dairy.'

103, 104. *She . . . he* : ' one of them . . . another.'

Friar's lantern : ' the will-o'-the-wisp,' or *ignis fatuus*, a phosphorescent light occasionally seen on marshy ground. Milton seems to have originated this name for the phenomenon.

105. *Tells* : ' another ' must be supplied as subject. The semicolon at the end of the preceding line is a correction for the comma of the original. With this comma the subject of ' tells ' is the ' he ' in that line ; but such a punctuation confuses the two incidents. There is no point in saying that a man who had been led astray by a will-o'-the-wisp tells how his housework had been done by fairy aid.

the drudging Goblin : Robin Goodfellow, a domestic fairy or brownie, who does household work in the

night and takes as his reward a bowl of cream duly set out for him.

sweat: the past tense; in modern English, 'sweated.'

108. *shadowy*: the flail is so called presumably because it was plied in the darkness.

110. *lies him down*: this use of 'lie' with a reflexive pronoun is possibly due to a confusion, by no means obsolete to-day, with the transitive verb 'to lay.'

lubber: defined by Phillips in 1706 as 'a mean Servant that does all base Services in a house; a Drudge.' There is no idea of clumsiness about this use of the word.

111. *all the chimney's length*: the old-style hearth was six or eight feet from side to side, or often more, with projecting walls forming the 'chimney corner.'

112. *Basks*: in the transitive sense of 'to expose to the warmth' this word does not appear to have been used since Pope.

113. *crop-full*: 'having eaten his fill.' The crop is properly the enlarged part of a bird's gullet.

114. *his matin*: 'his morning call.'

117. *please us then*: *i.e.* when the rustics have gone to bed the poet loves to sit and read of the doings in great cities.

120. *weeds*: 'garments.'

122. *Rain influence*: sc. on the competitors.

123. *both*: *i.e.* both wit and arms.

124. *her grace, whom all commend*: 'the favour of the Queen of Beauty.'

125. *Hymen*: the god of Marriage, who was represented in a yellow robe and carrying a torch.

128. *mask*, in the sense of a dramatic entertainment, is now spelt 'masque.'

132. *Jonson's learned sock*: for Jonson, see above, note to No. 73. The sock was the light shoe worn by the ancient comic actor, as the buskin was the high boot of the tragedian. 'Sock and buskin' is often used for Comedy and Tragedy.

134. *his native wood-notes wild*: the contrast is between the learning of Jonson and the untaught natural style of Shakespeare, who had 'little Latin and less Greek.' Milton must have had *As You Like It* or *A Midsummer Night's Dream* in his mind, as suited

L'Allégro; there is very little 'warbling of wood-notes' in *King Lear* or *Hamlet*.

135. *against eating cares*: 'to shield me from cares that eat the heart,' Horace's 'curas edaces,' *Od.* II. xi. 18.

136. *Lap*: 'enfold'; from the noun 'lap,' meaning the fold of a garment.

Lydian: in the oldest Greek music there were three chief 'modes' or scales, the Dorian, the Lydian and the Phrygian. (The number was afterwards increased to thirteen or fifteen.) Of these the Lydian was 'soft and effeminate,' the Dorian 'simple and solemn,' and the Phrygian 'warlike' (*N.E.D.*).

138. *the meeting soul*: 'the soul which lends itself to the music.'

139. *bout*: a 'phrase' in music.

141. *I.e.* performed playfully, yet carefully, with bewildering rapidity, and yet with technical skill.

143, 144. The harmony in a man's soul is looked on as being bound by the chains of the external world and only set free by the influence of music.

145. *That*: *i.e.* [so beautiful a strain] that . . .

Orpheus: see above, on No. 66, l. 58. His wife Eurydice having died and gone to the abode of Hades, he followed her and by the magic of his music prevailed on Pluto to give her up, provided he could refrain from looking back upon her as she followed him from the Lower World. In the eagerness of his love he turned as he reached the threshold, and she was carried again into the realm of Hades.

146. *golden*: see note on No. 45, l. 5.

147. *Elysian*: Elysium was the abode of good men after death in classical mythology; Homer depicts it as a far from comfortable locality, but English writers have always used the term to denote a place of perfect happiness.

113

See note to the last poem.

Penseroso: the 16th century form of the modern Italian 'pensieroso.'

2. *without father bred*: they had no double parentage, but sprang from Folly only.

3. *bestead*: 'avail.'

6. *fancies fond with gaudy shapes possess*: 'fill foolish imaginations with showy ideas.'

8. *motes*: 'the minute specks of dust that are seen when a sunbeam enters a room.'

9. *likest*: we should now say 'most like to.' There is an ever-growing and deplorable tendency in modern writers to oust the suffixes *-er* and *-est* in favour of 'more' and 'most.' So every day one can read 'more dull' for 'duller,' 'most angry' for 'angriest,' etc.

10. *Morpheus*, the god of Sleep, naturally has dreams as his *pensioners*, or bodyguard. Henry VIII instituted a body of Gentlemen-at-arms, as they are now called, to whom in 1539 he gave the name of Pensioners.

16. *O'erlaid with black*: supply 'is' from l. 13. Melancholy literally means 'black bile'; Milton transfers the pigment to the complexion.

18. *Memnon's sister*: Memnon was an Aethiopian Prince of marvellous beauty and strength, who fought in the Trojan War on the side of his uncle Priam. He was the son of Eos (the Dawn), and had a sister Himĕra mentioned by Dictys Cretensis (*Trojan War*, book vi), who, no doubt, in looks resembled her brother.

beseem: 'become,' 'suit.'

19. *Ethiop queen*: Cassiopea, the wife of Cepheus, king of Æthiopia, boasted that her beauty—or, according to the more usual legend, that of her daughter Andromeda—was greater than that of the Nereids or sea-nymphs. Poseidon accordingly sent a sea-monster to ravage the country till Andromeda should be given up to be the monster's prey. While she was waiting, chained to a rock, Perseus came by, killed the monster, and rescued the maiden, whom he afterwards made his wife. Cassiopea after her death was placed among the stars, hence Milton's epithet for her.

21. *offended*: I would rather take this as the participle, 'above the sea-nymphs and their outraged deities,' than as the past tense, 'and, by so doing, outraged their deities.'

23. *Vesta*: the Roman goddess of the hearth or home and a daughter of Saturn; the latter is perhaps termed 'solitary' because he was the oldest deity of the Italian peoples. I cannot find that either the Greeks or the Romans personified Melancholy, still

less that she was the daughter of Saturn and Vesta. In choosing these parents for her Milton was perhaps thinking of Saturn in his Roman aspect as the introducer of agriculture and peaceful pursuits. The Greek Cronos, whom the Romans persistently identified with their own Saturn, was a gloomy, morose and cruel deity who devoured his own children and was only at last driven from heaven by the rebellion of his youngest son Zeus, who by a trick had been saved from the fate of his brothers and sisters.

29. *Ida's inmost grove*: it was in a woody cavern on Mount Ida in Crete that the infant Zeus (Jove) was hidden from his father: here Milton follows the Greek legend of Cronos.

33. *grain*: 'hue.' 'Grain' was originally a scarlet dye, then used of any fast colour produced by dyeing, and so came to mean simply 'colour.'

35. *sable stole*: 'black robe.' For *cypres lawn* see note on No. 44, l. 2.

36. *decent*: 'shapely.'

39. *commercing*: 'holding intercourse.'

40. *rapt*: 'absorbed.'

41. *held in holy passion still*: 'kept motionless through religious feeling.'

42. *to marble*: 'till thou turn (to all appearances) to marble.'

44. *as fast*: sc. as they were before fixed on the heavens.

46. *Spare Fast, that oft with gods doth diet*: *i.e.* fasting often brings a fuller realization of the divine presence.

48. *Ay*: (rimes with 'day') 'ever.' Not the same word as 'Aye'—riming with 'die,' and meaning 'yes.'

49. *retired*: 'secluded'; not in the sense of 'retired from business.'

52. *Him that yon soars*, etc.: this is an allusion to the mysterious vision of Ezekiel (chap. x) wherein appear a throne, four whirling wheels, and four cherubim; to one of these last Milton assigns the name 'Contemplation,' and as the whole chapter is entirely incomprehensible, no one can say that he was wrong.

55. *hist*: 'summon without noise.'

56. *'Less*: 'unless.'

Philomel: see above, note on No. 34, l. 23.

57. *plight*: 'state of mind,' 'mood'—an obsolete sense.

59. *Cynthia*: see above, note on No. 53, l. 121. The chariot of the Moon-goddess was drawn by two white horses, cows, or mules, rather than dragons; Milton was probably thinking of Demeter. *yoke* is used for 'team.'

60. *the accustom'd oak*: 'the oak over which I am accustomed to see her.'

63. *chauntress*: for the gender see above, note on No. 34, l. 9.

68. *her highest noon*: 'the highest point she attains in the sky.'

69. *one that had been led astray*: this is only an expansion of 'wandering' (l. 67), an epithet applied to the Moon from the apparent irregularity of its movements.

73. *plat* = plot; chiefly used now in the phrase 'grass-plat.'

74. *curfeu*: this is a 19th century spelling and not apparently used by Milton, who wrote 'curfew.' The word is a corruption of the French *couvre-feu*, but it will come as a shock to the young to be told that there is no valid evidence that the measure was introduced into this country by William the Conqueror to keep the Saxons in subjection. See Freeman's *Norman Conquest*, III. 185 (1875 ed.).

76. *Swinging slow with sullen roar*: Masson suggests that this line 'by no very forced construction' may be taken as referring to the sound of the sea; though he admits that it is more natural to refer it to the bell.

77. *the air*: 'the weather.'

78. *still removéd place*: 'quiet, secluded spot.'

80. *Teach light to counterfeit a gloom*: *i.e.* the light is so dim that it takes the appearance of darkness; this is, of course, a strong hyperbole.

83. *the bellman's drowsy charm*: the night-watchman who patrolled the streets, crying the hours (for few had clocks), and muttering charms to keep off evil spirits.

87. *out-watch the Bear*: 'sit up till the constellation of the Great Bear has vanished'—which, as in Northern latitudes it never sets, means sitting up till sunrise.

88. *thrice-great Hermes*: Hermes Trismegistus ('Thrice-greatest') was the reputed author of several

philosophical and religious treatises, the Greek originals of some and the Latin translations of others being still in existence. Their real authorship is unknown, but they have been generally ascribed to the Neo-Platonic philosophers of the 3rd and 4th centuries A.D.

unsphere The spirit of Plato : 'summon Plato from the sphere to which he retired after death'; this magic rite is performed by taking down his works from the book-shelf. Plato's *Phædo* is the chief work in which he discusses the future of the soul after death.

91. *forsook* : for 'forsaken.' Cf. above, note on No. 14, l. 4.

92. *mansion* : 'abiding place.' Cf. note on No. 56, l. 6.

93. *And of those demons* : Milton writes as if he had written 'to tell' in l. 89 in place of 'to unfold.'

The Platonic dæmons or spirits were beings who came between the human and the divine; they were the agents of God at the creation of the world and assisted in its government. Moreover each man had a dæmon attendant on him. Plato does not seem to have divided these dæmons into four classes, corresponding to the four elements, but such a division was made in later times, the four kinds being Gnomes (earth), Sylphs (air), Salamanders (fire), and Undines (water).

95. *consent* : 'agreement, harmony.'

96. *planet* : according to Plato on the eight spheres round which the several planets moved there sat eight sirens 'hymning a single note' (*Rep.* 617 B), hence the music of the spheres. Cf. note on No. 62, l. 125.

98. *In scepter'd pall* : 'wearing the royal robe and carrying the sceptre.' The transference of the adjective from the bearer to the garment is a kind of Hypallage. See note to No. 66, l. 14.

99. *Thebes* : the chief city of Bœotia, famed in legend for the tragedy of Œdipus.

Pelops' line : Atreus and his sons, Agamemnon and Menelaus.

100. *Troy* is perhaps called 'divine' from the fact that its walls were built by Poseidon (Neptune), and from the keen interest the gods took in the city throughout the Trojan War.

101, 102. *I.e.* or the tragic plays of more modern times, though few of these are excellent. In *L'Allégro*

(l. 133) Milton ignored Shakespeare's tragedies, and here he shows that he found little to admire in the post-Hellenic tragedians generally. For *buskin'd* see note on No. 112, l. 132.

104. *Musaeus*: a semi-mythological poet, to be classed with Orpheus, whose son he was according to one legend. Nothing but a few fragments remain of the works attributed to him.

105. *Orpheus*: see above on No. 63, l. 48 and No. 112, l. 145.

107. *iron tears*: 'unyielding,' 'stern'; the epithet is transferred from Pluto's character to his tears.

109. *him that left half-told*, etc.: in 'The Squire's Tale'—which is unfinished—Chaucer tells of 'Cambuscan' or Cambus Khan, a Tartar king who was the father of two sons, Algarsife and Camballo, and one daughter, Canace; as he was celebrating his birthday feast, a knight came riding to the door upon a brazen steed, with a mirror of glass in his hand and a gold ring on his thumb. These his master, 'the king of Araby and Ind,' had sent as presents to Cambuscan and his daughter.

112. *And who had*: sc. 'And of him who had.' The tale does not go far enough to tell us who became Canace's husband.

113. *virtuous*: 'containing hidden virtues, or magic properties.'

117. *tunes*: 'verses.'

118. *turneys*: or tourneys, 'tournaments.'

hung: sc. on trees or posts.

120. *Where more is meant than meets the ear*: *i.e.* allegories, such as Spenser's *Faerie Queene*.

122. *civil-suited*: 'soberly-clad.' Cf. Fletcher's *Woman's Prize* (1622), 'I do not like the colour—'tis too civil.'

123. *trick'd and frounced*: 'decked out and curled.'

124. *the Attic Boy*: Cephalus, son of the ruler of Phocis (which is separated from Attica by the whole of Bœotia), was beloved by Eos (the Dawn), who made advances to him when he was out hunting, but could not make him unfaithful to Procris or Procne his wife.

125. *kercheft*: 'covered with a kerchief, or couvrechef (=head-cover).'

130. *minute drops*: 'falling at intervals of a minute.' Cf. 'minute gun,' 'minute bell.'

134. *Sylvan*, or Silvanus, was the Latin god of the woods and fields.

141. *garish*: 'glaring.'

142. *with honey'd thigh*: such honey as the bee carries on its thigh is the result of clumsiness; it uses its stomach to convey the honey to the hive. Milton was doubtless copying Virgil's 'crura thymo plenæ' (*Geor.* IV. 181).

145. *consort*: 'company,' 'society.'

148. *Wave at his wings*: 'Hover at the wings of Sleep.'

149. *display'd*: I should be inclined to take this word with 'dream,' and 'laid' with 'stream':—'And let some strange dream full of mystery hover over Sleep's wings and display itself in an airy succession of life-like pictures which it lays softly on my eyelids.'

151. *sweet music breathe*: either (1) governed by 'let' and so co-ordinate with 'wave,' or (2) itself the imperative, co-ordinate with 'let.' As 'to breathe' is used transitively as well as intransitively, it is impossible to say which Milton intended.

153. *good* qualifies 'Spirit,'—'kindly affected to mortals.'

154. *Genius*: 'spirit of the place.'

156. *pale*: 'enclosure.'

157. *high-embowéd*: 'with high arches.'

158. *massy-proof*: 'able to bear the weight of the mass resting on them.'

159. *storied*: 'depicting a story.'

dight: see above, note to No. 112, l. 62.

162. *quire*: see above, note to No. 62, l. 115.

163. *service high*: 'full, musical service'; cf. 'High Mass.'

164. *As*: sc. 'Such as.'

165. *Dissolve me into ecstacies*: 'melt me into transports,' sc. of religious fervour.

170. *spell*: 'tell out the import.' Cf. 'that spells ruin'; though the phrase is not parallel, for here 'spell' is intransitive, the 'of' meaning 'about.'

174. *prophetic*: a prophet is an inspired teacher, one who claims to be 'the mouthpiece of God'; he does not necessarily make predictions. Milton expresses

here the same idea as Tennyson in his 'Flower in the crannied wall,' that if we had a full understanding of any one part of creation, we should understand the whole meaning of the Universe.

114

This poem is entitled 'Bermudas' by Marvell; it appeared first in the 1681 edition of the *Poems*.

The Bermudas, lying in the North Atlantic, about 600 miles from land, were discovered by a Spaniard in 1522. They were first colonized from England in 1612, and the settlements were largely increased by the numerous refugees who took shelter there during the Civil War, among them being Waller the poet. They do not seem to have been reinforced, as Marvell supposes, by Puritans flying from the persecution of Laud.

5, 6. *His praise That*: 'the praise of Him who.'

9, 10. Palgrave in both editions prints these two lines before ll. 7 and 8; but, as the contrast is between God's treatment of the sea-monsters and His treatment of the exiles, the alteration is unfortunate.

wracks: another form of 'wrecks.'

20. *Jewels*: *i.e.* its seeds.

Ormus: (or Ormuz) an ancient city now in ruins at the entrance of the Persian Gulf; it was a centre of commerce and noted for its wealth.

23. *apples*: 'pine-apples'; each plant bears only one fruit. *plants* is a verb.

28. *ambergris*: a wax-like substance found floating in tropical seas, used in perfumery. The word is French and means 'grey amber,' as distinguished from amber proper which is called 'yellow amber.'

36. *the Mexique bay*: 'the Gulf of Mexico.'

115

This piece Masson assigns to the year 1630 before Milton had left Cambridge. It was printed in 1645 and again in 1673.

1. As the Sirens (see above, note on No. 86, l. 27) lured men to destruction, the compliment to the singer and the song is ambiguous; but Milton shows in the

next line that he was thinking of Plato's Sirens who produced the music of the Spheres (see above, note to No. 113, l. 96).

4. 'Able to penetrate inanimate things with the feeling which you breathe into them.'

5. *high-raised phantasy*: 'exalted imagination.'

6. *concent*: 'harmony.' It has been often erroneously spelt 'consent,' the pronunciation of the two words being identical. By what is surely a printer's error the 1645 edition has 'content.'

7. *the sapphire-colour'd throne*: taken from Ezekiel i. 26. See note on No. 140, l. 99.

9. *jubilee*: 'shouts of joy.' Cf. *Par. Lost*, III. 348, 'Heaven rung With jubilee, and loud Hosannas fill'd Th' eternal regions.'

10. *Seraphim*: a celestial order of beings mentioned in Isaiah vi as attendant on Jehovah. At the sound of their voices 'the house was filled with smoke.'

12. *Cherubic host*: according to an early Father, who gives no authority for his statement, the Seraphim are the highest, and the Cherubim the second, of the nine orders of angels.

quires: see on No. 62, l. 115.

14. *just Spirits*: cf. Hebrews xii. 23, 'The spirits of just men made perfect.' For *palms* cf. Revelation vii. 9, 'A great multitude . . . clothed with white robes, and palms in their hands.'

17. *That*: sc. 'So that.'

18. *noise*: the word originally contained no unpleasant idea. Cf. the Biblical phrase 'to make a joyful noise' for 'to sing psalms.'

19. *disproportion'd*: 'wanting in harmony.'

23. *diapason*: see above, note on No. 63, l. 15.

27. *consort*: 'company,' as in No. 113, l. 145.

116

The title is Dryden's; he appends a sub-title 'A Song in honour of St. Cecilia's Day: 1697.' See above, on No. 63.

1. *for Persia won*: 'to celebrate the conquest of Persia.' Alexander's crowning victory over Darius was at Arbela in 331 B.C.; the following year he entered Persepolis, and after removing the royal treasures

gave up the city to be plundered and burnt by his soldiers. The story that he was instigated to set fire to the city by Thais when he was half-drunk is told by Plutarch, but Arrian makes it clear that Alexander had formed his plan deliberately, being anxious both to gratify his soldiers and to take an impressive vengeance on the Persians.

6. *peers*: 'nobles,' not 'equals.'

7. *myrtles*: the myrtle is sacred to Venus and so emblematic of love.

9. *Thais*: a celebrated courtesan of Attica who had accompanied Alexander.

15. *deserves*: 'none' is more commonly used with a plural verb.

16. *Timotheus*: a flute-player of Thebes; there is no evidence that he accompanied Alexander, and the writer in Smith's *Classical Dictionary* 'has a suspicion' that he never existed.

21. *began from Jove*: 'took Jove for its first theme.' Alexander gave out that he was the son of Jupiter Ammon, who had taken the form of a serpent to visit Olympias, Alexander's mother.

24. *belied*: 'disguised.'

25. *spires*: 'spiral coils.'

32. *rebound*: 're-echo.'

36. *Affects to nod*: the oriental despot expresses his commands by a mere sign of the head, like Jove, at whose mere nod Olympus shook.

44. *hautboys*, now commonly spelt 'oboes,' are wood-wind instruments about two feet long and having a compass of about two and a half octaves.

57-8. The pronouns are rather confused; 'he' and the second 'his' refer to Alexander, the first 'his' to Timotheus.

63. *Fallen*: the repetition of this word is perhaps intended to mark the greatness of the fall. It was not till the year after the burning of Persepolis that Darius was slain; Alexander was pursuing him into Parthia when he received news of his murder by Bessus. He professed great concern and caused Bessus to be torn in pieces.

69. *With not a friend*: according to Plutarch the Greeks came up before Darius expired, and one of them, Polystratus, gave him water and was entrusted with a

message to Alexander, thanking him for his humanity towards Darius's wife and children.

73. *a sigh he stole*: *i.e.* he softly sighed.

76. *in the next degree*: 'the next stage.' It needed but a little change in the music to carry the king from pity to love.

79. *Lydian measures*: see above, note on No. 112, l. 136.

83. *still*: 'continually.' Its general meaning at that time.

96. *at once*: 'at the same time.'

107. *the Furies*: the terrible goddesses who punished men for their crimes—the embodiment of the tortures of conscience; they were represented as winged maidens with snakes for hair and blood dripping from their eyes. At first indefinite in number, they were in later times described as three, Alecto, Megaera, and Tisiphone.

108. *they rear*: 'lift erect.'

114. *unburied*: according to Greek belief the souls of the dead could not pass over the Styx into the realm of Hades till their bodies were interred with proper rites.

120. *of their hostile gods*: *i.e.* of the gods of the Persians, who were hostile to the Greeks.

125. *Helen*: she did not, of course, actually set fire to Troy, but by flying there in company with Paris she brought about the destruction of the city after a ten years' siege.

127. *learn'd to blow*: *i.e.* for musical purposes. Bellows had been used for ages to kindle fires.

132. *Cecilia*: see above, note on No. 63.

BOOK THIRD

THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

117

THOMAS GRAY (1716–71) was educated at Eton and Cambridge, where he was appointed Professor of History and Modern Languages in 1768. His poetical output was exceedingly small, but each of his poems is of a high order of merit.

This Ode was found after his death in a pocket-book of 1754; there are fragments of three other stanzas in the MS. The whole is printed in Mr. Gosse's edition of Gray's *Works* (1884).

3. *vermeil*: see note on No. 53, l. 33.

11. *their wintry trance*: before the habits of birds had been sufficiently studied for their migrations to be known, it was generally supposed that they slept through the winter.

12. *his*: *i.e.* April's.

24. *With forward and reverted eyes*: 'looking before and behind him.' Poets seem to have made up their minds that animals have no power of anticipation, which is not easily proved; and no power of retrospection, which is glaringly false. See below, No. 144, l. 44, and No. 241, l. 86.

25-6. To trace a smile with one's hand on another person's brow is not an ideally poetic expression; all that Gray meant was that quiet reflection can often make us smile over past misfortunes, but by personification he has made a picture little short of absurd.

30. *deepest shades*: the object of 'Gilds' (l. 32).

33. *Still*: 'constantly.'

39. *blended*: 'being blended together.'

118

ALEXANDER POPE (1688–1744), the greatest poet of his day, wrote but few lyrics, though he will be known to all time for his longer poems. This short piece was

written, he tells us, when he was twelve years old. Its true title is 'Ode on Solitude.' Pope no doubt took his beginning from Horace, *Epod.* ii, 'Beatus ille qui procul negotiis,' etc.

119

Colley Cibber (1671–1757) was for forty-three years an actor at Drury Lane; he wrote several plays and was for some time manager of Drury Lane; in 1730 he became Poet Laureate. He was one of the dramatists reproved by Jeremy Collier in his *Short View of the Immorality and Profaneness of the English Stage*, and, quarrelling with Pope, was castigated in *The Dunciad*. I have been unable to find this poem, or indeed any lyrics of Cibber's other than those inserted in his plays.

13. *With heavy sighs*: qualifies 'mourn,' not 'hear.'

120

Gray was an intimate friend of Horace Walpole, with whom he travelled abroad in 1739. It was in 1747 that this feline tragedy occurred; it forms the subject of a letter of Gray's to Walpole dated March 1st, which was sent with this poem. Walpole had two cats, Selima and Zara, and Gray, writing his condolences, expressed regret that he did not know which of the two was the victim: he, however, assumes it was Selima. The poem was first printed anonymously in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems* of 1748. Palgrave has transcribed the text of the 1768 edition, the last corrected by Gray. There are some trifling variations in the original MS.

4. *of the tabby kind*: *i.e.* of cats generally, regardless of colour (so old ladies are sometimes irreverently termed 'tabbies'), for l. 10 can hardly mean anything else than that the cat was tortoiseshell; in which case it cannot have been tabby.

8-11. These nouns are the objects of 'saw' (l. 12); *i.e.* she saw them reflected in the water.

15. *Genii*: 'presiding spirits.'

16. *Tyrian*: Tyre was famous for a purple dye obtained from the murex—a species of shell-fish.

31. *Eight times*: in allusion to the proverb that a

cat has nine lives, which probably originated from the long distance it is able to fall without injury.

34. *Dolphin* : see note on No. 66, l. 164.

Nereid : the fifty daughters of Nereus, one of whom was Thetis, mother of Achilles, were water-nymphs of the Mediterranean.

42. *glisters* : 'glitters.' The two words are, however, from different roots. The origin of the proverb is lost in antiquity ; it appears in many languages.

121

Ambrose Philips (1675 ?–1749), a minor poet whose best-known work is his *Pastorals*, was a contemporary and rival of Pope's. The heading of this poem is 'To Miss Charlotte Pulteney, in her Mother's Arms, May 1, 1724.' She was the daughter of Daniel Pulteney, a member of Parliament and a strong opponent of Walpole ; she died before reaching maturity.

1. *Timely* : I take this to mean 'born just when the parents wished for it.'

2. *Fondling* : 'one fondly loved,' 'a pet.'

4. *solicitous delight* : *i.e.* the source both of their anxiety and of their pleasure.

6. *without skill* : her charm was not the outcome of art, but entirely natural.

13. *Yet* : 'as yet.'

18. *Moduling* : 'modelling,' *i.e.* adapting ; but *N.E.D.* gives no instance on all-fours with this. Mr. J. H. Fowler takes it as equivalent to 'modulating' (= tuning), which yields excellent sense, but is unsupported.

20. *Wanton* : 'capricious.'

122

James Thomson (1700–1748) is best known as the author of *The Seasons*. In 1740 he, together with David Mallet, produced the masque of *Alfred*, which contains 'Rule Britannia' as one of its songs. In a joint production it is not always easy to allot to each collaborator his own work, but this song has, almost universally, been ascribed to Thomson.

The text as here given is taken from the first edition of *Alfred* (1740), and is found in all editions of

Thomson's *Works*. Palgrave, unfortunately, gave a wider publicity to a spurious reading of the refrain which is found as early as 1752 in a Collection of Songs published at Edinburgh. In this the fifth and sixth lines run,

> 'Rule, Britannia, Britannia rules the waves ;
> Britons never shall be slaves.'

The duplication of 'Britannia' is due no doubt to the music by Dr. Arne, where the word is repeated ; but the substitution of 'rules' for 'rule,' which converts a patriotic exhortation into an unmannerly boast, has neither authority nor excuse. The substitution of 'shall' for 'will' also materially alters the sense. As Thomson wrote it, it is a simple prediction, that being the force of 'will' with a third person (*e.g.* 'It will rain before night') ; while 'shall' with a third person expresses determination on the part of the speaker (*e.g.* 'Curfew shall not ring to-night'), and however laudable such a determination may be on the part of the vocalist, it is better that he should exhibit it in some other way than by tampering with the text of an English classic.

There are no fewer than five other misreadings in the song as given by Palgrave, all of which are retained in the second edition.

The last two lines of the first stanza are repeated as a refrain after each of the others.

7. *not so blest as thee* : this in strict grammar should be 'as thou' [art].

14. It would be interesting to know if there is any foundation for the belief, found in other places besides this, that oak trees become more firmly fixed in the soil through the force of the wind. It has the support of a proverb, 'Storms make oaks take deeper root.'

17. *thy generous flame* : 'the fire of thy noble indignation.'

19. *the rural reign* : 'sovereignty over the country districts' ; though possibly *reign* here means merely 'department,' as in Gibbon's phrase, 'the vegetable reign' ; in this case the words would mean simply 'the country-side.'

123

The Bard was written 1754–7 and appeared in 1757. It is founded on a legend, since shown to be baseless, that Edward I after his conquest of Wales in 1282 massacred all the Bards or native Poets of the country. As the poem itself unfolds, its main theme is the denunciation of Edward by one of the Bards and a prophecy of the future of his race.

Pindaric: Pindar, the greatest of the lyrical poets of Greece, died at Thebes 443 B.C. From the erroneous idea that the metre in his odes was subject to no rules it became the custom in this country to call any irregular verse composition a 'Pindaric Ode.' Ben Jonson, Cowley, and Congreve all applied the term to some of their productions.

5. *hauberk's*: a hauberk was a coat of mail, usually chain or ring mail.

6. *thy virtues*: he was 'just in the main, unselfish, laborious, conscientious, haughtily observant of truth and self-respect, temperate, reverent of duty, religious' (Green).

8. *Cambria's*: a Latinized form of Cymru, the Welsh name for Wales.

9. *crested pride*: the crest is properly the badge worn on the top of the helmet.

13, 14. *Glo'ster . . . Mortimer*: 'Gilbert de Clare, surnamed the Red, Earl of Gloucester and Hertford, son-in-law of King Edward. Edmond' [?Roger] 'de Mortimer, Lord of Wigmore. They both were Lords-Marchers, whose lands lay on the borders of Wales, and probably accompanied the King in this expedition' (Gray's note).

16. *Conway's foaming flood*: the river Conway is the eastern boundary of Carnarvonshire; it rises near Festiniog and runs into the sea near Conway. If, as Mr. Fowler says, Gray intended Pen-maen-mawr as the scene of this incident, the Bard must have made a leap of several miles in order to plunge into the river (l. 144).

26. *hoarser*: 'ever growing hoarser'; it can hardly mean 'hoarser than those of the torrent.'

27. *Vocal no more*: *i.e.* since the defeat of the Welsh

the woods and caves had not re-echoed the songs of the people.

28. *Hoel* or Howel (d. 1171 ?), a warrior and poet, was a son of Owain Gwynedd, king of Gwynedd, *i.e.* the northern part of North Wales.

Llewellyn (more correctly 'Llewelyn') was the last independent Prince of Wales; he had married a daughter of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester. He unwisely sallied from his fastness at Snowdon and made a raid into Radnorshire, where he fell in a skirmish on the banks of the Wye in 1282.

soft, or gentle, says Palgrave, is the epithet commonly used of Llewelyn in contemporary poetry. Welsh historians depict him as a mild ruler, a patron of letters, and—despite his warlike life—a lover of peace.

29. *Cadwallo's tongue*: Cadwallon or Cadwalader was a British king of Gwynedd, who was killed in battle in 635.

31. *Urien*: a British prince who flourished about 570 and fought against the Angles of Northumbria.

33. *Modred*: it has been supposed, says Palgrave, that Gray intended Merlin or Myrddin Wyllt (*i.e.* the Mad), a poet of about the same period.

34. *Plinlimmon*: a boggy mountain in the north of Cardigan on the borders of Montgomery. The Severn and the Wye rise in its slopes.

35. *Arvon's shore*: Gray in a note says he means 'the shores of Carnarvonshire opposite to the isle of Anglesey.' There is, however, no such term as Arvon; Carnarvon is for 'Caer-yn-ar-Fon' (=Mon), 'The fort opposite Mona' or Anglesey. Gray seems to have regarded Hoel, Llewelyn, and the rest as having recently been slain on the shores of Menai Straits; an unfortunate error in a Professor of History.

44. *griesly*: or grisly, 'grim,' 'horrible.'

47. *join*: in the 17th and 18th centuries this word was pronounced as 'jine'—riming with 'line.' The old pronunciation is still heard in country dialects.

48. *weave . . . the tissue*: an allusion to the web of fate woven by the Nornes in Norse mythology. The Bard looked on his prophecy as bringing about its own fulfilment.

49-100. These lines are chanted by all the bards in

chorus, as Gray shows by the change of quotation marks.

49. *the warp*: the threads running lengthwise in a loom; *the woof* is that which is woven on to the warp. As Dr. Johnson remarks, 'you cannot weave either separately, so the line has 'no great propriety.'

51. *verge*: 'edging,' where the pattern would come.

55. *Berkley's roofs*: Edward II was murdered at Berkley Castle adjoining the Severn in 1327 at the instigation of his Queen, Isabella of France, termed the 'She-wolf' from her horrible cruelty.

59. *who o'er thy country*, etc.: *i.e.* Edward III, eldest son of Edward II and Isabella, and victor at Crécy and —through his son—at Poitiers. He 'died in a dishonoured old age, robbed on his death-bed even of his rings by the mistress [Alice Perrers] to whom he clung' (Green).

67. *the sable warrior*: Edward the Black Prince died in 1376, one year before his father.

70. *the rising morn*: Richard II, who succeeded his grandfather in 1377 and was deposed in 1399 to make way for Henry of Lancaster. Six months later he died at Pomfret (Pontefract) Castle, being murdered, it is generally supposed, by Sir Piers Exton. The version of the tale adopted by Gray is that he was starved to death (ll. 80-82).

83-86. The Wars of the Roses.

87. *towers of Julius*: there seems ground for attributing the foundation of the Tower of London to William the Conqueror, but history declines to assign any part of it to Julius Caesar. It is called 'London's shame' because of the murders committed within its walls.

89. *his*: sc. the 'meek usurper's,' Henry VI, who was rather the grandson of a usurper than a usurper himself. Of his meekness there can be no question, but it is hardly possible to imagine a king less fit to rule in those troublous times. He was the son of Henry V, and the husband of Margaret of Anjou, who was beyond all comparison more manly than her husband and more steadfast in asserting the Lancastrian claim.

91, 92. *the rose of snow Twined*, etc.: Mr. Tovey takes this of the marriage of Edward IV to Elizabeth Woodville, whose family were at the time supporters of the Lancastrian party. Certainly the dissensions

of the country were not a little increased by this marriage, but I doubt whether Gray intended anything more than a general reference to the Wars of the Roses.

93. *The bristled boar*: the boar was the badge of Richard of Gloucester, who is generally credited with the murder of his two young nephews in the Tower.

99. *Half of thy heart*: Eleanor of Castile, wife of Edward I, died at Grantham in 1290; the King marked his grief by erecting crosses at the places where her body rested on its passage to London.

101, 102. These two lines are addressed to the vanishing spirits by the surviving bard, who then resumes the prediction himself.

106. *skirts*: 'borders.'

109. *Arthur*: King Arthur—if he ever existed—was certainly a British king and would therefore rightly be claimed by the Welsh as their own. According to tradition he had not died, but retired from this world to return again in due time.

110. *ye genuine kings*: Henry VII was the grandson of Sir Owen Tudor, a Welshman.

115. *a form divine*: Queen Elizabeth, granddaughter of Henry VII.

117. *lion-port*: 'proud carriage,' like that of a lion.

118. *Attemper'd . . . to*: 'qualified by.'

119. *What strings symphonious*: an allusion to the poets and dramatists of the Elizabethan era.

121. *Taliessin*: a great Welsh Bard who is supposed to have lived in the 6th century A.D. His grave is shown four miles from Borth in Cardiganshire.

125. *The verse* is the object of 'adorn,' whose subjects follow in the next two lines.

128. *In buskin'd measures*: *i.e.* in tragic verse. The buskin was the high boot worn in tragedy on the Greek and Roman stage. Cf. above, No. 112, l. 132.

128-30. Gray says he means these lines to refer to Shakespeare, the two following to Milton, and the 'distant warblings' to the poets who succeeded Milton.

133. *lessen*: 'sound fainter,' as coming from a greater distance.

124

WILLIAM COLLINS (1721–59) was educated at Winchester and Magdalen College, Oxford; not possessing aptitude for any other work he adopted literature as a profession, and in 1747 published the Odes by which alone he is remembered to-day. Johnson, who was the means of helping him when he was in the bailiffs' hands, speaks highly of his integrity, but says unkindly of his poems that he seemed 'to think that not to write prose was certainly to write poetry.' Collins's brain gave way several years before his death and he died quite insane.

In May 1745 the French defeated the allied armies of England, Holland, Austria, and Saxony at Fontenoy; in September of the same year and in January 1746 the Young Pretender defeated the English forces at Prestonpans and Falkirk.

6. *Than Fancy's feet*, etc.: 'than has ever been trodden in imagination.'

125

ROBERT BURNS (1759–96), the son of a small farmer of Ayrshire named Burness, is the greatest and most popular poet of Scotland; some of his poems are written in pure English, but the majority in the Lowland Scottish dialect. As a recognition of his poetical merit, an appreciative government made him an exciseman in 1789.

This poem was first published in December 1796, in the fifth volume of *The Scots Musical Museum*, a collection of songs with music brought out by James Johnson, an engraver of Edinburgh. The first four lines are from an old song, and the title is Palgrave's.

Culloden (pronounced, 'Cullodden'), near Inverness, was the scene of the Young Pretender's defeat in April 1746.

4. *saut*: 'salt.' *blin's*: 'blinds.'

5. *Drumossie*, or Drummossie, was another name for Culloden Moor.

13. *thou cruel lord*: William Augustus, Duke of Cumberland, the second son of George II; he earned the title of 'Butcher Cumberland' by his cruelty after the battle.

126

JEAN ELLIOT (1727–1805) was the third daughter of Sir Gilbert Elliot, second baronet of Minto. She is not known to have written any other poem than this one, which she termed 'The Flowers of the Forest'; it was composed in 1756, and printed anonymously. Scott reprinted it in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*, vol. ii (1802). He says on the author's authority that the first and fourth lines are ancient. Palgrave's version has a few variants from Scott's, which is the one printed here.

Flodden: near Wooler in the north of Northumberland, where James IV of Scotland was defeated and slain by the English under the Earl of Surrey (1513).

1. *lilting*: 'singing.'
2. *a'*: 'all.'
3. *ilka*: 'every.' *loaning*: an open uncultivated piece of ground, near a farmhouse or village, on which the cows are milked.
4. *The Flowers of the Forest*: *i.e.* the young men of Ettrick Forest. *wede away*: 'weeded out.'
5. *bughts*: or boughts, 'sheepfolds.' *scorning*: *i.e.* jeering at each other.
6. *dowie*: 'dull and lonely.'
7. *daffing*: 'playing the fool.' *gabbing*: 'scoffing.'
8. *leglin*: 'milk-pail.'
9. *shearing*: 'reaping.'
10. *Bandsters*: 'sheaf-binders.' *runkled*: 'wrinkled.' *lyart*: 'grizzled.'
11. *fleeching*: 'wheedling.'
14. *bogle*: 'bogy,' 'goblin.'
17. *Dool*: 'grief.'
22. *heartless*: 'dejected.'

127

JOHN LOGAN (1748–88), a Scottish divine and poet who was perhaps the author of the 'Ode to the Cuckoo.' This song appeared in *Poems by the Rev. Mr. Logan, One of the Ministers of Leith* (1781).

Yarrow: a river in Selkirkshire which runs into the Ettrick.

23. *water-wraith* : ' spirit of the stream ' ; a wraith is properly the apparition of a person just dead or on the point of death.

42. *my marrow* : ' mate.' It is not the same word as the one meaning the contents of a bone, and is now obsolete except in dialect.

128

Palgrave says he has found no authoritative text of this poem. ' Part,' he adds, ' is probably not later than the 17th century : in other stanzas a more modern hand, much resembling Scott's, is traceable.' It seems, in fact, to be a composite performance : stanzas 2, 8, 9, and 10 make up a song called ' Rare Willy drowned in Yarrow,' which is printed in the tenth edition (1740) of the *Tea-table Miscellany* (see note to No. 80) ; it is not in the ninth edition (1733). The other six stanzas are from a ballad called ' The Haughs of Yarrow,' printed in Peter Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs of the North of Scotland* (1828), where there are three additional stanzas. It is not so tragic as the other ballad, for the absent Willy turns up in the last stanza and makes the fair maid ' his lawful bride.'

7. *hecht* : a Scotch form of ' hight,' ' promised.'

8. *Gin* : ' if.'

14. *mavis* : ' song-thrush.'

16. *hinging* : ' hanging.'

17. *lav'rock* : ' lark.'

20. *haughs* : the level strips of land running along a valley beside a river. The Leader is a river near Lauder in Berwickshire.

21. *braid* : ' broad.'

32. *twined o'* : ' parted from.'

34. *Pou'd* : ' pulled.'

37. *up . . . down* : this is ' east . . . west ' in the *Tea-table* ballad.

39. *Syne* : ' afterwards.' Cf. No. 106, l. 7.

129

William Cowper (1731–1800), whose chief poem was *The Task*, is perhaps better known as the author of ' John Gilpin.' He suffered throughout his life

from unconquerable shyness, and waged a heroic fight against religious melancholia, which at times entirely unhinged his brain.

The Royal George was a man-of-war of 108 guns which suddenly sank at Portsmouth while being repaired in August 1782, and went down with Admiral Kempenfelt and 848 officers and men, of whom only 331 were saved. This poem was written in September 1782 at the request of Lady Austen, who wanted some lines to accompany the music of the march in *Scipio*. It was first printed by Hayley in his *Life of Cowper* (1803).

4. *Fast*: 'Close.'

10. *overset*: 'capsized.' According to the minutes of the Court Martial subsequently held this was not the case; the facts being that the ship was in a very rotten condition and that some part of her bottom fell out. She was only slightly heeled over and no water entered her portholes till she began to sink. But despite this finding, the Admiralty, to save its own face, published a report that the vessel had been overset by a squall. The true facts did not come out till Sir John Barrow's *Life of Lord Howe* was published (1838).

14. *Kempenfelt*, Richard (1718–82), was the son of a Swede who served under James II; he had seen service in the West Indies and been made a rear-admiral two years before this catastrophe.

25. *Weigh*: 'raise'; the phrase to 'weigh the anchor' is no doubt the origin of the use here. Abortive attempts were made to raise the vessel, and it was finally blown up (1839–44).

130

John Gay (1685–1732), most famous as the author of *The Beggar's Opera*, wrote also *The Shepherd's Week* and several other poems. 'Black-eyed Susan' appeared in a volume of *Poems* in 1720. The well-known music to it was written by Dibdin.

1. *the Downs*: the sea passage off the coast of Kent between Deal and the Goodwin Sands.

7. *the yard*: one of the cross-pieces to a mast, to which the sails are fastened.

15. *chance*: for 'perchance'; as in No. 147, l. 95.

131

HENRY CAREY (1693 ?–1743) was the illegitimate son of George Savile, Marquis of Halifax, the famous 'Trimmer.' He was the author of several musical farces and poems, and has often—though erroneously—been called the author of 'God save the King.' His most famous ballad, 'Sally in our Alley,' was published in 1715.

9. *cabbage-nets* : nets to boil cabbages in.

53. *my seven long years* : *i.e.* his period of apprenticeship.

132

This poem, which was sent by Burns to Mrs. Dunlop in a letter of December 1788, was first printed in February 1790 in the third number of the *Scots Musical Museum*. The first four lines are from an old song. Burns's heading for the poem is 'My Bonnie Mary.'

2. *tassie* : 'cup.'

5. *Leith* is the port of Edinburgh.

6. *the Ferry* : Queensferry, across the Firth of Forth, nine miles farther up than Leith.

7. *Berwick-law* : *i.e.* North Berwick Law, a conical hill, 662 ft. above sea-level, which forms a prominent landmark on the south side of the entrance to the Firth of Forth. *Law* is a Scottish word for 'hill.'

133

ROBERT GRAHAM (afterwards CUNNINGHAME-GRAHAM) of Gartmore, Perthshire (1735 ?–97), was Rector of Glasgow University and a Member of Parliament. He wrote various lyrics which do not appear to have been collected. Scott took down 'If doughty deeds' from recitation and printed it in his *Border Minstrelsy*, assigning it to the time of Charles I. Before the second edition, however, he discovered its true authorship.

8. *Shall rue it to his smart* : this seems a combination of 'Shall rue it' and 'Shall do so to his smart,' which are the same in meaning; their union in one phrase really gives another sense, 'Shall suffer for it, and shall pay for so suffering.'

12. *trow* : 'believe.'
14. *dight* : 'clothe'; see note on No. 112, l. 62.
23. *skaith* : or scathe, 'harm.'
25. *ride the ring* : I take this to mean ride in the ring, *i.e.* tilt at a tournament. Mr. Fowler takes it as ride at the ring, a mediaeval game where the players had to carry off a suspended ring on the tips of their lances while riding at full gallop.
26. *wear the blue* : besides being the mark of a Conservative, a Presbyterian (*Hudibras*, I. i. 191), a beggar (*e.g.* Edie Ochiltree in Scott's *Antiquary*), and a learned lady, blue was the usual colour for retainers' liveries; so a serving-man is called a 'blue-coat' in Dekker's *Shoemaker's Holiday* (1600). The meaning, then, may here be, 'I serve none but you.'

134

The young lady was Miss Shuttleworth, a sister-in-law of Cowper's intimate friend Unwin. Cowper sent the lines to Unwin in a letter dated June 8, 1780, and published them in the *Poems* of 1782.

1. *Sweet stream* : if, as appears, this is intended as an address to the stream, 'winds' should be in the second person (*i.e.* either 'windest' or 'wind'); if Cowper can be taken to mean 'Sweet is the stream,' his grammar is correct, if his expression is awkward.
8. *Blessing and blest* : 'conferring favours and receiving gratitude.'

135

Samuel Rogers (1763–1855), a London banker and poet, is best known as the author of *Pleasures of Memory*. This little poem was written in 1810 and first printed in *Poems* (1812) where it is called 'On a Girl Asleep'; in later editions this was changed to 'On . . . Asleep.'

3. *wear a smile* : the 1812 edition has 'seem to smile.'
15. *may the secret*, etc. : the fears the poet expressed in l. 8 have triumphed over his wishes.
16. *Remain* : the 1812 edition has 'Repose.'

136

Mr. Davidson Cook, F.S.A. Scot., has kindly informed me that this song is in vol. iv of *The Hive*, London, 1732, a work which is not in the British Museum. From the Earl of Buchan's *Essays on Fletcher and Thomson* (1792) we learn that the song was 'written in [Thomson's] early years and afterwards shaped for his Amanda.' The original fourth stanza makes no mention of her. She was a Miss Elizabeth Young, and became the wife of Admiral Campbell in 1744.

3. *a mutual heart*: a very incorrect expression for 'a heart that can reciprocate another's love.'

10. *To bind the loveless joyless vow*: *i.e.* to bring about marriages where there is neither love nor happiness.

11. *The heart from pleasure to delude*: 'to entice the heart away from its true happiness.'

137

Matthew Prior (1664–1721) was a poet and diplomatist, who suffered imprisonment for his Tory principles after the death of Queen Anne. He is now best known for his shorter poems, though his *Town and Country Mouse* was his greatest success in his lifetime. This one is from his *Poems on Several Occasions* (1718) where it is strangely termed 'An Ode.' Most of the pieces in the volume had previously appeared, he says, in various Miscellanies.

2. *a borrow'd name*: under a label which misdescribes either the goods or the sender. By sending valuable articles as being of little value he would think to run less risk of having them stolen; by representing the goods as belonging to some neutral he would hope to save them from being captured in war.

6. *toilet*: now more commonly 'toilet-table.'

7. *noted*: 'expressed.'

138

Oliver Goldsmith (1728–74) was the author of *The Vicar of Wakefield*, *She Stoops to Conquer*, and *The Deserted Village*—to name merely his imperishable

productions. This song is from the first-named work (chapter xxiv), which was published in 1766.

139

Burns wrote this song in March 1791 and sent it to James Johnson (see note to No. 125) to have it set to music. Johnson returned it, asking Burns to make all the lines of equal length in order to fit the plaintive air, 'The Caledonian Hunt's Delight'; and Burns accordingly produced the better-known version,

Ye banks and braes o' bonnie Doon,
How can ye bloom sae fresh and fair;

which appeared in the fourth number (August 1792) of the *Scots Musical Museum*. The earlier and finer version—for the added words were chiefly 'padding'—was first printed in R. H. Cromek's *Reliques of Robert Burns* (1808).

1. *Doon*: a river in Ayrshire, running into the Firth of Clyde.

19. *staw*: 'stole.'

140

This was written in 1754 and published together with *The Bard* in 1757, where it is merely termed 'Ode I.' The present title appears in the 1768 edition of Gray's *Poems*.

Since Dr. Johnson said that he 'would gladly find the meaning of the first stanza' of this Ode, it may perhaps be necessary to inform less learned readers that it is a comparison between the course of a stream and the flow of Song; each of them being at times smooth and stately, and at times wild and tumultuous.

1. *Acolian*: the earliest lyric poets of Greece wrote in the Aeolic dialect of Greek, though Pindar blended with this a good deal of Dorian and the epic dialect of Ionia.

3. *Helicon's*: a mountain in Bœotia, the haunt of the Muses; from its sides flowed the sacred springs of Aganippe and Hippocrene.

9. *Ceres' golden reign*: 'the ripe cornfields.' Ceres was the goddess of corn. For *reign*, cf. No. 122, l. 19.

13-24. Dr. Johnson contemptuously dismisses this stanza with the remark that 'criticism disdains to chase a schoolboy to his common-places.'

15. *Enchanting shell*: see note on No. 63, l. 17. The lyre is called the 'Sovereign of the willing soul,' as having supreme power over those who lend themselves to its influence.

17. *the Lord of War*: the God of War, known to the Greeks as Ares, to the Romans as Mars, was specially worshipped in Thrace.

20. *Perching*: this refers to 'the feather'd king.'

21. *the feather'd king*: the eagle, the king of birds, was sacred to Jupiter.

26. *Temper'd*: cf. above, note on No. 66, l. 33.

27. *Idalia's velvet green*: 'the grassy lawns of Idalia,' a town and promontory in Cyprus sacred to Aphrodite (Venus), who was termed 'Cytherea,' either from the town of Cythēra in Crete or from the island of the same name at the foot of the Peloponnesus (Morea).

30. *antic*: 'uncouth,' 'grotesque.' It is the same word as 'antique.'

35. *many-twinkling*: 'quickly tripping.' The compound appears earlier in Thomson's *Spring*, l. 157 (1728).

41. *purple*: used in the mediaeval sense of 'rosy.' The Latin *purpureus* meant red, brown, black, purple, and even shining (of snow). Cf. No. 66, l. 141.

43. *racks*: 'tortures.'

46. *fond*: 'foolish.'

47. Gray's justification, given in the next six lines, takes the form of a Rule of Three: as Sunrise is to the terrors of night, so is poetry to the ills of life.

49, 50. *Night*, etc.: these two lines are the indirect objects of 'He gives,' 'He gives to Night, etc. [power or leave] to range.'

53. *Hyperion's march*: 'Sunrise.' The Titan Hyperion was the father of Helios (the Sun) who is often called by the name of his father. Cf. No. 53, l. 4. The accent, in accordance with a tendency common in English, was shifted on to the second syllable as early as Shakespeare, who speaks of 'Hyperion's curls.' The *shafts of war* are, of course, the sunbeams.

54. *beyond the solar road*: Gray must mean within the Arctic circle, where the sun is invisible for six months in the year; but his note says, 'See the Erse,

Norwegian and Welsh fragments, the Lapland and American songs.'

59. *laid* may qualify the collective noun 'youth' in the next line, or 'She'; the former pictures the young men as lying under the trees, while the Muse stands listening to their songs; this seems the more natural, though the order of the words suggests the other interpretation. But Gray was very careless about order; cf. ll. 20-21, above.

60. *repeat*: 'tell of.'

64. Dr. Johnson remarks that Lapland and Chili 'are not the residences of "Glory and generous Shame."'

66-82. Gray here traces the Progress of Poesy from Greece to Italy and thence to England.

Delphi: a town at the foot of Mount Parnassus in Greece, six miles north of the Gulf of Corinth. Here was the famous oracle of Apollo, the god of divination and also of poetry.

67. *th' Aegean*: the sea between Greece and Asia Minor, the islands of which gave birth to the Greek lyric poets, Sappho, Alcæus, etc.

68. *Ilissus*: a river just outside Athens and thus associated with Greek tragedy.

69. *Macander*: a river of the Troad, or district round Troy, mentioned by Homer; from its tortuous course we derive our verb to 'meander.'

72. *the voice of anguish*: Greece was conquered by the Turks in the 15th century, and thence onward the history of the country was one long record of oppression, till it achieved independence in 1827.

77. *the sad Nine*: the Muses who presided over Art and Literature.

Greece's evil hour: in 147 B.C. Greece was conquered by Rome and made into a Roman province. From about the third century B.C. Rome began to draw thoughts, language, and arts from Greece, and continued to do so increasingly till the Christian era. The Golden Age of Latin literature is considered as ending with the death of Augustus A.D. 14; thereafter the government of Rome became a tyranny, and the Greeks degenerated into a race of cowards and swindlers.

83. *Far from the sun*, etc.: *i.e.* not on the shores of the Mediterranean, where the Muses had dwelt before.

84. *Nature's Darling*: Shakespeare, born at Stratford-on-Avon in April 1564.

90. *the vernal year*: 'the springtime of the year.'

95. *He, that rode sublime*: Milton.

99. *The living Throne, the sapphire-blaze*: see Ezekiel i. 26, 'And above the firmament . . . was the likeness of a throne, as the appearance of a sapphire stone.' For Milton's reference to it see No. 115, l. 7.

101, 102. These two wonderful lines accounting for Milton's blindness embody perhaps the most poetic idea to be found in Gray's writings. The actual cause of Milton's loss of sight was his devotion to study and his secretarial labours.

105. *Two coursers*: the two steeds that bear Dryden's car are the two lines of the heroic couplet (riming five-foot lines), which he used in *Absalom and Achitophel*, *The Hind and the Panther*, and many other poems.

106. *necks in thunder clothed*: Job xxxix. 19, 'Hast thou given the horse strength? hast thou clothed his neck with thunder?' But alas! the Revised Version translates 'with the quivering mane.'

111. *'tis heard no more*: Dryden died in 1700.

112. *what daring Spirit*: *i.e.* 'how presumptuous am I to dare to follow such great names!'

115. *the Theban Eagle*: Pindar; see above, note to No. 123. In *Ol.* ii. Pindar terms himself the 'sacred bird of Zeus.'

120. *orient*: see above, note on No. 16, l. 31.

unborrow'd of the sun: the hues flashed from the poet's inspiration, they were not material but mental.

121. Gray may be reckoned among the poets—such as Horace and Shakespeare—who have truly predicted their own posthumous fame. How many others have been wrong in such a prophecy it is obviously impossible to say.

141

First appeared in the 1747 edition of Collins's *Poems*.

3. *shell*: see note on No. 63, l. 17.

12. *her instruments of sound*: the musical instruments hanging on the myrtle trees were, as the Ode discloses, the lyre, the trumpet, the drum, the horn, the pipe, and the viol.

22. *In lightnings own'd his secret stings* : *i.e.* betrayed by the lightning which flashed from him the rage that was consuming him within.

43. *war-denouncing* : 'war-proclaiming.' This meaning is given in *N.E.D.* as obsolete.

47. *The doubling drum* : 'echoing'; so Pope speaks of 'the doubling thunder' (*Temp. Fame*, 333).

53. *Thy numbers . . . to nought were fix'd* : 'thy song was not constant to one theme.'

63. *runnels* : 'streams.'

67. *Love of peace and lonely musing* : (sc. of lonely musing) these words, together with 'an holy calm,' are the object of 'diffusing,' which qualifies 'measure.'

72. *buskins* : 'high boots.' For another use cf. note on No. 112, l. 132.

73. *that* : 'so that.'

74. *Faun* : a rural deity, with the horns and feet of a goat. Cf. note on No. 66, l. 34. *Dryad* : a wood-nymph.

75. *The oak-crown'd Sisters*, etc. : the oak was sacred to Jupiter, rather than to Diana, whose special tree—though not in her aspect as huntress—was the laurel. She is termed 'chaste-eyed' as being ever a virgin; the 'Sisters' are her attendant nymphs.

76. *Satyrs* : woodland gods, companions of Bacchus.

78. *Brown* : 'tanned by the sun.'

80. *ecstatic trial* : 'rapturous efforts,' sc. to make music.

82. *addrest* : 'directed.'

83. *viol* : a generic term for all stringed instruments played with a bow.

86. *Tempe's vale* : see above, note on No. 2, l. 27.
her : sc. the vale's.

90. *fantastic* : see above, note on No. 112, l. 34.
Mirth is here female, as in No. 112, l. 13.

95. *sphere-descended* : 'heaven-born.' The Muses were the daughters of Zeus.

99. *that loved Athenian bower* : where the above trial of skill is supposed to have taken place; see l. 2. *bower* is a word of many significations; here it means 'leafy covert.'

104. *Devote* : used as a past participle in Shakespeare and Milton.

105. *energic* : a rare word meaning the same as

'energetic'—which Moy Thomas reads in his edition of 1866; presumably by mistake, as it has no authority.

108. *thy recording Sister*: *i.e.* Clio, the Muse of History.

114. *Cecilia*: see above, note on No. 63; the organ may, by a poetic stretch, be said to contain all other musical instruments.

116. *Revive the just designs of Greece*: so little is known of ancient Greek music—and less was known 150 years ago—that this is rather a rash prayer.

118. *Confirm the tales*: *i.e.* prove by the wonders you work that the old legends (*e.g.* of the building of Thebes—see above, note on No. 2, l. 31) were true.

142

Written some time before June 1742 and first printed anonymously in Dodsley's *Collection of Poems by Several Hands* (1748), where it is simply called 'Ode.'

1. *Hours*: the Horæ ('Hours') were goddesses of the weather and the seasons, worshipped at Athens as fresh young maidens. They were rather the ministers of Zeus than the attendants on Aphrodite, though their connexion with her is obvious.

4. *purple*: see above, note on No. 140, l. 41.

5. *The Attic warbler*: 'the nightingale'; see above, note on No. 34, l. 23.

pours her throat: Gray may have taken this phrase from Pope, *Essay on Man*, iii. 33. In any case it is not a very happy way of saying 'Pours a stream of song from her throat.' For *her*, see above, note on No. 34, l. 9.

24. *murmur glows*: this is a remarkable expression to which I can find no parallel. Virgil's *fervet opus*, quoted by Mr. Fowler, contains the idea of heat which is absent from sound; work may become hot, but noise cannot.

27. *the liquid noon*: 'the clear, bright air of noon.'

32-34. *I.e.* Men are but insects, and whether they creep or fly they soon return to dust.

42. *The sportive kind*: 'the dancing insect-tribe.'

44. *A solitary fly*: Gray was a bachelor and rather a recluse; he was a student at Cambridge in days when study was not much affected; but he probably fitted

into his environment there better than he would have done in London or the country.

49. *Thy sun is set*: as Gray's best work was yet to come, the 'sportive kind' were egregiously mistaken.

143

This was first printed in *The Gentleman's Magazine* for January 1785 with several variations; it began

'The poplars are fell'd and adieu to the shade.'

The text given here is that of the *Poems* of 1800.

1. *The poplars*: they were in a field at Lavendon, as we learn from a letter of Cowper's to Lady Hesketh dated May 1, 1786.

4. *Ouse*: Olney and Weston Underwood, both in Bucks, where Cowper lived for the greater part of his life, are near the [Great] Ouse.

17. *to engage me*: 'to arrest my attention,' not necessarily 'to give me pleasure.'

The fourth stanza is given differently in the 1785 version. Palgrave in his first edition mixed up the two versions, and in his second printed the earlier, which runs as follows:—

'The change both my heart and my fancy employs,
I reflect on the frailty of man, and his joys:
Short-lived as we are, yet our pleasures, we see,
Have a still shorter date and die sooner than we.'

144

From Burns's first book, *Poems chiefly in the Scottish Dialect*, published at Kilmarnock in 1786.

4. *bickering brattle*: 'hurrying scamper.'

6. *pattle*: a small spade-like implement.

13. *whiles*: 'at times.'

15. *A daimen-icker in a thrave*: 'an occasional ear of corn in a bundle of sheaves.' Strictly a thrave or threave consists of 24 or 28 sheaves, each measuring thirty inches round.

17. *the lave*: what is left.

21. *to big*: 'to build.'

22. *foggage*: 'moss.'

24. *snell* : ' biting.'
29. *coulter* : the iron blade in front of the plough-share.
34. *But* : ' without.' *hald* : ' abiding-place.'
35. *thole* : ' endure.'
36. *cranreuch* : ' hoar-frost.'
37. *thy lane* : ' alone.'
40. *Gang aft a-gley* : ' go often awry.'
44. *The present only toucheth thee* : see note on No. 117, l. 24.

145

This first appeared in 1786 in *An Ode to Superstition and other Poems*.

6. *clay-built nest* : the swallow's nest is built of clay and straw.
12. *russet* : ' reddish-brown.'

146

There are two versions of this Ode, that of the original edition of Collins's *Odes* (1747) and that found in the 1755 edition of Dodsley's *Collection*. Moy Thomas adopted the text of the latter, believing that the changes were made by the poet. Palgrave in his first edition followed Dodsley in three places, and everywhere else the original ; in his second edition one of those three places was changed to the earlier reading, but the others remain. The editor of the *Oxford Book of English Verse* shows a greater, though by no means uniform, preference for Dodsley. As that version either has or has not authority, such a mid-course can hardly be the safest. I have accordingly printed the 1747 version throughout, noting the variants in the other as they occur.

1. *aught of* : a Latin idiom for any.
oaten stop : put for the notes on a pipe made of oat straw. Strictly the stops are the vent holes in a wind instrument.
2. Dodsley reads, ' May hope, chaste Eve, to soothe thy modest ear.'
3. *brawling* : for this not very appropriate epithet Dodsley has ' solemn,' which, at the other end of the

scale, is one of the last words that can be applied to a spring.

7. *brede*: 'embroidery.'

9. *Now*: *i.e.* 'Now that'; we are still in the subordinate sentence.

11. *winds*: 'blows.' The word is pronounced 'winds,' and has a past tense 'winded'; it is a different verb from wind (=twist), whose past tense is 'wound.'

12. *small but sullen*: the 'but' is hard to explain; I know of no reason why a thing—or a person—should not be both small and sullen.

15. *teach*: here at last is the principal verb of the conditional sentence which began in the first line.

21. *folding-star*: the evening star which by its appearance warns the shepherd to bring his flock to fold.

23. *Hours*: see above, note on No. 142, l. 1.

24. *buds*: so the original; Dodsley reads 'flow'rs.'

29-32. For this stanza Dodsley's edition has—

'Then lead, calm vot'ress, where some sheety lake
Cheers the lone heath, or some time-hallowed pile,
Or upland fallows grey
Reflect its last cool gleam.'

33. *Or if*: the later edition has 'But when,' and in the next line 'Forbid' in place of 'Prevent.'

38. *o'er all* qualifies 'draw.'

41. *he wont*: see above, note to No. 38, l. 6.

49, 50. The later edition substitutes

'So long, sure-found beneath the sylvan shed,
Shall Fancy, Friendship, Science, rose-lipped Health.'

52. *And love*: the later edition has 'And hymn.'

147

The *Elegy* was begun in 1742 at Stoke Poges in Bucks, but it was not printed till February 1751, and then anonymously. The text Palgrave gives is that of 1768, the last edition published in Gray's lifetime.

2. *wind*: the 1751 edition had 'winds,' in which form this line is frequently misquoted.

The question in which direction the cattle were going is interestingly discussed in *Notes and Queries* for 1913 (11th series, vol. vii. pp. 316, 371). The most

obvious answer, that they were returning to the yard for the night, is met by the fact that in summer (suggested by the beetle, l. 7) cattle spend the night in the fields. Evidence goes to show that, in some parts of England at all events, cows are brought in to be milked about five o'clock, and then are turned out to wander back to their pasture, the sight of which they generally greet with lowings.

lea : ' pasture-land.'

6. *all the air* is the object of ' holds.'

11. *secret* : the first edition had ' sacred.'

12. *reign* : ' realm.' Cf. ' Ceres' golden reign,' No. 140, l. 9.

16. *rude* : ' unlearned.'

20. *rouse* : the first edition had ' wake.'

their lowly bed : this surely means the grave ; but some editors have taken it literally to mean ' they shall never more be awakened from sleep in the morning.'

23. *to lisp* : ' to announce in childish speech.'

26. *glebe* : ' sods.'

28. *bow'd* : this is, I think, intransitive, ' How the woods used to bow.' It is true this involves a change of subject, but the three previous lines have had three different subjects.

35. *Awaits* : this is the reading of the editions of '51 and of '68 ; with it ' hour ' is of course the subject, and the first two lines of the stanza are the objects. The common misreading ' await ' originated, according to Dr. Bradshaw, in a mistake of Dodsley's *Collection* of 1755.

37, 38. In the first edition these lines ran—

> ' Forgive, ye Proud, th' involuntary Fault,
> If Memory to these no Trophies raise.'

39. *long-drawn* means no more than ' long.'

aisle : [Lat. *ala*, ' a wing '], properly the additions at the side of the nave or main body of a church, but by an extension of meaning—deplored by Whewell in 1835 and by others many times since—it has come to mean the passage between the rows of seats in any part of the church. It is not, however, too late to protest against the nave being called ' the middle aisle,' though reporters of wedding ceremonies insist on saying ' the bride walked down the aisle.'

fretted vault: 'carved roof.'

41. *storied urn*: the urn inscribed with the history of the dead man. Cf. No. 113, l. 159.

43. *provoke*: 'call forth.'

47. *rod*: the first edition had 'reins.'

51. *rage*: 'fervour,' 'enthusiasm.'

52. *genial*: the common meaning is 'cheerful,' 'kindly,' an attribute which I do not think Gray intended to deny to the peasantry. Genius in one sense means 'natural bent'; so Johnson (1780) uses it:—'Each man has his genius . . . my genius is always in extremes.' Here then *genial* would mean 'natural.'

57. *Some village-Hampden*: John Hampden, the Buckinghamshire squire who protested against Charles I's imposition of Ship Money, was killed at Chalgrove Field, Oxfordshire, in 1643.

60. *guiltless of his country's blood*: to saddle Cromwell with the responsibility of the Civil War is something less than just.

64. *read their history*, etc.: 'to see throughout the country the results of their government.'

68. *shut the gates of mercy*: *i.e.* by pronouncing excommunications and anathemas.

69, 70. *The struggling pangs*, etc.: 'to conceal from the world the appeals which truth made to them in their own hearts, and to learn brazen effrontery in their dealings with the world.'

71, 72. *I.e.* to prostitute their talents by fulsome adulation of the rich and powerful. See the Dedications of many eighteenth-century writers.

73. *Far from*: *i.e.* Since they lived far from; it cannot qualify 'stray,' for, as the peasantry did not live in the midst of 'the madding crowd's ignoble strife,' they could not stray from it.

76. *tenour*: 'course.'

78. *still*: this must be taken with 'Yet,' despite the interval between the two. I do not think it can go with 'erected,' in the sense 'which is still standing,' for that would require 'erect,' not 'erected.'

84. *That teach*: as 'many a holy text' is singular, this in strict grammar should be 'teaches.'

moralist: *N.E.D.*, quoting this passage, explains 'one who practises morality'; I should rather have taken it in the sense of moralizer, 'one who draws morals.'

85. *For*: the sequence of thought is, 'teaches him to die [as all men have to be taught], *for* men naturally cling to life.'

to dumb forgetfulness a prey: this goes with the verb, 'surrendered his life as a prey to dumb forgetfulness,' *i.e.* was content that men should neither speak nor think of him.

87. *precincts*: properly 'an enclosed space.'

89-92. The first two lines express the need felt by the dying for human care and sympathy; the second two the influence the dead exercise over the living.

92. In the first edition this ran—

'Awake, and faithful to her wonted Fires.'

93. *For thee*: 'as for thee,' *i.e.* the poet.

95. *chance*: used as an adverb, 'perchance.'

96. *kindred*: the first edition—by what can surely only be a misprint—read 'hidden.'

105. *smiling*: in the first edition 'frowning.'

115. (*for thou canst read*): this rather implies that the 'hoary-headed swain' could not, or that, even if he could, he regarded it as a rare accomplishment.

119. *Science*: in the general sense of knowledge.

frown'd not on: 'did not disdain.'

148

Sent by Burns to Mr. Thomson in 1793 as one of his juvenile works. It was first printed in Currie's edition (1800) of the *Works*. Mary Morison is a fictitious name for some one of Burns's numerous inamoratas; Mr. Douglas suggests it was Ellison Begbie, certainly a name not 'accepted of song'—'quod versu dicere non est.'

2. *trysted*: 'appointed for meeting.'

5. *bide the stoure*: 'endure the dust.'

13. *braw*: 'handsome.'

149

Written in 1792 and first printed in the second half-volume (August 1798) of George Thomson's *Select Collection of Original Scottish Airs for the Voice*. *Lesley* was Miss Lesley Baillie of Mayfield, Ayrshire, who had

called on Burns with her father and sister as they passed through Dumfries on their way to England.

8. *And never made*: so Burns wrote. Thomson altered to 'And ne'er made sic' (see *Notes and Queries*, June 28, 1913), which is the reading given by Palgrave.

13. *scaith*: 'harm.' Cf. No. 133, l. 23.

17. *tent*: 'protect.'

18. *steer*: 'molest.'

150

From the fifth volume (December 1796) of Johnson's collection; see note to No. 125.

151

Written in November 1792 on the sixth anniversary of Mary's death, and published in Thomson's second volume (July 1799); see note to No. 149.

Highland Mary was Mary Campbell with whom Burns fell deeply in love in 1786; the lovers parted the same year, and Mary died a few months after without having met Burns again. In spite of his many other attachments Burns seems never to have forgotten or lost his love for her.

2. *Montgomery* was the later name of the estate of Coilsfield near Tarbolton in Ayrshire, where Highland Mary was in service.

4. *drumlie*: 'muddy.'

5, 6. The verbs are subjunctive, expressing a wish; in prose it would be 'May summer unfold, etc.'

9. *birk*: 'birch.'

152

Lady Anne Lindsay (afterwards Barnard) (1750–1825) was the eldest daughter of the 5th Earl of Balcarres. She composed this immortal ballad in 1772, and printed it anonymously; she did not acknowledge it till 1823, when she sent a revised copy to Sir Walter Scott, who printed it as 'the first authentic edition' in 1825. It differs in almost every line from the version here printed, the changes being chiefly in the direction of greater metrical smoothness. Apart from this there are two important differences:—in l. 9 the time is made 'a twelvemonth

and a day' ; and in l. 19 ' Jenny ' is read for ' Jamie.' There is also an improvement in l. 32 which runs, ' For O, I am but young to cry out woe is me.' I do not know where Palgrave found his version ; but of the five copies of the ballad I have seen no two are the same.

1. *the kye* : (or ky) the old plural of cow ; kine is a double plural, being ky + the plural suffix -en, seen in ' oxen.'

9. *He hadna been awa' a week but only twa* : ' he had been away for only two weeks.' Similar expressions are common in old ballads ; cf. ' He hadna been into the sea An hour but barely three ' (' Brown Robyn's Confession ').

10. *stown* : ' stolen.'

29. *greet* : ' weep.'

153

Sent to Thomson in December 1792, and printed in his second half-volume, August 1798.

2. This refrain is repeated after the first, second, and last lines of each stanza as here printed.

3. *fou* : ' full ' *i.e.* of drink.

5. *coost* : ' cast,' *i.e.* tossed.

6. *asklent* : ' aslant.' *skeigh* : ' saucy.'

7. *Gart* : ' made.' *abeigh* : ' at a distance.'

9. *fleech'd* : ' entreated.'

10. *Ailsa Craig* : a precipitous islet in the Firth of Clyde.

12. *Grat* : the past tense of ' greet ' ; see l. 29 of the previous poem.

13. *lowpin ower a linn* : ' jumping down a waterfall.'

17. *hizzie* : ' hussy.'

20. *heal* : a northern dialect form of ' hale.'

29. *smoor'd* : ' smothered.'

30. *crouse and canty* : ' cheerful and merry.'

154

William Julius Mickle (1735–88) was the son of a minister at Langholm, Dumfries ; he has won fame as the author of this song, though it was never included in the poems he published. The only evidence in

favour of his being the author is that after his death a copy was found in his handwriting with several alterations. Jean Adam (1710–65), a schoolmistress, has also been credited with the authorship, but on even slighter evidence. The song was first heard and sold in the streets about 1772, and in 1776 it was printed in David Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*. The text there given has several variants from Palgrave's; as has that printed by Robert Chambers in his *Songs of Scotland prior to Burns* (1862).

9-12. This chorus is repeated after each verse.

13. *bigonet*: 'cap or head-dress'; usually spelt with two g's.

14. *bishop's satin* is, I suppose, a superior kind of satin, but the term is not given in any dictionary.

15. *the baillie's wife*: a municipal officer corresponding to an English alderman is termed in Scotland a baillie [=bailiff]. It is now usually spelt with one l.

20. *leal*: 'loyal.'

31. *thraw*: 'twist.'

34. *Gar*: 'make.' Cf. l. 7 of the last piece.

38. *caller*: 'fresh.'

48. *aboon the lave*: 'above the rest.'

155

Written in 1788 shortly after Burns's marriage to Jean Armour, and published in Johnson's third volume (February 1790); see note to No. 125. The first two stanzas only are by Burns, the other two being written by John Hamilton, music-seller, of Edinburgh.

1. *airts*: 'quarters of the heaven.' *blaw*: *i.e.* blow from.

5. *There's*: printed by Chambers from the original MS. for 'There' given by Palgrave. *row*: 'roll.'

14. *shaw*: 'a small wood.'

25. *knowes*: 'small round hillocks.'

156

From the same.

1. *jo*: 'sweetheart'; it is a corruption of 'joy.'

4. *brent*: 'clear,' *i.e.* without lines.

5. *beld*: 'bald.'

7. *pow* : 'head.'
10. *thegither* : 'together.'
11. *canty* : 'merry'; cf. No. 153, l. 30.

157

CAROLINA, LADY NAIRNE (1766–1845), the daughter of Laurence Oliphant, and the wife of Baron Nairne, was the author of 87 songs which appeared in *The Scottish Minstrel* (1821–4) and *Lays from Strathearn* (1846). This song was written before July 1797. I have been unable to find whence Palgrave got the version he prints here. It has numerous variations from that appearing in Charles Rogers's *Modern Scottish Minstrel* (1855), in the same compiler's *Life and Songs of the Baroness Nairne* (1869), and in Mackenzie Bell's selection in Miles's *Poets and Poetry of the Century* —all of which are identical with the exception of one word. In all of them Palgrave's 'Jean' is replaced by 'John.'

4. *leal* : 'loyal'; cf. No. 154, l. 20.
23. *fain* : 'glad.'

158

This Ode was written in August 1742 and printed alone and anonymously in 1747; it reappeared with No. 142 in Dodsley's *Collection* of the following year.

3. *Science* : 'knowledge,' as in No. 147, l. 119.

4. *Her Henry's* : Henry VI—for whose 'holiness' cf. above, No. 123, l. 90—was the founder of Eton College.

5. *And ye* : sc. spires and towers. This long vocative case—the first fourteen lines of the Ode—leads up to the 'I feel,' etc. in l. 15.

8. *Whose turf, whose shade, whose flowers* : referring respectively to the lawn, the grove, and the mead of the previous line; but the change of order is remarkable.

9. *hoary Thames* : poets are fond of using some epithet indicating age for rivers; cf. Judges v. 21, 'that ancient river, the river Kishon.' If it is more than a pictorial epithet, it must mean 'mentioned in ancient history or legend.'

12. *beloved in vain* : because his love could not keep him near them.

14. *A stranger yet to pain* : it is quite curious how the average adult persuades himself that he had no troubles in his childhood ; his elderly relatives might perhaps convince him of the contrary. Granted that the troubles of children are not in themselves as serious as those of later life, it is questionable whether the young do not suffer more acutely than later on when they have learnt a certain amount of philosophy and endurance.

27-29. Bird-catching and bowling hoops are not sports greatly affected at Eton to-day : *enthral,* in its literal sense of ' to enslave,' is now rare.

28. *succeed* : ' are my successors.'

31-40. While some are preparing their lessons, others are breaking bounds.

33. '*Gainst* : ' to be ready for.'

36. *reign* : ' realm '—as in No. 147, l. 12.

38. *Still* : ' continually.'

49. *the slumbers light* : if the boys of the eighteenth century were light sleepers, they were very different from most of those of the twentieth.

55-59. Is it necessary to say that these lines do not refer—as an intelligent boy once suggested—to the Masters at the school ?

60. *tell them they are men* : *i.e.* warn them of the evils that prey upon humanity. (One would like to ask why.) The poet then plunges into abysmal pessimism —only to confute himself in the last two lines of the poem.

61. *These* : he apportions the calamities among the children ; *this* (l. 71) and *those* (l. 75) denote others of them.

74. *grinning Infamy* : to *grin* is to draw back the lips and show the teeth ; this is more often a mark of pain or rage than of mirth.

82. *grisly* : ' horrible.'

99, 100. *where ignorance is bliss, 'Tis folly to be wise* : this pernicious maxim ignores the fact that blissful ignorance is often itself the cause of disaster, and that an accession of wisdom may add to the bliss which the ignorant had felt.

159

This was written in the same year as the last—1742, and was first printed in Dodsley's *Collection* of 1755.

1. *Daughter of Jove* : because it is presumably by the will of the Supreme among the Gods that Adversity exists at all. The mythology of this and the following stanza is not derived from the classics.

11. *birth* : 'infant.'

22. *The summer Friend* : the modern phrase is a 'fair-weather friend.'

the flattering Foe : *i.e.* our flatterers, who are really our enemies.

23, 24. *I.e.* it is only in our prosperity that such people come to us and delude us by their pretence of devotion.

32. *the sadly-pleasing tear* : sad, but yet giving pleasure to the one for whom it is shed.

35. *thy Gorgon terrors* : the Gorgons in Greek mythology were three terrible sisters with brazen claws, enormous teeth, and hissing snakes for hair. The most fearful of them was Medusa, whose gaze turned to stone those who met it.

36. *the vengeful band* : the Furies, see above, note to No. 116, l. 107.

43. *Thy philosophic train* : the power of endurance, the willingness to learn, and the ability to find compensations, which—at all events with the wise—accompany adversity.

48. *a Man* : this should hardly be spelt with a capital as it means 'subject to human frailty' as in l. 60 of the last piece.

160

This appeared in the *Poems* of 1782 under the title of 'Verses supposed to be written by Alexander Selkirk during his solitary abode in the Island of Juan Fernandez.'

Selkirk was marooned by his captain for insubordination in 1704 and was taken off by another ship after four years and four months of solitude. It was on his experiences that Defoe founded his *Robinson Crusoe* (published 1719).

Juan Fernandez is an island in the South Pacific with an area of 36 square miles; it is about 400 miles from the coast of Chile.

13. *The beasts*: as a matter of fact there are no indigenous wild animals in the island; the wild pigs and goats which abound there are the descendants of those left by the early navigators.

19. *O had I the wings of a dove*: cf. Psalm lv. 6. 'Oh that I had wings like a dove! for then would I fly away, and be at rest.'

24. After this line comes a stanza omitted by Palgrave, which begins 'Religion! what treasure untold.'

27. *Some cordial endearing report*: 'some heart-felt affectionate message'; *endearing* oftener means 'inspiring affection' than, as here, 'showing affection.'

45. *mercy*: *i.e.* the mercy of God which gives a silver lining to every cloud.

161

This was written in 1793 and first published by Hayley in 1803. Its true title is 'To Mrs. Unwin,' the devoted friend whom Cowper met in 1765 when he was thirty-four years old; she was then the wife of the Rev. Morley Unwin and the mother of two children. Cowper became greatly attached to the whole family and after six months' acquaintance went to live with them altogether. Mr. Unwin died eighteen months later, and shortly afterwards Cowper moved with the rest of the family to Olney and subsequently to Weston. Mrs. Unwin, his second mother, as he called her, though she was only seven years older than himself, had throughout looked after his welfare with the tenderest assiduity, but in 1792 she rapidly declined into a state of second childishness. She died in 1796, but by then the clouds had so settled over Cowper's mind too that it is doubtful whether he realized her death.

1. *a lyre with other strings*: *i.e.* diviner powers of song.

2. *have feign'd they drew*: if poetic inspiration does not come from heaven, one would like to know what is its source; but a mind like Cowper's regards no writing as inspired except the Bible.

5. *ere . . . I shed my wings* : *i.e.* ere I cease to sing.

9. *There is a Book* : see Revelation xx. 12. 'And I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God ; and the books were opened ; and another book was opened, which is the book of life : and the dead were judged out of those things which were written in the books, according to their works.'

162

Written a few months after the last and published with it.

1. *The twentieth year* : it was in 1773 that Cowper had a return of the temporary insanity under which he had suffered ten years before.

2. *our sky* : the epithet is noteworthy ; Cowper's affliction had overshadowed Mrs. Unwin's life as well as his own.

163

George Sewell (d. 1726), a pamphleteer, hack-writer, and the author of one tragedy. This poem is printed under the heading 'Soliloquy' in the *Posthumous Works* of Dr. George Sewell (1728), where it is appended to an essay, 'Of the Usefulness of Snails in Medicine.' It was reprinted with three variant readings by J. Nichols in his *Select Collection of Poems*, vol. vii (1781). Palgrave followed Nichols's version, but I have restored the true readings. It is not included in the second edition of the *Golden Treasury*.

1. *with the forward day* : 'as the day advances.'

3. *with doubtful cheer*, etc. : *i.e.* watch the coming on of the trees and plants with pleasure or disappointment ; *cheer* meant originally the face, and then the expression of the face—in which sense it is used once by Tennyson ('your cruel cheer')—and so the mood of the person which lies behind that expression. Cf. No. 11, l. 13.

8. *To clear* : sc. undertaken in order to clear ; so with 'pick' and 'decree.'

9. *wantonly* : the gardener who kills insects is not acting wantonly, *i.e.* without adequate motive, but because they injure his plants. Only a few insects—notably the bee—are 'usefuller' than man to plants.

11. *brother-kind*: 'akin by brotherhood'; cf. mankind. *N.E.D.* does not note the compound.

14. *make court to thee*: 'attract thee.' I cannot find a parallel; the phrase generally is used only of conscious effort.

16. *sweet*: for 'sweetness,' sc. of scent.

17. *Exhaling*: 'pouring out,' lit. breathing [itself] out.

blast: I can find no other instance of this word used for a gentle air, which I take to be the meaning here; the usual meaning is a violent gust.

19. *Thy narrow pride*: the 'little spot' of which the owner felt so proud.

thy fancied green: the plants and grass which so captivated his fancy.

20. *vanity 's in little seen*: 'is shown in little things.'

24. *Rosemary*: a fragrant evergreen shrub, sprigs of which were formerly carried at funerals; see *Romeo and Juliet*, IV. v. 79, 'Stick your rosemary On this fair corse.'

164

JOHN COLLINS (1742 ?–1808), an actor of some repute in his day, who published in 1804 a volume of poems entitled *Scripscrapologia*; I presume that this deplorable doggerel, which Palgrave terms a 'truly noble poem,' is to be found there, but I have been unable to find a copy of the book.

5. *pad-pony*: 'an easy-paced pony.' A pad is (1) a road or path, (2) a horse for riding thereon.

15. *nabob*: originally a Mohammedan official under the Mogul empire; afterwards used for a wealthy person who had made his fortune in India.

165

ANNA LETITIA AIKIN, afterwards Mrs. BARBAULD (1743–1825), was a writer of more industry than genius, whose poetry achieved considerable popularity in her day; a good deal of it was of a religious order. The lines here given are the beginning and end of a short poem called 'Life'; Palgrave has omitted eighteen lines which follow l. 4.

BOOK FOURTH

THE FIRST HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

166

JOHN KEATS (1795–1821) was one of the most poetic of all the English poets, and though he was no classical scholar, his poems are more redolent of the spirit of Greece, especially as shown in its love of beauty, than those of any other modern writer.

This sonnet was first printed in the *Examiner* for December 1, 1816, and reprinted in Keats's first published volume—there were but three in his lifetime, the first appearing in 1817, the second the following year, and the third in 1820. The translation of Homer, which so deeply—some would say, so strangely—moved him, was published by George Chapman, the Elizabethan poet, from 1598–1616. It is a verse translation, and a great achievement despite its harshness, its occasional obscurities, and its many mistranslations. The metre of his *Iliad* is shown in

'So up he rose, attir'd himself, and to his strong feet tied
Rich shoes, and cast upon his back a ruddy lion's hide.'

The *Odyssey* is in the ordinary heroic couplet.

1. *the realms of gold*: 'the kingdom of letters,' where Apollo, god of poets, was sovereign. Keats was passionately fond of reading, even before he left school, and afterwards, when apprenticed to a surgeon, devoted to it the whole of his spare time.

3. *western islands*: a reference to the poetry of Britain.

6. *demesne*: this word is usually pronounced to rime with 'train,' but it may with equal propriety be pronounced to rime with 'serene.' It is another spelling of 'domain.'

7. *serene*: 'clear air'; also used for a calm sea, but the use of the word as a noun is now obsolete.

11. *Cortez*, who conquered Mexico for Spain (1518–21) did not discover the Pacific. This honour had been already won by Vasco Balboa, who joined a Spanish expedition to Central America in 1510, and three years later from 'a peak in Darien' beheld the great western ocean of which he had gone in search. 'When with infinite toil they had climbed up the greater part of that steep ascent, Balboa commanded his men to halt, and advanced alone to the summit, that he might be the first who should enjoy a spectacle which he had so long desired. As soon as he beheld the South Sea stretching in endless prospect below him, he fell on his knees, and lifting up his hands to heaven returned thanks to God, who had conducted him to a discovery so beneficial to his country and so honourable to himself.' ROBERTSON, *History of America*, Book III.

167

This Ode—it has no further title—appeared in the third and last volume of poems published in Keats's lifetime (1820). It was first written on a blank page of Keats's copy of Beaumont and Fletcher, which suggests that it was written, not to poets in general, but to those two.

8. *parle*: 'speech'; cf. 'Parliament' and 'parlour,' both places for talk.

10. *And one another*: sc. 'with one another.'

11. *Elysian lawns*: see note to No. 112, l. 147.

12. *Dian's fawns*: Diana was identified with the Greek Artemis, the goddess of the chase and the preserver (in a sporting, not a humanitarian, sense) of the beasts of the chase.

13. *tented*: co-ordinate with 'seated,' and qualifies 'those [souls] of heaven,' l. 5.

18. The implication that the nightingale's song on earth is 'a senseless trancéd thing' is nobly recanted in Keats's 'Ode to a Nightingale,' see below, No. 244.

28. *slumber'd* for 'slumbering' is found in the *Faerie Queene*.

cloying: for 'cloyed,' *i.e.* satiated.

30. *their little week*: *i.e.* their brief span of life.

168

Samuel Taylor Coleridge (1772–1834), poet, philosopher, and literary critic, was a schoolfellow of Lamb's at Christ's Hospital, and at one time or another a friend of Southey, Wordsworth, and De Quincey. His first volume of poems appeared in 1796, and two years later, in conjunction with Wordsworth, he brought out the *Lyrical Ballads*, his chief contribution to it being 'The Ancient Mariner.' The first version of the following poem appeared in the *Morning Post* for December 21, 1799; and it was republished in a revised form in the second (1800) edition of the *Lyrical Ballads*.

41. *But when I told*: there is no main clause to this sentence, which continues till taken up by a new 'when' clause, l. 65.

the cruel scorn: *i.e.* of the Lady.

169

George Gordon Noel, sixth Lord Byron (1788–1824), was educated at Harrow and Trinity College, Cambridge; he published his first volume of poems before he was twenty, and was severely criticized by the reviewers; but he soon leapt into fame with *Childe Harold* (1812) and other works, and became for a time the darling of society. After his marriage, however, the reported irregularities of his life roused such a storm in the newspapers that he left England in 1817 never to return. He warmly espoused the cause of the Greeks, then fighting for the independence of their country, and died of a fever at Missolonghi, whither he had gone to join the Greek army.

This poem was written in November 1821, and is headed 'Stanzas written on the road between Florence and Pisa.' It was first published in the *Letters and Journals*, 1830.

3. *myrtle and ivy*: of which festal garlands were made among the ancient Greeks, ivy being one of the plants sacred to Dionysus (Bacchus). Victors' crowns were made of laurel, as were those of poets.

4. *plenty*: 'abundant.' The adjectival use is not uncommon; cf. 1 *Hen. IV*, II. iv. 265, 'If reasons were

as plenty as blackberries.' It is still common in Scotland.

11. *discover*: 'show.'

170

Sir Walter Scott (1771–1832), termed, not without reason, 'The Wizard of the North,' made his name by his poems before his first novel *Waverley* appeared in 1814. He was a giant for work, for in addition to the long list of his novels and original poems he wrote the lives, and edited the works, of Swift, Dryden, and the novelists from Le Sage to Mrs. Radcliffe; he also wrote a *Life of Napoleon* and *Tales of a Grandfather*, and collected the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border.

The following 'song'—with no other title—is from *Rokeby* III. xvi, published in 1813.

1. *Brignall*: a village in the North Riding of Yorkshire, a mile to the south of Greta Bridge and five miles from Barnard Castle. Dalton is four miles S.E. of Brignall.

4. *Would grace*: the omission of a nominative relative is only found in poetry; when it is an accusative it is as often omitted as not.

11. *Edmund*: the 'I' of l. 5. The maiden apparently knew his name, but not his calling.

17. *read*: 'make out the meaning of,' 'interpret'; this is the oldest sense of the word. So also below, l. 25.

29. *winds*: see above, note on No. 146, l. 11.

37. *musketoon*: a musket with a large bore; the word is an augmentative of 'musket.'

40. *tuck*: 'beat.'

43. *when the beetle sounds his hum*: *i.e.* in the evening; cf. Gray's 'Elegy' above, No. 147, l. 7.

51. *The fiend*: called 'Jack-o'-Lantern' or 'Will-o'-the-Wisp.' See *L'Allégro* above, No. 112, l. 104.

171

These 'Stanzas for Music' were written in 1815 and appeared in *Poems* (1816).

1. *There be none*: this use of 'be' for 'are' was an affectation of Byron's. See above, note to No. 38, l. 9.

172

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792–1822) was educated at Eton and University College, Oxford. His expulsion from the latter for publishing a pamphlet on *The Necessity of Atheism* was tardily atoned for by the erection of the Shelley Memorial at his old college at the end of last century. There is a music in his verse and a sweetness and 'inevitableness' in his lyrics which lift him, in the judgement of some, above all other English poets.

These 'Lines to an Indian Air,' as the piece is called in the *Posthumous Poems* (1824), had appeared in 1822 in the second number of *The Liberal* as 'Song written for an Indian Air.' In an autograph copy of the song found by Browning there are some variations from the text of 1824, which Palgrave followed, except in two places.

11. *champak*: a beautiful Indian tree often planted near temples. Its flower is golden-hued and very fragrant.

15. *must die on thine*: the 'die' is omitted in the original and in the 1824 edition. It is from the Harvard MS.

16. *O beloved*: the 'O' is omitted in the original and the 1824 edition, but it appears in both the MS. copies.

23. *press it close to thine*: so the 1824 edition; the Browning MS. has 'press it to thine own.'

173

The first of the *Hebrew Melodies*, written in 1814 and published the following year.

174

William Wordsworth (1770–1850) published his first volume of poems in 1793; fifty years later he was appointed poet laureate. His poetry is extraordinarily unequal, sometimes touching the supreme heights and occasionally reaching almost the lowest depths to which serious poetry can sink. His poorest verse was the outcome of his conviction that there was essentially no difference between the language of poetry and that of

prose. This position he maintained in the Preface to the second edition of the *Lyrical Ballads* (1800). Instances of both styles of writing are afforded in the subsequent pages of the *Golden Treasury*.

In all the extracts from Wordsworth I have, unless it is otherwise stated, followed the text of the *Poetical Works* of 1849–50.

The following poem was written in 1804, two years after Wordsworth married Mary Hutchinson, the 'She' of the poem. It was published in the *Poems* of 1807.

22. *machine*: used of the human body also in *Hamlet*, II. ii. 124.

24. *A traveller between life and death*: if Wordsworth had meant 'between birth and death,' he would have said it; he was the last man to shrink from expressing a commonplace idea in commonplace language. Besides, the statement that she had been born and would die is too gross a platitude for Wordsworth at his worst. I take the line to mean that her interests were divided between spiritual and temporal concerns.

30. *angelic light*: the original reading was 'an angel-light,' which Palgrave reads in both his editions.

175

Hartley Coleridge (1796–1849) was the eldest son of Samuel Taylor Coleridge—see No. 168. He passed his life in writing, teaching, and editing; but he was unhappy in his disposition and intemperate in his habits, so that he achieved but little. This, his best-known lyric, appeared in *The Gem* for 1829, then edited by Hood. It was reprinted in a small volume of Hartley Coleridge's poems in 1833.

9. *I cease not to behold*: *i.e.* in spite of her present coldness I cannot forget the light that once shone in her eyes—indeed for me it is still there.

176

This was written in 1820, and is headed 'To ——'; it was first published in the *Posthumous Poems* (1824).

177

This was written in Germany in 1790 and published

in 1800. In its beauty and simplicity it offers strong evidence for the truth of Wordsworth's theory—see above, note to No. 174—when applied with discretion. The title here given is Palgrave's.

2. *Dove*: a beautiful river in Derbyshire, rising a few miles south of Buxton, and flowing into the Trent near Burton.

178

Written in Germany in 1799 and published in 1807. In early life Wordsworth was an ardent republican and a strong supporter of the French Revolution; but his sympathy was quickly alienated by the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and a six months' sojourn in Germany entirely quenched his republican fervour. Thenceforward he became increasingly conservative. See below, No. 340.

6. *Nor will I quit thy shore*: he soon forgot this resolution, for in 1802 he spent four weeks in Calais, and three or four times afterwards he made prolonged tours on the Continent.

179

Written in the Hartz Forest in 1799 and published in the second edition of *Lyrical Ballads* in 1800. The heading here given is Palgrave's.

14. *lawn*: see above, note to No. 62, l. 85.

180

Written in Germany in 1799 and published in 1800.

6. *She neither hears nor sees*: in writing this, Wordsworth was only speaking of her body; he had a firm belief that the soul was immortal both before and after life. See below, No. 287.

181

Thomas Campbell (1777–1844) published his first and longest poem, *The Pleasures of Hope*, before he was 22. He is however best known by his shorter poems, of which a good number are given in this book. 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' was planned in 1795 at Mull, but not

completed till 1804; it was published in the same volume as *Gertrude of Wyoming* in 1809. The scene of the tragedy is the west coast of Scotland. Ulva is an islet on the outer side of Mull, from which it is separated on the south by Loch na Keal, an arm of the sea about two miles wide.

3. *a silver pound*: the pound sterling was originally the weight of one pound of silver. Without the addition of 'silver' the word 'pound' in the Highlands would have meant 'pound Scots,' which was one-twelfth the value of the English pound.

26. *water-wraith*: see above, note to No. 127, l. 23.

30. *drearer*: though the adjective 'drear' is fairly common, its comparative is generally supplied from 'dreary.'

182

Written in 1816 and published in Alexander Campbell's *Albyn's Anthology*, 2 vols. Edinburgh (1816–18). The first stanza is from an old ballad.

Hazeldean: now Hassendean, about five miles north-east of Hawick; see the *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, I. xxv.

7. *loot*: the past tense of 'lat' = let.

12. *Langley-dale*: Langley Beck is a small stream flowing into the Tees near Barnard Castle. It rises near Eggleston Hall, which is possibly Scott's 'Errington.'

19. *mettled*: 'spirited.' *managed*: 'trained.'

183

This song is not contained in the *Poetical Works* of 1828, but appears in the edition of 1837, where it is headed simply 'Song.'

3. *two mutual hearts*: an expression more terse than accurate for 'two hearts kindled by mutual love.' 'Mutual' is one of the most maltreated words in the language. Cf. No. 136, l. 3.

23. Possibly this very frank assertion of the impossibility of love continuing after marriage proved on reflexion too much for Palgrave's sensibilities; at all events he discarded this pretty little poem from his second edition.

184

Published first in the *Indicator* of December 22, 1819; reprinted in the *Posthumous Poems* (1824). There are a few variations of text in the two, and yet others in two MS. copies made by Shelley. Palgrave has adopted the 1824 text, and retained Shelley's heading.

11. *No sister-flower*: in the *Indicator* this is 'No leaf or flower.'

185

Thomas Moore (1779–1852) is best known as the author of the *Irish Melodies* (1807–34) and of the bright Eastern poem *Lalla Rookh*. He was very popular in his day, but being 'merely pretty,' his poetry is now generally neglected. This poem is from the Eighth Number of the *Irish Melodies*.

The irregularities of the metre were no doubt intended to be disguised by music—a valuable ally in irregular versification.

11. This assault upon the sincerity of the affections of the middle-aged must not pass without a protest.

186

From chapter iv of *Quentin Durward* (1823).

1. *County*: a sixteenth-century form of 'Count'; it occurs in the *Merchant of Venice*.

187

Written in 1796, the second part of a short poem called 'Caroline,' the first part being entitled 'To the South Wind.' The lady is said to have been the daughter of 'the Rev. Dr. F.—— of Inveraray.'

The Evening Star: Venus. It is seen about sunset (when it is called 'Hesperus') and again about sunrise (when it is called 'Lucifer'); but, as its orbit lies within that of the Earth, it is invisible at midnight, for any part of the earth which is turned away from the sun must also be turned away from Venus.

5. *pensile*: 'hanging in mid-air'; the use of the

word here is rather an affectation, as is the next line, to describe the falling dew. The meaning of this and the next stanza is that Venus is so fair in the evening, so punctual in her reappearance in the morning, and so generally kindly, that she must surely attract some other planet. The attraction fortunately is only such as is necessary to maintain the balance of the solar system.

23. *wanton* : 'luxuriant.'

33. *winnow'd* : an unfortunate word to use of a lady's hair, as it properly means to separate the chaff or refuse from the grain.

188

Written in 1821 and first published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824). Its real title is 'To Night.'

1. *over* : in the Harvard College MS. this is 'o'er,' which better suits the metre.

10. *Day* : it is to be noticed that Day, which is here feminine, is, doubtless by an oversight, made masculine in line 19 below. There is some justification for the editors who change 'his' in that line into 'her'; but it is dangerous to amend Shelley.

189

Written in 1832 or 1833 and published in *Yarrow Revisited and other Poems* (1835). In a note in the 1857 edition Wordsworth says it was written without reference to any individual object, but merely to prove to himself that he could, if he thought fit, write in a strain that poets had been fond of. It was suggested by 'a forsaken bird's-nest fill'd with snow,' which he saw while walking near Grasmere in January.

7. *The mind's least generous wish*, etc. : *i.e.* the most selfish wish I had about you was merely that you should grant me what could not lessen your own happiness, viz. a letter or a message.

11. *Be left more desolate* : sc. by what you may say.

13. *eglantine* : 'sweet-brier.'

190

Written in 1808 and first published in the *Poems* of 1816.

22. *Who* : the antecedent is ' I.'

191

First published in Galignani's edition of Keats (Paris, 1829), and next in *The Gem* for 1830. The *Golden Treasury* title is Palgrave's ; Keats merely headed it ' Song.'

5. *undo them* : ' bring them to ruin.'

7. *Nor frozen thawings*, etc. : ' nor can the freezing of the melted snow seal them up so firmly that they will not blossom in the spring.' For *prime*, see notes to No. 8, l. 13, and No. 11, l. 7.

12. *Apollo's* : the sun-god's.

14. *fretting* : a stream is said to fret its banks when it eats them away.

15. *petting* : ' taking offence,' ' falling into a pet.'

23. *steel* : this is the *Gem* reading. Galignani has ' steal,' and has strangely been followed by some editors. But even with the *Gem* reading the line is superfluous ; if the poet feels his loss of past happiness, he evidently has not been steeled by the numbness of his senses.

24. *Was never said* : on the contrary, lost happiness has inspired a good deal of the most beautiful poetry in the world.

192

From *Marmion*, III. x, published in 1808.

9. *Eleu loro* : these are not Gaelic words, or indeed words in any language, but merely sounds expressive of grief.

193

This poem was written as here printed in 1819 and printed by Lord Houghton in 1848. A revised form beginning ' Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,' appeared in the *Indicator* of May 1820. An ambiguous sentence of Sir Sidney Colvin's in *D.N.B.* (' *La Belle*

Dame sans Merei was printed with slight alterations by Leigh Hunt ') is open to the interpretation that the changes were not of Keats's making—which one would gladly believe, for they are not improvements. But according to the same writer Lord Houghton's version contains three variations from Keats's MS. :—' cheeks ' (l. 11) should be ' cheek ' ; ' fairy's ' (l. 24) should be ' fairy ' ; and ' hills ' (l. 36) should be ' hill.'

The title was taken from an old translation, attributed to Chaucer, of a dialogue in verse by Alain Chartier (d. about 1457), court poet to Charles VII of France.

2. *palely loitering* : one of the condensed expressions so common in Keats ; expanded it becomes ' loitering with pale looks.'

10. *moist* qualifies ' brow.'

19. *as* : ' as if.'

26. *manna dew* : perhaps it is needless to say that this fairy food has no existence in fact.

32. *With kisses four* : in sending this poem to his brother George in the Journal Letter, under date April 28, 1819, Keats anticipates criticism :—' Why four kisses, you will say, why four ? Because I wish to restrain the headlong impetuosity of my Muse—she would fain have said " score " without hurting the rhyme—but we must temper the imagination, as the critics say, with judgement.'

40. *Thee hath* : Lord Houghton printed ' Hath thee,' from the *Indicator* version.

41. *in the gloam* : an invention of Keats's for ' gloaming.' Rossetti used the word again sixty years later.

194

From *Rokeby*, III. xxviii, published in 1813, where it has no title but ' Song.' Scott says in a note that he took the last lines from an old ballad, probably of Stuart times.

4. *rue* : an evergreen shrub, whose leaves have a bitter taste and a strong scent. It was formerly used as a medicine and a lotion for the eyes.

7. *Lincoln green* : the best green in England was dyed at Lincoln.

12. *fain* : Scott, in a note to Ballantyne, justifies his

use of the word here ; it ' expresses a sort of fondness which may without harshness, I think, be applied to a rose in the act of blooming.' The usual meaning of the word is ' glad,' or ' gladly ' ; as an adverb it is now hardly used except in the phrase ' I (he, etc.) would fain . . .'

195

First published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824), where it is headed ' Lines.'

19. *singled* : ' separated off ' ; a word often used of picking out one deer from a herd in order to chase it.

20. *To endure what it once possest* : ' to look on as a burden that which it once counted a rich possession,' viz. its own love for the other ; it is true that to make ' possessed ' stand for ' possessed with joy ' is a large assumption, but I can make nothing else of the line.

23. *the frailest* : *i.e.* the human heart, where love is born, lives, and dies.

25. *Its passions will rock thee* : it is a pity that the requirements of metre made Shelley address Love as ' thou ' (l. 21), ' you ' (l. 23), and now again ' thee.' *Its* : *i.e.* the heart's.

196

Written in 1806.

Neidpath Castle is near Peebles, and was at one time a seat of the Earls of March. There is a tradition that a daughter of the house loved and was beloved by a neighbouring laird ; but as her parents disapproved of the match, the young man went abroad. Through fretting at his absence the girl fell into a consumption, and as the only means of restoring her to health her parents informed the young laird that they withdrew their opposition. The rest of the tale is told in the ballad.

21. *kenn'd* : ' recognized ' ; the insertion of this one Scotch word is no improvement to a poem written otherwise purely in English.

25. *an heedless gaze* : sc. he cast on her.

197

First printed in vol. v of the *New Monthly Magazine* (1822) of which Campbell was editor. Its true heading is merely 'Song.'

7. *And he look'd up* : this is the reading of 1837 ; the earlier versions have 'And her love look'd up.'

198

This was probably the last poem Keats wrote. It was found on a blank page of a copy of Shakespeare's *Poems*, and was first published by Lord Houghton in 1848.

2. *aloft* (='above,' 'in the highest part of') is used as a preposition in Shakespeare and the early 17th century writers.

4. *Eremite* : a correcter, but not apparently an older, form of 'hermit.' I cannot agree with Mr. Fowler that 'Nature's Eremite' means the Moon, for the Moon is not 'sleepless,' but suffers an 'interlunar swoon' each month ; and to say the star is watching the Earth like the Moon is an expression altogether unworthy of Keats. Surely the phrase is general, 'Like some patient, sleepless hermit, not in the realm of humanity, but in the wider field of Nature.'

199

Written in 1818 and first printed in 1848 by Lord Houghton. The title is Palgrave's.

3. *charact'ry* : 'writing.'

8. *the magic hand of chance* : the things which come to men unworked for are often said, by those who know of no better explanation, to come to them 'by chance' ; but it is strange to find a poet attributing his inspiration to such a source.

12. *unreflecting love* : Keats's theory apparently was that reflection would destroy the 'fairy power' of Love ; but does not that depend upon the object that is loved ?

200

Written some time after June 1812 and published in 1815. *Desideria*, the heading affixed by Palgrave, means 'regret for a loss.' In the 1857 edition a note of Wordsworth's says, 'This was in fact suggested by my daughter Catherine, long after her death.'

11. *when I stood forlorn* : Catherine Wordsworth, the poet's fourth child, died in June 1812 at the age of three years and nine months.

201

From the Fifth Number (1813) of *Irish Melodies*.

1. *stars are weeping* : a poetic conceit to account for the dew.

6. *it once was rapture* : in his collected poems (1841) Moore changed this to, ''twas once such pleasure.'

8. *orison* : 'prayer.'

202

Written in February 1812 and published the same year with the second edition of *Childe Harold*, its only title being its first line. Thyrza, to whom the poem was probably addressed, was the name Byron gave to a girl whom he met in the East ; her true name he never told to anyone. She is mentioned in three of his other poems, the earliest of which was written in October 1811 after her death.

3. *form* : Palgrave in both editions prints 'forms.'

18. *'Tis Nothing*, etc. : 'that what I loved so well has now passed into nothingness.'

34, *sqq*. In these lines and the next two stanzas the innate selfishness of Byron's affection is made painfully apparent.

62, 63. *that love . . . Nor thou*, etc. : as the relative 'which' is omitted before 'Nor,' 'the' would have been more correct than 'that.'

64. *how much less*, etc. : Byron prefixed to his poem a Latin motto, taken from Shenstone, 'Heu, quanto minus est cum reliquis versari quam tui meminisse'

('Alas! how much less it is to mix with others than to remember thee').

68. *The all of thine*, etc: *i.e.* thy immortal spirit is with me still, and makes the recollection of thee dearer to me than anything has ever been, except thy love when alive.

203

First published in *Posthumous Poems* (1824).

8. *Than that*: the 'one word,' 'one feeling,' 'one hope,' and 'that' are the same, viz. love.

204

Written in 1816, with the title 'Pibroch of Donald Dhu,' and published in *Albyn's Anthology*, see note on No. 182. Scott wrote the words for the air of a very ancient song of the Clan MacDonald, supposed to refer to an expedition of David Balloch, who in 1431 invaded Lochaber from the Isles and defeated the Earls of Mar and Caithness near Inverlochy at the southern end of the Caledonian Canal.

1. A *pibroch* is a series of variations on the bagpipes; *Dhu* is the Gaelic for 'black.'

4. *Clan Conuil*: Connell is apparently another form of Donald.

24. *targes*: (or 'targets') 'shields.'

205

Allan Cunningham (1784–1842) published his *Songs of Scotland, Ancient and Modern* in 1825 in four volumes. He was also the author of several tales and biographies, and a friend of Scott's. This fresh sea-song, which appeared in the above-named work, is additionally interesting as being written by a confirmed landsman.

1. *A wet sheet*: the sheet is the rope at the lower corner of a sail by which the sail is pulled in or let out.

14. *The good ship tight and free*: this is probably an absolute clause, 'the good ship being tight and free,' and not the object of 'give' (l. 11) which would rather require 'a good ship.' *tight*: 'water-tight.'

206

First published in the *Morning Chronicle* in 1801 under the title 'Alteration of the Old Ballad, *Ye Gentlemen of England*, composed on the prospect of a Russian War'; it was signed 'Amator Patriae.' The war was averted by the death of the Emperor Paul, and his successor made a treaty with England in June of the same year. The song was reprinted with *Gertrude of Wyoming* in 1809.

8. *winds do blow*: for this 'tempests blow' appears in the *Morning Chronicle* and in the editions up to and including 1828.

15. *Where Blake and mighty Nelson*: for this the first edition has 'Where Granvill, boast of freedom,' Granvill being the Sir Richard Grenville of the 'Revenge.' The change was made after Nelson fell at Trafalgar in 1805. Admiral Robert Blake (1598–1657) commanded against the Dutch and the French under the Commonwealth; he died at the entrance of Plymouth Harbour on his return from his famous expedition against the Spanish fleet at Teneriffe.

31. *meteor flag*: as a metaphor 'meteor' is usually applied to something brilliant and transient; but Campbell, like Milton, who uses the same expression ('The imperial ensign Shone like a meteor'), was probably thinking only of the superstitious awe with which meteors were regarded.

207

This poem was written in the winter of 1804–5, and appeared with *Gertrude of Wyoming* in 1809.

In the early part of 1801 Denmark had seized Hamburg and laid an embargo on British property. As all remonstrance proved ineffectual, an English fleet was sent into the Baltic under Sir Hyde Parker, Nelson being his second in command. After passing through the Sound the English attacked the Danish fleet, which was commanded by the Crown Prince, on the morning of April 2; by half-past three all the Danish ships had struck, but they could not be carried

off owing to the batteries on shore. Nelson then sent a note 'to the brothers of Englishmen, the Danes' and succeeded in securing an armistice which ultimately resulted in a treaty between England and the northern Powers.

1. *Of Nelson*: the credit of the victory was rightly given to Nelson; Parker, whose ship was not engaged in the action, made the signal to cease firing after three hours' fighting, though this was done solely for Nelson's sake, to give him an excuse for retiring if he wished to do so; but Nelson, as probably everyone knows, put the glass to his blind eye and declared he saw no signal. In May Parker was recalled and Nelson appointed to the chief command.

10. *afloat*: it will be noted that this is the only place in the poem where the first and third lines of a stanza fail to rime.

42. *yield . . . thy fleet*: the English took six Danish men-of-war and eight smaller vessels.

53. *the fires of funeral light*: *i.e.* the burning ships.

63. *Elsinore*: (Danish 'Helsingör') the town on the Danish side of the Sound. It is the scene of *Hamlet*. The 'wild and stormy steep' is a picturesque but imaginary addition of the poet's to the landscape; the Sound at Elsinore is bordered by a flat green stretch of land.

67. *Riou*: Captain Riou of the 'Amazon' was placed in command of a squadron of seven vessels and occupied the north end of the English line. He was killed by a shot from the Trekroner battery. Nelson had never met him till this expedition, but he had 'instantly perceived his worth and appreciated it as it deserved.' SOUTHEY, *Life of Nelson*.

208

Written in 1805 and published in the *Poems* of 1807. As printed here the text is from the collected works and shows many variations from the original.

1. *Daughter of the Voice of God*: the Voice of God is Conscience, and Duty is called its daughter as being the outcome of Conscience.

11, 12. *rely Upon the genial sense of youth*: *i.e.* act out of the kindliness begotten of a light heart, and not from a

sense of duty; the weakness of this position is that, if the light-heartedness goes, the kindliness is apt to go too.

20. *security*: *i.e.* safeguard against wrong-doing.

37. *uncharter'd freedom*: *i.e.* liberty of action which is not limited by any bounds such as might be laid down in a charter.

40. In the original version there followed a stanza beginning 'Yet not the less,' which was not reprinted. It was not of the same high level as the rest.

53. *lowly wise*: Mr. Fowler points out that this phrase is from Milton, *Paradise Lost*, viii. 173, 'Be lowly wise.'

209

Prefixed to *The Prisoner of Chillon* (1816) with the heading 'Sonnet on Chillon.'

At Chillon Castle on Lac Leman (the Lake of Geneva) François de Bonnivard, a prelate of Geneva, was imprisoned (1530–6) by Charles Duke of Savoy, who was trying to get possession of Switzerland. In the latter year the Bernese took Chillon and liberated the prisoner. The room is still shown in which Bonnivard was confined, and the pillar to which he is said to have been chained.

210

Published in the *Poems* of 1807 with the heading 'Thought of a Briton on the Subjugation of Switzerland.'

The old Swiss Confederation was broken up by an internal revolt aided by French troops in 1798; a new government was set up by Bonaparte in 1802 on the basis of a close alliance with France.

5. *There came a tyrant*: as a matter of fact the French troops came in response to an appeal from a large party in Switzerland, who bitterly repented their invitation when they found the French using their intervention to forward their own aims.

211

Written probably in 1802; printed in the *Poems* of 1807.

Venice became an independent state in 997 and rapidly grew in wealth and power ; in the 13th century she purchased the island of Crete, and in the 15th conquered Cyprus and parts of Greece. She maintained a powerful navy, with which she repeatedly made war against the Genoese, the Turks, and other powers hostile to her commercial ascendancy. In 1797 the city was occupied by Bonaparte who by the treaty of Campo Formio dissolved the republic, giving part of its territory to Austria and the rest to the newly-formed Cisalpine Republic.

1. *in fee* : ' in absolute ownership.'

4. *the eldest child of liberty* : in 697, to escape the inroads of the Huns under Attila, many of the citizens of the north Italian towns fled to the chain of islands at the north of the Adriatic, and there by their industry, and the security which their inaccessible situation conferred on them, laid the foundations of their future republic.

8. *espouse the everlasting Sea* : in 998 the doge, having cleared the North Adriatic of pirates, constituted Venice the protector of those waters. To symbolize this office the custom arose of celebrating the wedding of Venice and the Adriatic each year on Ascension Day by the doge dropping a golden ring into the water. From about 1170 the ceremony was celebrated with much magnificence.

212

Published in the *Poems* of 1807, with the heading ' Written in London, September 1802.' It would have been equally appropriate if written in 1913.

10. *This is idolatry* : ' these are our idols.'

13. *fearful* : ' fearing to do wrong.'

213

Published with the preceding sonnet, under the title ' London, 1802.'

4. *hall and bower* : the resorts of knights and ladies respectively.

8. *manners* : ' moral character,' not ' outward behaviour.'

14. *herself* : the 1807 edition has ' itself.'

214

Published with the preceding two sonnets, to which it practically furnishes a recantation. Poets are perhaps more liable than others to have their view of the whole coloured by the action of a part, but we do not know what was the incident which induced Wordsworth to withdraw the charges he made against his countrymen. They were doubtless true then of a large number of them, as they would be to-day; and it is equally certain that the indictment of the whole nation was unjust—then, as it would be now.

Three unimportant changes were made when the sonnet was reprinted as here given.

215

Hohenlinden: a village in Upper Bavaria, 18 miles east of Munich, where the French under General Moreau defeated the Austrians on December 3, 1800, though with a loss of about 9000 men; the loss on the Austrian side was almost twice as great. The poem was written in 1801 and first published anonymously in 1802; it was reprinted in 1803 in the seventh edition of *Pleasures of Hope*.

1. *Linden*: 'Hohen Linden' means 'High Lime-trees,' so Campbell has some justification in using only the latter part of the word.

4. *Iser*: the river Isar on which Munich stands is, at its nearest point, twelve miles from Hohenlinden. There is however a small stream, the Isen, which rises within two miles of the battle-field and ultimately flows into the Inn. Campbell probably intended the former and under-estimated the distance; though he was abroad at the time, he was not, as is sometimes said, present at the battle.

13. *riven*: 'split.'

14. *rush'd*: in the early versions this is 'flew.'

21. *level*: *i.e.* shining from the horizon.

23. *furious Frank and fiery Hun*: to call the French Franks is more accurate than to call the Austrians Huns. The Franks were a confederation of Germanic tribes who invaded Gaul in the 5th century and gave

their name to the country. The Huns invaded Europe from Mongolia in the 4th and 5th centuries, and drove out the Goths from the country now termed Hungary; though the name is not derived from them. The subsequent fate of the Huns cannot be traced; they were probably absorbed in the successive invasions of their country which took place during the next four centuries. The present population of Hungary consists mainly of Magyars, also termed Ugri or Ungri, a Finnish tribe who invaded the country about 900. From 1526 Hungary has been under the same monarchy as Austria.

27. *Munich*: this city had been taken by Moreau in the previous July.

216

Robert Southey (1774–1843) achieved his first distinction by an article on 'Flogging' in a Westminster School magazine; for this he was expelled from school and refused admittance at Christchurch, Oxford; he was, however, admitted by the more enlightened authorities at Balliol. He was a copious writer of both prose and verse, though little of his work in either is read to-day with the exception of his *Life of Nelson*. He was made Poet Laureate in 1813. This poem was written in 1798. Its true title is 'The Battle of Blenheim.'

Blenheim is the English version of 'Blindheim,' the name of a village on the Danube in Western Bavaria, where the allied English, Germans, Dutch, and Danes under Marlborough and Prince Eugene defeated the French and Bavarians under Marshal Tallard, August 13, 1704.

23. *many thousand men*: the allies were said to have lost over 11,000 men, and the French and Bavarians nearly 40,000.

25. *what 'twas all about*: had Kaspar studied history at school he would have replied that the war was the outcome of the aggression of Louis XIV of France, who throughout his long reign (1643–1715) worked to realize his dream of a French universal monarchy. Spain, Holland, Austria, and Savoy were each in turn the object of his attack; and it was mainly thanks to the

unremitting hostility of William of Orange that Louis's designs were not more successful.

45. *childing* : 'that is about to have a child.'

217

From the First Number (1807) of *Irish Melodies* ; the hackneyed Latin heading is, of course, Palgrave's ; the lines were written to commemorate the execution of Robert Emmet who organized an unsuccessful rising against the government in 1803.

1. *thee* : Emmet is supposed to be addressing Ireland.

218

Charles Wolfe (1791–1823), an Irish clergyman, is now remembered only as the author of this one immortal song. It was published originally in the *Newry Telegraph* for April 19, 1817, but, though reprinted in many periodicals, it passed almost unnoticed, till Byron drew the attention of the public to it five years later. It was included in Wolfe's *Poetical Remains* (1825) with fourteen other poems of a high order of merit, which are now quite forgotten, with the exception of 'If I had thought thou couldst have died.'

Sir John Moore : the leader of the English troops in the Peninsular War after the battle of Vimiera in 1808. Out-numbered and having his retreat into Portugal cut off by Napoleon, he retired 250 miles to Corunna, a port on the north coast of Spain, closely pursued by Soult, who constantly assailed the English troops on the march and caught them up before they could embark. An engagement took place on January 16, 1809, in which the French were beaten off, but Sir John Moore was struck by a cannon ball and died the same evening ; he was buried at midnight on the ramparts of Corunna.

26. This is the one weak line in the poem. An autograph copy of the poem sent by Wolfe to a friend has 'note' for 'hour.'

219

Written in 1798 and published in *Lyrical Ballads* (1798). Wordsworth in a later edition added a note

to say that Simon Lee was drawn from the huntsman to the squires of Alfoxden in Somerset, whom he knew when he lived in that county in 1798.

23. *chiming hounds*: the notes of foxhounds are very varied, ranging from the alto clef to the bass; when they are in full cry they bear some resemblance to a jangling peal of bells.

96. *mourning*: an overwhelming display of gratitude, especially if shown for a trivial service, suggests that the recipient has not met with much kindness in his life.

220

Charles Lamb (1775–1834), the most delightful of essayists, hardly achieved greatness as a poet. This piece was first printed in *Blank Verse by Charles Lloyd and Charles Lamb* (1798), and reprinted with some alterations in Lamb's *Works* (1818).

7. *fairest among women*: Ann Simmonds, whom Lamb speaks of as Alice W—n in the *Essays of Elia*; she married a Mr. Bartram, a pawnbroker.

10. *I have a friend*: *i.e.* Charles Lloyd (1775–1839), who was introduced to Lamb by Coleridge. 'I had well-nigh quarrelled with Charles Lloyd,' writes Lamb; 'and for no other reason, I believe, than that the good creature did all he could to make me happy.'

16. *Friend of my bosom*: Coleridge, who was at school at Christ's Hospital with Lamb. See note to No. 168.

221

From the Seventh Number of *Irish Melodies*. The title here given is Palgrave's.

222

Written in March 1815 and first printed in the *Poems* of 1816. Its real title is 'Stanzas for Music.'

7. *points*, for 'points to,' is a doubtfully correct expression.

223

Written in 1804 and first printed in the *Poems* of 1807 with the title 'The Small Celandine.' This plant,

also known as Pilewort or Figwort, has a yellow flower, and was given its name because it was supposed to come with the swallows and to wither at their departure (*Chelīdon*, Gk. = 'swallow'). Wordsworth wrote two other poems to the same flower, published together with this.

17. *may not cheer it*: in the first version 'may not bless it.'

21. *a prodigal's favourite*, etc.: in our youth Nature is prodigal of her gifts to us; when we are old she deals out a pittance with a miser's hand.

224

Thomas Hood (1799–1845) made his strongest appeal to the public of his own day by his humorous poems and the novelty of his picture-puns; but he has a more abiding claim to the admiration of posterity in the pathos and strength of his serious poems, 'The Song of the Shirt' and 'The Bridge of Sighs.' The poem given here has no title but the first line. It was published in *Friendship's Offering, a Literary Album, edited by Thomas K. Hervey* for 1826, and reprinted in *The Plea of the Midsummer Fairies . . . and other Poems* (1827).

225

First printed in *National Airs* (1815).

1. *stilly*: the use of this word as an adjective seems to be peculiar to Moore.

24. *all but he departed*: according to *N.E.D.* this expression is defensible because *but* may be taken as a conjunction, 'all had departed, but he (had not).' So Mrs. Hemans wrote: 'Whence all but he had fled.' Since, however, *but* was originally a preposition, 'but him' would be equally correct, and this is commonly found in colloquial English; 'in literary use the point is usually avoided by substituting *except*, *save*, or otherwise altering the phraseology.'

226

First published in *Posthumous Poems*, 1824, where it is headed 'Song.' Palgrave omitted it from his second edition.

22. *Thou wilt come for pleasure* : in other words, the best way to become cheerful is to be cheerful—which is doubtless excellent advice.

42. *not love them less* : the subject is 'I' ; 'though I love all these as much as thou dost, I am without them.'

227

Published with the preceding poem, where it is dated 'December 1818.' There is a fifth stanza which Palgrave has omitted ; it is not on the same level as the others.

4. *transparent might* : this reading, derived from a MS. copy, is accepted by Palgrave in his second edition, in place of 'light' which appears in the 1824 and 1839 versions.

5. *moist earth* : from the same MS. in place of the 'air' of the 1839 edition. The 1824 edition omits the line.

7. *of one delight* : *i.e.* expressing the same happiness, though in different sounds.

8. *winds . . . birds . . . floods* : Palgrave without authority prints 'winds' . . . birds' . . . floods'.'

22. *The sage* : as meditation has been the common practice of sages, and as most of them have found contentment therein, it is impossible to say which particular sage Shelley had in his mind in these lines—if indeed he had any one in particular.

228

Written at Keswick in 1818 ; it is to be found in the 'Occasional Pieces' and has no heading.

11, 12. These two lines come as rather an artificial blot on this otherwise pleasing little poem ; literary gratitude does not commonly take the form of tears, even among poets.

23. *a name* : it is less than seventy years since Southey died, and yet, apart from a very few pieces studied by reluctant children, his poems are very little read. His 'name' certainly has not perished—and so he has gained his desire.

229

Written in 1818 and published with *Lamia* (1820). The Mermaid Tavern in Bread Street, Cheapside, was much frequented by Ben Jonson, Beaumont, Fletcher, and possibly Shakespeare. In Beaumont's 'Letter to Ben Jonson' he says, 'I lie and dream of your full Mermaid wine'; and later, 'What things have we seen Done at the Mermaid! heard words that have been So nimble,' etc.

6. *Canary wine*, called from the islands of the same name off the west coast of Africa, is often mentioned in Elizabethan literature. It resembled Madeira, but though still produced is no longer exported.

10. *Robin Hood* is said to have been born at Locksley in Nottinghamshire in 1160; according to one tradition he was the outlawed Earl of Huntingdon. He lived mainly in Sherwood Forest with his companions, Friar Tuck, Maid Marian and Little John, feasting on the king's deer, robbing the rich and giving generously to the poor. Probably he was an historical character, though most of his exploits are no doubt fictitious.

12. *bowse*: (or booze) 'drink.'

16, 17. *quill . . . sheepskin*: *i.e.* the pen told the parchment.

18. *you*: the souls of the Poets.

22. *The Mermaid in the Zodiac*: for the zodiac see note on No. 53, l. 173; it is divided into twelve signs, the first of which, Aries, is entered by the sun on March 21. The sixth of these signs is called Virgo (the Virgin) and is here identified with the Mermaid.

230

From chapter xl of *The Heart of Midlothian* (1818). Palgrave has inserted his own heading.

1. *Maisie*: 'Mary.'

7. *braw*: 'fine.'

231

Published in *Hood's Monthly Magazine* in 1843. Waterloo Bridge over the Thames was crossed only under payment of a toll until 1878; it was therefore

not greatly frequented and was for that reason chosen by many unhappy persons as the scene of their suicide. Hood accordingly dubbed it 'The Bridge of Sighs,' taking the name from the famous bridge at Venice which connected the Doge's Palace with the State prison.

1. *Unfortunate*: the name given, by way of glossing over modern social life, to the unhappy women who earn their living by prostitution.

10. *cerements*: 'grave-clothes'; these were formerly waxed to preserve them, hence their name (*cera*, Lat. = wax).

22. *mutiny*: rebellion against the law forbidding self-destruction.

96. *contumely*: 'insult'; the accent properly comes on the first syllable, where it is found in Chaucer and Shakespeare.

99. *Into her rest*: to be taken with 'spurr'd'; the intervening words are all co-ordinate.

232

Published in *Hebrew Melodies* (1815) with no title but the first line.

13. *unteach*: 'teach . . . not (to).'

233

Written in February 1803 and printed in the *Works* (1818).

17. *the Quaker rule*: *i.e.* strictness and sobriety in every article of life.

21. *prying*: 'inquiring,' not used here in a bad sense.

22. *is*: the subject is really '[one who combines] a waking eye,' etc.; hence the verb is singular.

32. *fore-warning*: a foretaste of the pleasure that her company always gave.

234

From *The Lady of the Lake* (1810), III. xvi.

Coronach: 'funeral-song' (Gaelic).

5. *font*: used in poetry for 'fount.'

15. *in flushing*: in process of sending out new shoots.

17. *correi* : (more commonly 'corrie') a more or less circular hollow on a mountain, surrounded by steep slopes or precipices except at its lower end (*coire*, Gael. =a kettle).

18. *cumber* : 'trouble,' 'embarrassment.'

235

Written on the death of his sister Anne, and printed in *The Englishman's Magazine* for August 1831.

Palgrave has omitted the two middle stanzas of this beautiful poem, his excuse being that they are 'very ingenious, but of all poetical qualities ingenuity is least in accordance with pathos.' To cover his omission he has substituted 'But' for 'For' in what is here the fifth line. As he gave the poem in full in the second edition, the 'ingenuity' apparently offended him less 'on better judgement making.' The following are the omitted lines :—

'So silently we seem'd to speak,
So slowly moved about,
As we had lent her half our powers
To eke her living out.

'Our very hopes belied our fears,
Our fears our hopes belied—
We thought her dying when she slept,
And sleeping when she died.'

Mr. G. K. Chesterton, in *The Victorian Age in Literature*, cites the last two lines as an instance of the sharpness, 'falling like the shadow of a sword,' across all Hood's serious poems.

236

From *The Lay of the Last Minstrel* (1805), VI. xxiii, where it has no other heading than 'Harold,' the name of the singer.

7. *Ravensheuch*, or Ravenscraig Castle, now in ruins, stands in Fifeshire, on the shore of the Firth of Forth, a mile south-west of Dysart.

10. *inch* : 'islet.'

11. *Water-Sprite* : see note to No. 127, l. 23.

18. *Roslin* : (or Rosslyn) a village seven miles south of Edinburgh, famous for its castle and its beautiful fifteenth-century chapel.

21. *the ring they ride* : see note to No. 133, l. 25.

31. *Dryden's groves of oak* : the estate of Dryden, near Rosslyn, contains a magnificent avenue, more than a mile in length.

32. *Hawthornden*, famous as the home of William Drummond (see note to No. 2), is about four miles east of Rosslyn.

38. *sacristy* : the room in a church where vestments and sacred vessels are kept.

altar's pale : the precincts of the altar.

39. *every pillar foliage-bound* : the carving on the pillars of Rosslyn Chapel is exceedingly beautiful.

41. *pinnet* : this word is found only in this passage with the sense 'pinnacle'; elsewhere it means a pennant.

51. *rung* and *sung*, as the past tense of 'ring' and 'sing,' are apparently as correct as 'rang' and 'sang,' though to-day they are less usual.

237

Sent to Hood on the death of his first child in May 1827, and printed by him in *The Gem* in 1829. It was reprinted in Lamb's *Album Verses*, 1830.

21. *the Promethean fire* : used here for the fire of life, as in *Othello*, v. ii. 12, 'I know not where is that Promethean heat That can thy light relume'—a quotation which Lamb uses in his 'Detached Thoughts on Books and Reading.' Prometheus in Greek mythology stole fire from heaven to give to mortals, who till then were ignorant of its use.

38. *economy* : in its first and widest sense, 'management of a household.'

39. *clerks* : 'scholars.'

41. *ephemeral* : 'living but for a day.'

238

Dated 1804, but probably, says Mr. Hutchinson in the *Oxford Wordsworth*, composed earlier, perhaps in 1801. It was printed in the *Poems* of 1807, where there are three slight variations from this text.

5. *of the same*: 'the same' as an equivalent of 'it,' 'they' or 'them,' is now generally confined to commercial and journalistic English. This is unhappily not the only instance of its use in modern poetry; it appears in one passage in Keats, where, as here, it is dragged in for the rime, another from Mrs. Browning given below, No. 310, l. 13, and another from Robert Browning, No. 348, l. 88.

19. *ensued*: 'followed.'

56. *incommunicable*: in an active sense, 'that cannot hold any communication with' those on earth. It is commoner in its passive sense, 'that cannot be communicated.'

60. *Between*: in the 1807 edition 'Betwixt'; it is noteworthy that wherever the latter word occurs in the 1807 *Poems* Wordsworth changed it later to 'Between.'

74. *me, and not my grief*: as Margaret had apparently till now refrained from speaking of her son's absence, her neighbours could only pity her circumstances or her solitude, without knowing the ever-present anxiety of her mind.

239

Written in 1808, and first published in *Queen-Hoo Hall*, a romance left unfinished by its author, Joseph Strutt, and completed by Scott. The song was printed also in the *Edinburgh Annual Register* for the same year, which appeared in 1810.

6. *knelling*: this word is generally used with a mournful significance, which is entirely absent from the huntsman's horn, except perhaps to the deer. But cf. below, No. 273, l. 203, 'A clear brook with cheerful knell.'

29. *balk*: spelt by Scott 'baulk,' which Palgrave has restored in the second edition; but *N.E.D.* prefers the spelling here given.

240

Written in 1825 and published in 1827 in the third collective edition of the *Poems*. It is headed 'To a Skylark'—not 'the' as Palgrave gives it.

7-12. The second stanza was removed by Words-

worth in 1845 to another poem, 'A Morning Exercise,' published in 1832, beginning, 'Fancy, who leads the pastimes of the glad.' In its final form, therefore, this poem 'To a Skylark' consists of only twelve lines.

14. *A privacy of glorious light*: *i.e.* the lark, when soaring to its height, is as invisible as the nightingale on its tree.

16. *more divine*: *i.e.* than that of the earth-haunting nightingale.

241

Written at Leghorn in 1820 and published with *Prometheus Unbound* in the same year.

2. *wert*: the oldest form of the second person singular of *was* is 'were,' *wast* being a fourteenth-century formation. From *were* was formed *wert* on the analogy of *shalt*, etc.; but *wert* is now obsolete or used wrongly as subjunctive.

21. *the arrows*: the rays from the 'star of heaven.'

36, 37. *hidden In the light of thought*: *i.e.* the man himself remains unknown, though his songs flash out over the world. Unfortunately the world too often insists on dragging the poet himself to light.

48. *unbeholden*: 'unseen'; a unique use of the word; 'beholden,' the participle of 'behold,' usually means 'obliged.'

49. *aerial hue*: Shelley uses this phrase again in *Prometheus*, 'as the aerial hue Of fountain-gazing roses fills the water'; here the words appear to indicate a faint, coloured light.

53. *deflower'd*: 'robbed' sc. of its scent.

55. *heavy-wingéd*: the winds move but slowly, as though their wings were laden.

66. *Chorus hymeneal*: 'marriage song.'

68. *all*: sc. all of them; not to be taken with 'but' in the phrase 'all but' (=almost).

80. *knew*: in strict grammar this should be 'knewest'; Shelley omits the final -st in other places, presumably on the ground of euphony. So Clough has 'When Thou ascended.'

96. *measures*: 'music.'

242

Written in 1803 and published in the *Poems* of 1807, with different first and last stanzas. The former began, 'The May is come again.'

7. *birds and flowers*: Palgrave in both editions has 'flowers and birds.'

18. *paramours*: 'lovers,' as in No. 53, l. 16, and No. 62, l. 36.

34. *A Brother*: sc. in colour.

243

Written March 23-6, 1802; published in the *Poems* of 1807. As here printed it follows the later editions, which have several variations from the original version.

8. *far off and near*: it is more than ordinarily difficult to locate the cuckoo by its cry; cf. l. 19 below.

244

Written in 1819, and printed in the same year in the July number of *Annals of the Fine Arts*; it was reprinted with *Lamia* the following year.

2. *hemlock*: a poison which produces a numbing effect on one who drinks it. The Athenians administered it to those whom their laws had condemned to death; it was by this that Socrates was executed.

3. *to the drains*: 'to the dregs.'

4. *Lethe-wards*: Lethe in Greek mythology was the river of Forgetfulness in the Underworld, of which spirits drank before their birth.

7. *That*: *i.e.* in the thought that. *Dryad*: 'Wood-nymph.'

13. *Flora*: the Roman goddess of flowers and spring.

14. *Provençal song*: Provençe was the home of the troubadours.

16. *Hippocrene*: (pronounced in Greek 'Hippo-crēnē') the fount of the Muses on Mount Helicon in Boeotia, produced by a blow of Pegasus's hoof.

18. *mouth*: the lip of the beaker.

32. *Bacchus and his pards*: Dionysus (called Bacchus by the Romans), the Greek god of wine, was often

represented as riding on a tiger or a lion. The panther, or leopard, was also sacred to him. Keats probably had in mind Titian's famous picture of Bacchus and Ariadne in the National Gallery, London.

33. *viewless* : ' invisible.'

46. *eglantine* : ' sweet brier.'

51. *Darkling* : ' in the darkness ' ; originally an adverb, the word came later to be used as an adjective.

for many a time : this sentence, to the end of l. 54, is parenthetical, explaining why ' it seems rich to die ' now.

53. *muséd rhyme* : ' long thought-on verse.'

60. *requiem* : properly a mass for the repose of the dead.

64. *clown* : ' rustic.'

66. *the sad heart of Ruth* : in the Biblical narrative there is neither nightingale nor tears ; neither was Ruth ' sick for home,' for she had chosen to make her home with her mother-in-law Naomi in Bethlehem.

70. *forlorn* : it is not easy to say what Keats intended this word to mean here ; usually in a description of scenery it means ' deserted,' but that is evidently inappropriate here. The word is really the past participle of *forlese* (to lose), and Keats may be taking it literally, ' fairy lands ' being now a lost region.

245

Written ' on the roof of a coach ' as Wordsworth was on his way to France, and printed in the *Poems* of 1807, where, by an error corrected in later editions, it is said to have been composed September 3, 1803.

7. *Open unto the fields* : *i.e.* they were visible from the outskirts of the city in the yet unpolluted air of the early morning.

9. *steep* : ' bathe.'

246

Published by Leigh Hunt in *The Examiner*, January 1818. and reprinted the following year with *Rosalind and Helen*. The ' Of Egypt ' in the title is an insertion of Palgrave's.

1. *an antique land* : ' a land famous in ancient history,' here Egypt.

7, 8. *survive . . . The hand*, etc.: 'outlive the hand of the sculptor and the heart of the king.'

8. *mock'd*: 'copied.'

10. '*My name is Ozymandias*': Osymandyas is said to have reigned about 2100 B.C.; he was the first warlike king of Egypt and invaded Asia. As Mr. Fowler points out, if the inscription was in hieroglyphics, it would have been unintelligible in Shelley's time; the key being only found by Champollion in 1822.

247

Composed September 18, 1803, and published in the *Poems* of 1807 under the title 'Composed at —— Castle.' For *Neidpath*, see above, note to No. 196.

Queensberry: William Douglas (1724–1810), fourth Duke of Queensberry—and therefore improperly termed 'Lord Queensberry'—was a particularly fast nobleman and a great patron of the turf and the prize-ring, where he was generally known as 'Old Q.' He is said to have stripped his Scotch estates to provide a dowry for his illegitimate daughter.

1. In a copy of the sonnet which Wordsworth sent to Scott the month after it was written the first line runs 'Now, as I live, I pity that great Lord.' Scott greatly admired the sonnet: 'few lines,' says Lockhart, 'were more frequently in his mouth.'

248

Published in the *Poems* of 1807 under the title 'Admonition.' As republished in the collected works (1849–50) the first line runs 'Well mayst thou halt—and gaze with brightening eye!' Many other changes from the original version were made from time to time; as printed here it follows the final version except in the first line.

In a prefatory note Wordsworth says this admonition was 'intended more particularly for the perusal of those who may have happened to be enamoured of some beautiful place of retreat in the Country of the Lakes.'

14. This line in the original edition and the editions of 1815 and 1827 contains a foot too many, reading 'melt and melt away'; this is a remarkable anomaly to find in a sonnet.

249

Written in 1803 and published in 1807 with the title 'To a Highland Girl, at Inversneyde, upon Loch Lomond.'

3. *consenting*: 'uniting together to achieve their end.'

5. *And these grey rocks*: this and the following four lines are co-ordinate with 'years' (l. 3); all the girl's surroundings had conspired to make her beautiful.

15, 16. These two lines are not in the original version.

20. *Thee, neither know I*: Wordsworth altered the first form of this line, 'I neither know thee nor thy peers'; but he has got no nearer what he meant to say, 'I know neither thee nor thy peers.' Presumably by 'peers' he means companions, an obsolete sense of the word.

42. *A bondage sweetly brook'd*: *i.e.* she did not, like so many English people when travelling abroad, lose her temper because she could not express herself in a foreign language.

51. *your homely ways and dress*: 'the habits and garb of your countrymen.'

72. *though pleased at heart*: sc. to have seen her.

250

Written some time between 1803 and 1805 and published in the same book as the preceding piece, under the title, 'The Solitary Reaper.'

29. *motionless and still*: these two words mean the same thing; the original line was, 'I listened till I had my fill.'

251

Written in 1797 and published in 1800.

1. *Wood Street*: a turning out of Cheapside in the City of London. *Lothbury* is the street at the back of the Bank of England.

252

First published by Medwin in the *Athenæum* of October 20, 1832, ten years after Shelley's death. Its heading should be 'With a Guitar, to Jane,' *i.e.* Mrs. Williams, a friend of the Shelleys when they lived in Italy.

Shelley pictures himself as the reincarnation of Ariel, the spirit in *The Tempest*, Mr. and Mrs. Williams being reincarnations of the Ferdinand and Miranda of the same play.

17. *From Prospero's enchanted cell*: at the end of the last scene in *The Tempest* Prospero charges Ariel to see the two lovers safe to Naples.

24. *interlunar swoon*: the period when the moon is invisible.

39. *a body like a grave*: in his former earth-life Ariel had been able

> 'to fly,
> To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
> On the curl'd clouds.' *Tempest*, I. ii.

43. *idol*: *i.e.* the guitar; termed an idol as being the image wherein the spirit of music resided; see below, l. 81.

57. *beneath Heaven's fairest star*: *i.e.* in an hour most fortunate for itself.

75. *mysterious sound*: the sound made by the Earth as it revolves; cf. the music of the spheres, in note to No. 62, l. 125.

90. *For our belovéd friend*: this is the reading of the original edition and that of 1839; but Shelley's MS. has 'our beloved Jane'; Palgrave conjectured 'one' for 'our' in his first edition, but gave the right word in his second.

253

Written in 1804 and printed in the *Poems* of 1807, Wordsworth gave it no title. The flowers, he tells us, were growing on the banks of Ullswater.

7-12. The second stanza is not in the original edition.

254

Written in 1802 and published with the preceding poem. There is another song also entitled 'To the Daisy' in the same volume.

9. *dappled*: 'spotted with daisies.'

22. *starveling*: 'a lean and hungry-looking creature.'

25. *Cyclops*: a giant of Sicily with a single eye in the middle of his forehead.

255

Published in the *Lamia* volume (1820) with the title 'To Autumn.'

2. *maturing*: 'ripening.'

7. *the gourd*: the best-known species of gourd in this country are the vegetable-marrow and the pumpkin.

17. *Drows'd*: 'made drowsy'; the intransitive use ('be drowsy') is commoner.

18. *swath*: properly 'a line of cut corn,' here 'a line of corn waiting to be cut.'

20. *laden*: *i.e.* carrying a sheaf of corn on her head.

25. *bloom*: 'lend a glow to.'

28. *sallows*: 'willows.'

30. *hilly bourn*: *bourn* properly means a boundary, and it is in this sense that Shakespeare used it in the passage in *Hamlet* (III. i. 79), 'The undiscovered country from whose bourn No traveller returns.' Keats from a misunderstanding used the word as meaning 'region,' and so speaks of the 'airy bourne' in *Endymion* (III. 31). He probably attached the same meaning to the word here.

32. *garden-croft*: 'a piece of land enclosed for a garden.'

256

Published in the *Morning Chronicle* of January 30, 1801, and reprinted with the seventh edition of *The Pleasures of Hope* in 1803.

10. *nearest to his smiles*: in point of fact the Sun is not nearest to the Earth in summer, but at the

equinoxes. Winter is caused by the obliquity of the Sun's rays, not by his distance from the Earth.

11. *Calpe's . . . steep* : Calpe was the ancient name of Gibraltar.

12. *citron-cover'd* : the citron is a tree bearing a fruit akin to the orange and the lemon. It grows wild in North India.

14. *The Queen of vintage* : *i.e.* Autumn.

20. *at* : this is the reading of 1803 and of the *Poetical Works* of 1837, the last published in Campbell's life. The edition of 1828 reads 'by,' and this Palgrave has adopted in his second edition.

21. *Lofoden* : (or Lofoten) a group of islands off the west coast of Norway, near which is the Maelstrom, formerly believed capable of sucking down whales and ships.

23. *Runic Odin* : Odin was the chief god of Scandinavian mythology. *Runic* is here used as the equivalent of Scandinavian. The runic alphabet was the earliest Teutonic alphabet and was used by the Goths and Anglo-Saxons as well as the Scandinavians.

25. *adown the . . . globe* : *i.e.* Winter deserted the North, and came 'down South.'

29. *light's returning lord* : the Sun in summer.

34. *The Lapland drum* : in the Middle Ages the Lapps made use of a drum for purposes of divination ; the drum-head made of reindeer skin was divided into spaces on which various symbols were marked ; a rod was then laid on the skin and the drum was beaten. From the position taken up by the rod conclusions were drawn as to the future.

46. *lend* : by what can only be an oversight the editions of 1828 and 1837 read 'lead.'

54. *yonder tented shores* : the French and the Austrians were confronting each other in the campaign during which Hohenlinden was fought (see note to No. 215), and which was only terminated by the armistice of Steyer, December 25, 1800.

58, 60. The notes of interrogation at the ends of these lines were replaced by a colon and a full stop in the editions of 1828 and 1837 ; but the alteration was presumably a printer's error.

257

Written in 1803 and published in the *Poems* of 1807.

Yarrow: see note to No. 127.

5. *Clovenford*: on the road between Peebles and Galashiels, where the turning to Selkirk and Yarrow diverges.

6. '*winsome Marrow*': from the ballad 'Busk ye, busk ye, my bonnie, bonnie bride!' by William Hamilton (1704–54), to which Wordsworth calls attention in a note. For the meaning of *marrow* see above, note to No. 127, l. 42. Here his 'marrow' was his sister Dorothy.

17. *Galla Water*: Gala Water is a northern tributary of the Tweed, as Yarrow is a southern. For *Leader Haughs*, see above, note to No. 128, l. 20.

19. *Dryburgh*: on the Tweed to the east of Melrose.

20. *lintwhites*: another form of 'linnet,' only used in poetry.

21. *Tiviot-dale*: the river Teviot, or Tiviot, flows into the Tweed near Kelso.

33. *holms*: low-lying stretches of land by a river.

35. This line is taken from Hamilton's ballad.

37. *Strath*: a wide, open valley.

43. *St. Mary's Lake*: through which the Yarrow flows. According to Mrs. Andrew Lang in a paper on 'Poets as Landscape Painters' Wordsworth was rigidly accurate in the number of his swans; there was, and is, only one, and it 'goes about killing young ducks.'

258

Written in September 1814 after a tour in Scotland with Hogg, 'the Ettrick shepherd,' and published the following year.

25, 26. *the famous Flower Of Yarrow Vale*: the Flower of Yarrow was not a man but a girl, Mary Scott of Dryhope, who became the wife of the famous freebooter, Wat of Harden, in 1576; Wordsworth is no doubt thinking of the youth we hear of in Hamilton's ballad and elsewhere who 'lay bleeding' on the banks of Yarrow (see Prof. Shairp's *Aspects of Poetry*, 1881).

31. *The Water-wraith*: see Logan's ballad above, No. 127, l. 23.

55. *Newark's Towers*: Newark Castle is on the Yarrow about five miles west of Selkirk. It is the scene of Scott's *Lay of the Last Minstrel*.

80. *Accordant*: 'in tune.'

259

First published, as part of the poem next following, by Mrs. Shelley in 1824, under the title 'The Pine Forest of the Cascine, near Pisa.' The two were published separately in the 1839 second edition; this poem with the title 'To Jane: The Invitation,' and the other 'To Jane: The Recollection.' Jane was the Mrs. Williams of No. 252.

9. *halcyon*: see above, note to No. 62, l. 68.

28. After this line Palgrave has omitted eighteen lines with more excuse than can usually be pleaded for mutilation; the omitted part is written in a half-humorous vein and is distinctly inferior to the rest of the poem.

40. *that never sets*: this does not mean 'which never closes,' for the daisy does so each evening, but 'which is in flower all the year.'

41. *wind-flowers*: the translation of the Greek 'anemone.'

45. *dun*: so the Shelley MS.; the printed editions have 'dim,' an easy misreading of 'dun.' Palgrave has 'dim' in both editions.

260

See prefatory note to the preceding poem.

25. *soothed*: co-ordinate with 'tortured' and qualifying 'pines.'

27. *beneath*: sc. heaven; the harmonies and hues of the pine-trees under the sky were as tender as those in the sky.

32. *ocean woods*: the sea-weeds growing deep down in the Mediterranean are often quite visible owing to the clearness of the water. See below, No. 275, ll. 38-42.

36. *by*: in the second edition Palgrave adopted 'with,' the reading substituted by Mr. W. M. Rossetti,

who in his edition of 1870 introduced a number of textual alterations.

45. *interfused*: here no more than 'shed'; it has a different meaning below, l. 73.

57. *firmament*: 'the vault of the sky.'

73. *interfused*: 'permeated,' 'saturated.'

76. *below*: the reflection in the pool would present the image of something as being beneath the earth.

77. *Like*: agreeing with 'water'; the scene had lent to the water, as though it loved it, every feature of its own.

261

Written at Calais in August 1802 and published in the *Poems* of 1807. It has no title.

1. *free*: I can only conjecture that this means that the sky was free from clouds, but if so it is rather a forced expression.

10. *appear*: in the 1807 edition Wordsworth had 'appear'st,' but happily realizing that the subjunctive would not be out of place here, he substituted the more euphonious 'appear.'

12. *liest in Abraham's bosom*: from Luke xvi. 22, where Lazarus is so described; the phrase is generally used only of the dead.

262

First printed in 1822 in the *New Monthly Magazine* (vol. 4), of which Campbell was the editor.

The Evening Star: see note to No. 187.

7. *luxuriant*: presumably this means 'rich in beauty.'

9. *herds are heard*: this is an unhappy jingle; it would have been easy to substitute 'kine' for 'herds.'

263

From the tragedy *The Doom of Devorgoil* (I. i.), published in 1830. The Latin heading ('It is the hour assigned to rest') was prefixed by Palgrave.

14. *level*: 'streaming from the setting sun.'

264

Published by Mrs. Shelley in 1824 and not again till Mr. W. M. Rossetti's edition of 1870.

4. *a different birth*: each of the stars is a flaming sun, but science has not yet pronounced on their origin; the moon is supposed to be a fragment detached from the Earth.

Two lines were written of a second stanza and then the poem breaks off abruptly.

265

From Scene v of the unfinished play, *Charles the First*, begun in 1819; part of the play was published by Mrs. Shelley, in 1824, and some more was recovered by Mr. Rossetti and published in 1870; this song was not printed in the play in the 1824 edition, but separately as 'A Song.'

Palgrave has omitted it from his second edition.

266

Published in the *Poems* of 1807.

1. *A flock of sheep*, etc.: these aids to slumber all have for their first aim to induce an idea of monotony, nothing being so fatal to sleep as a feeling of excitement.

5. *I have thought . . . and yet do lie*: the 1807 version, 'I've thought . . . and still I lie' is followed by Palgrave in his first edition; in the second he changes 'still I' to 'yet do,' but retains 'I've.'

8. *cuckoo's melancholy cry*: contrast the same poet's song to the cuckoo, 'O blithe new-comer,' etc. No. 243, above.

267

Published in 1803 in the same volume as the seventh edition of *The Pleasures of Hope*.

1. *lower'd*: (or loured), 'begun to look threatening.'

6. *wolf-scaring faggot*: *i.e.* fires lighted to keep the wolves from preying on the dead.

8. *thrice ere the morning*: in the original this was 'twice ere the cock-crow.'

16. *sung*: see note to No. 236, l. 51.

268

Published by Leigh Hunt in *The Literary Pocket-Book* in 1822 and reprinted by Mrs. Shelley in 1824. Shelley's title for the poem is 'The Question.'

9. *pied wind-flowers*: 'variegated anemones'; see note to No. 259, l. 41.

10. *Arcturi*: Areturus is the brightest star in the constellation Boötes at the tail of the Great Bear.

11. *constellated*: put for 'star-like'; *that never sets*: see note to No. 259, l. 40.

14. This line does not appear in either of the editions mentioned above or in that of 1839, but has been recovered from two MS. copies.

15. *heaven's collected tears*: so in the 1822 version, which is supported by two MSS. The 1824 and 1839 editions have 'heaven-collected," which can only mean 'collected by heaven'; but the rain-drops were the tears of heaven collected by the flower. This may perhaps be the lily; 'its mother's face' is, of course, the earth.

17. *eglantine*: 'sweet brier.'

18. *cow-bind*: a common wild plant also known as 'white bryony.'

19. *white cups*: this does not appear to be the specific name of any one flower.

26. *prankt*: 'decked out.'

35. *the same hues*: this and 'the like array' are the objects of 'kept' (l. 37), whose subject is 'children.'

37. *these imprison'd children of the Hours*: for the Hours see note to No. 142, l. 1; the flowers, their children, are imprisoned by the hand which confines them.

269

Written in 1833 during a tour to Staffa and Iona, and published in 1835 in *Yarrow Revisited and Other Poems*. Wordsworth gave it no title.

270

Published with *Lamia* in 1820. Its true heading is merely 'Fancy.'

2. *Pleasure never is at home*: this does not mean that home life has no pleasures, but that, to find pleasure, the mind must range outside itself.

13. *red-lipp'd*: as Mr. Fowler points out, this epithet belongs rather to Autumn personified than to her fruits.

16. *ingle*: 'fire burning on the hearth.'

22. *When the Night doth meet the Noon*: *i.e.* when mid-day is speedily followed by the on-coming darkness.

26. *self-overawed*: 'filled with awe at the sense of its own high purpose.'

27. *high-commission'd*: 'charged with the high task of providing thoughts for the mind.'

38. *three fit wines in a cup*: an experiment at which any one with a reasonable palate would shudder.

51. *Shaded*: *i.e.* by the trees under which it grows.

71. *mature*: 'ripe,' 'full.'

81. *Ceres' daughter*: Proserpina or Persephone, who was carried off by her uncle Pluto, King of the Underworld, and so 'God of Torment.' Like most abducted maidens she is said to have been beautiful, but I can find no special mention of the sweetness of her eyes.

85. *Hebe's*: Hebe, the goddess of youth, was the cup-bearer to the gods. She is called in Homer καλλίφυρος ('of the beautiful ankles'), but the incident of the kirtle ('skirt') is, I think, of Keats's invention.

89. *languid*: like Alexander (see above, No. 116, l. 96), 'with love and wine at once opprest.'

271

From Act II. Sc. v of *Prometheus Unbound* (1820), sung by a 'Voice in the Air.' Palgrave, who is responsible for the title here given, omitted this poem in his second edition.

5. *In those looks*: Palgrave reads, by what seems an admirable conjecture, 'locks.' But, unfortunately for his penetration, the point is decided by an Italian prose translation made by Shelley himself, where he

translates the word by *sguardi* ('looks'). See Dr. R. Garnett's *Relics of Shelley*. The lines must mean, 'rivet my gaze on your eyes, so that it is drawn away from your lips.'

8. *vest*: Palgrave reads 'veil'; and in l. 10, for 'the' he has 'thin.' For neither of these can I find authority.

16. *that liquid splendour*: this I take to refer to the beauty of the voice, not to 'sight,' for this means 'my sight,' and no one would apply the phrase to his own eyes.

17. *feel*: sc. thee.

20. *Its*: sc. the Earth's.

21. *souls of whom*: an awkward expression for 'souls of those whom.'

On the whole Palgrave showed judgement in omitting this piece when he restrung his garland.

272

Written at Alfoxden in 1798 and published the same year in *Lyrical Ballads*, with the title 'Lines written in Early Spring.'

8. *What man has made of man*: he has at least made man better than he would have been if left to Nature; without human intercourse children would grow up mere animals.

14. It is to be noted that this line and l. 18 are each a foot too short.

273

Written in 1799 and published in 1800. This regrettable poem was the outcome of Wordsworth's theory that there is no essential difference between the language of poetry and that of prose.

19. *Georgia's shore*: Georgia is an Atlantic state in the south-east of the U.S.A.

20. *casque*: 'helmet.'

22. *the Cherokees*: a tribe of North American Indians, some 2000 of whom still reside in Carolina.

28. *when America was free*: the War of Independence ended in 1781.

49. *rout*: 'band,' as in No. 66, l. 61.

63. *spire*: the cypress tree is in shape something like the spire of a church.

67. *savannahs*: the name given to the vast plains in the south of the U.S.A.

197, 198. *her cup of wrong She fearfully caroused*: to carouse (='drink') as a transitive verb is found in *Othello*, but is now obsolete.

203. *cheerful knell*: *N.E.D.* gives no instance of *knell* used in other than a mournful sense, its original meaning being the stroke of the death bell. But see above, No. 239, l. 6.

214. *Tone*: the Somersetshire river on which Taunton is situated.

233. *Of mind*: this presumably should be 'Of mind's,' depending on 'wretchedness.'

246. *Quantock*: the Quantock, or Quantox, Hills lie between Taunton and the coast.

274

Written in October 1818 and published with *Rosalind and Helen* in 1819, under the title 'Lines written among the Euganean Hills.' These hills, which are less than 2000 feet in height, are about ten miles south-west of Padua. They are generally termed Euga'nean, but Shelley (l. 31) puts the accent on the penultimate.

14. *has almost drank*: the past participle of *drink* is 'drunk,' but from the 17th to the 19th century *drank* was extended from the past tense to the past participle, 'probably to avoid the inebriate associations of *drunk*.'—*N.E.D.* Johnson uses 'had drank' in the *Rambler*, and Shelley again in *The Cenci*, but it has an ugly sound.

18. *Weltering*: to welter is properly to roll helplessly in water or some other fluid; here it is nearly equivalent to 'drifting.' The images crowd so thickly here that the sense is obscured; the picture is a ship driven by the tempest, which has almost overwhelmed it and sent it to the bottom, as it flies ever farther from the land and the sailors sit motionless, longing and yet not daring to turn the ship's head.

21. *recedes*: as he sails down the coast the farthest visible point of land ahead is always changing and so, as it were, retiring as he advances.

26. After this line Palgrave has omitted 39 lines, and again after line 102 he has omitted 143 others. The poem suffers less from this mutilation than might be supposed.

32. *paean*: 'hymn to Apollo,' the Sun-god as well as the god of healing.

35. *wings all hoar*: the plumage of the rook is purplish black (cf. l. 41), but in the early morning light it may have looked grey.

41. *grain*: see note to No. 113, l. 33.

56. *Venice*: see note to No. 211. Venice is less than twenty miles from the Euganean Hills.

58. *Amphitrite's*: she was a goddess of the sea and a daughter of Nereus. The land on which Venice stands has been mainly reclaimed from the sea.

74. *As*: 'as if.'

75. *Where Apollo spoke*: *i.e.* in his shrine at Delphi.

76. *Sun-girt*: Palgrave in a note suggests that this should be 'sea-girt'; but as Swinburne says, *Essays and Studies* (1875), p. 199, 'Venice is not a sea-girt city; . . . seen by noon from the Euganean heights . . . it might seem to Shelley a city girdled with the sunlight.'

78. *Now is come a darker day*: in 1814 Venice was annexed by the Austrians; it was not transferred to Italy till 1866.

79. *his prey*: I cannot find that the sea was encroaching a century ago at Venice; Shelley means that, ruined by Austrian tyranny, she will be deserted by her inhabitants and abandoned to the waves.

80, 81. *I.e.* if Fate, which had raised Venice from obscurity, give her so noble an end as to be drowned in the sea.

83. *conquest-branded brow*: Shelley is probably thinking of the occupation by Bonaparte in 1797 which led to the treaty of Campo Formio.

84. *slave of slaves*: of all things Shelley hated monarchy most; and he thus transforms the title 'king of kings,' to which Napoleon, who set up princes throughout the continent, might have laid some claim.

101. *masque*: originally a dramatic entertainment consisting of dancing and acting in dumb show.

106. *amethyst*: a precious stone of a clear purple or bluish-violet colour.

107. *air-dissolvéd*: on the analogy of 'air-borne,'

'air-bred,' etc., this can only mean 'dissolved by the air,' but Shelley probably meant 'dissolved into air.'

110. *the point of Heaven's profound*: 'the zenith,' *i.e.* the point in the sky exactly over the beholder; *profound* is used as a substantive in poetry for the depths of the sky or the sea.

112. *the plains*: this and all that follows between this line and line 130 are the subject of 'lie' in line 131.

119. *dark-skirted*: the rough countryside is looked on as a dark-coloured garment with red and gold trimming.

124. *olive-sandall'd*: *i.e.* with olive trees at the foot of the mountain.

133. *it*: sc. 'the glory'; whether this glory proceed from external sources or from the poet's own mind which creates spiritual inhabitants for a universe without life in itself.

141. *to her*: sc. to evening.

147. *that silent isle*: cf. ll. 1, 2, and 27-30, above.

157. *the wild wave*: *i.e.* which the wild wave.

179. *Under which*: the picture is of one standing on a hill and looking down through the tree-tops on to the sea.

180-7. The soul fills the intervals with its own music, and Love fills all round with the sense of brotherhood.

185. *Circling*: 'embracing.'

188. *They, not it*: sc. the 'polluting multitude,' not the 'healing paradise.'

275

Shelley tells us in a note that this poem was written in a wood that skirts the Arno near Florence, 'and on a day when that tempestuous wind, whose temperature is at once mild and animating, was collecting the vapours which pour down the autumnal rains.' The poem was published with *Prometheus Unbound* (1820).

9. *Thine azure sister of the Spring*: the east wind blowing in the spring and bringing blue skies.

17. *Shook*: used for *shaken* in Shakespeare (see No. 14, l. 4) and by Milton, *Par. Lost*, vi. 218, 'All Earth Had to her centre shook.'

18. *Angels of rain*: the original meaning of angel is 'messenger.'

21. *Maenad*: the Maenads, also called Bacchantes, were female votaries of Dionysus (Bacchus); they got their name, which means 'the frenzied women,' from their strange dress and wild dances.

24. *closing*: *i.e.* closing in; it does not mean that it was the last day of the year.

31. *crystalline*: the accent here is on the penultimate. In l. 64 of the preceding poem the word has its more usual accent.

32. *pumice*: a kind of lava; the whole of the district near Naples is volcanic. *Baiae's bay*: now the Golfo di Pozzuoli, on the north-west of the Bay of Naples. Baiae was a favourite resort of the wealthy Romans towards the end of the Republic.

41. *grow grey with fear*: according to a note of Shelley's this is a 'phenomenon well known to naturalists. The vegetation at the bottom of the sea, of rivers, and of lakes, sympathizes with that of the land in the change of seasons, and is consequently influenced by the winds which announce it.'

43. *If I were*: the sentence is completed by 'I would ne'er have striven,' etc. (l. 51). The relative is omitted in this line.

48, 49. *be The comrade of thy wanderings*: *i.e.* run with the wind and race the clouds.

57. *Make me thy lyre*: *i.e.* use me as thy instrument to sound fresh notes of life and high thoughts over the world.

62. *Be thou me*: this may be ungrammatical, but it is better to be ungrammatical than intolerable, as 'be thou I' would have been.

64. *quicken*: 'bring to life.' Like all great souls, Shelley was looking for a new earth where freedom, justice, and truth should be more apparent than they are in the present world; he wanted too to feel that he himself was being made use of to bring about this great end.

276

Written in 1805 and published in the *Poems* of 1807 under the title 'Elegiac Stanzas, suggested,' etc.

Peele Castle: this should be 'Piel'; it is on Piel Island off the coast of Furness in north Lancashire.

Sir George Beaumont: a Member of Parliament, who was a generous patron of art and himself a landscape painter. Wordsworth often stayed with him at Coleorton Hall.

15. *never was on sea or land*: *i.e.* but only in the mind of man.

16. *The consecration*: the touch which makes sacred, by suffusing the picture with imagination.

20. After this line there follows, both in the original and in the final version, the following stanza :—

'Thou shouldst have seemed a treasure-house divine
Of peaceful years; a chronicle of heaven;—
Of all the sunbeams that did ever shine
The very sweetest had to thee been given.'

Palgrave replaced the stanza in his second edition.

22. *Elysian*: see note on No. 112, l. 147.

25. *illusion*: the 1807 version has 'delusion,' a stronger word, implying that the error into which a person is led is a harmful one.

28. *A steadfast peace that might*: the 1807 version has 'A faith, a trust that could.' The change is obviously an improvement; it is difficult to see how a picture of a landscape could display faith and trust.

32. *A deep distress*: Wordsworth's brother John had been drowned in the wreck of the *Abergavenny* on February 5, 1805.

50. *the Kind*: 'the human race.'

277

From Act I of *Prometheus Unbound* (1820). It is sung by the 'Fourth Spirit'; the heading given here is Palgrave's.

2. *like a love-adept*: one who is well versed in the wisdom of love may be supposed to have beautiful visions in his sleep.

278

Published in the *Poems* of 1807.

3. *that is ours*: 'that appeals to us.'

6. *will be howling*: 'are eager to howl'; *will* is here a notional verb.

7. *up-gather'd*: 'held in restraint.'

10. *outworn* : ' obsolete.'

13. *Proteus* : the prophetic old man of the sea, who tended Neptune's herds of seals. From his power of assuming any shape he chose we have the adjective ' protean,' meaning ' capable of infinite changes.' In this line for ' rising ' Wordsworth originally wrote ' coming.'

14. *Triton* : the son of Poseidon (Neptune) and Amphitrite ; he is always depicted as a merman, having a human form as far as the waist, below which he was like a fish ; he would calm the sea by blowing a large spiral shell when Poseidon so ordered. Wordsworth borrowed the phrase from Spenser, *Colin Clouts come home againe*, 245, ' Triton blowing loud his wreathed horn.'

279

Perhaps written, says Mr. Hutchinson in the *Oxford Wordsworth*, during a visit made by the poet to his brother Christopher, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, November–December 1820. It was published in 1822 in *Ecclesiastical Sketches*—a title changed in 1837 to *Ecclesiastical Sonnets*. The heading of this sonnet is —unhappily—' Inside of King's College Chapel, Cambridge.' Palgrave is hardly to be blamed for substituting ' within.'

1. *Tax . . . with* : ' charge . . . with,' *i.e.* accuse . . . of.

the royal Saint : Henry VI, the founder. Cf. notes to No. 123, l. 89, and No. 158, l. 4.

2. *ill-match'd* : in building so magnificent a chapel, ' the architectural gem of the University,' for so small a number of scholars.

4. *white-robed Scholars* : those who are on the foundation of a college, *i.e.* the Fellows and Scholars, wear surplices in chapel at Oxford and Cambridge ; the other members of the college, whose admission was not contemplated originally, wear their ordinary black gowns.

6. *lore* : properly ' learning ' ; here used for ' prudence,' ' worldly wisdom.'

8. *for the sense* : ' to appeal to the eye.'

10. *Self-poised* : *i.e.* with no centre pillars.

scoop'd : a participle, co-ordinate with ' self-poised.'

280

The first 38 lines of this poem appeared in *The Literary Souvenir*, 1828, and the remainder in *Blackwood* for June, 1832. The whole was published together in its present form in the *Poetical Works* of 1834.

3. *a-maying*: see note to No. 112, l. 20.

9. *This body that does me grievous wrong*: the wrong was only retaliation, for Coleridge had ruined his constitution by many years' addiction to opium.

12. *those trim skiffs*, etc.: a steamboat is said to have been used in France as early as 1783; eighteen years later experiments were made in steam navigation on the Thames, and in 1812 a regular steam service was established on the Clyde between Glasgow and Greenock. But to describe a vessel of the size of a steamer as a 'skiff' is hardly correct, and to say that in youth one moves as fast as a steamer is hardly poetical.

27. *a fond conceit*: 'a foolish fancy.'

34. *this alter'd size*: Coleridge became unwieldily fat in his later years.

36. *tears take sunshine from thine eyes*: not 'rob your eyes of their brightness,' but 'are lit with the brightness of your eyes.'

48. *while*: 'time'; the word is now used as a substantive only in certain phrases, 'a long while,' 'worth while,' etc.

49. *without the smile*: *i.e.* without winning a smile.

281

Written in 1799 and published in 1800.

56. *And did not wish her mine*: the recollection of his dead daughter was dearer to him than the companionship of any other child could be. Cf. note to No. 202, l. 64.

60. *wilding*: the crab-apple tree.

282

Written and published at the same times as the preceding.

11. *catch*: this is properly a short song for three or

more persons, who all sing the same words and the same air, but begin at different times. It is also called a 'round.'

36. *what it leaves behind*: *i.e.* the habits acquired in youth and manhood.

41, 42. *never do they wage A foolish strife*: one would have said that birds, like all wild animals, were always contending with Nature, and very often, as in a hard winter, getting the worst of it. The whole of this stanza is one of those arrogant assertions about animals' feelings which poets are so prone to make.

54. *approved*: sc. by his neighbours.

67. *did we glide*: the use of this word here is simply deplorable; no sane man would try to glide down a grassy slope, especially if he was seventy-two.

69. *Leonard's rock*: as Mr. Fowler points out, there is a Leonard in Wordsworth's poem 'The Brothers,' which appeared at the same time as 'The Fountain.' That poem tells how Leonard's brother James was killed by a fall from the Pillar Rock in Ennerdale.

283

This poem, which is not in the *Poetical Works* of 1828, is printed in the edition of 1837, under the title 'A Thought suggested by the New Year.'

1. *more brief*: there is no excuse (other than the metre) for omission of 'the.' In such sentences as 'the more the merrier,' the two *the's* are the instrumental case of the demonstrative adjective, commonly called the definite article. They represent 'by how much' and 'by so much,' and are the equivalents of the Latin *quo* and *eo*.

22. *Indemnifying fleetness*: that time passes more quickly as one gets older is probably a general experience; but to take this fact as a compensation for the ever-increasing evils of age is simply to beg the question that youth is happier than age, a proposition that is flatly contradicted by the personal experience of many, and can only be universally maintained by an advanced pessimist. Cf. note on No. 158, l. 14.

284

First published in Leigh Hunt's *Literary Pocket Book* for 1819. It was reprinted in Lord Houghton's edition of Keats, 1854; it is not in that of 1848.

4. *span*: 'grasp'; properly the distance from the tip of the thumb to the tip of the little finger when the hand is spread out; as a measure it is nine inches.

7. *ruminate*: 'ponder on.'

by such dreaming nigh His nearest: this is the original reading, which is accepted by Mr. Buxton Forman. I cannot, however, follow him in taking 'nigh' as a verb; surely there is an ellipsis of 'is' or 'becomes'—'by such lofty dreaming he draws as near heaven as he ever will on earth.' Lord Houghton printed 'dreaming high Is nearest,' which presumably is his own conjecture.

13. *misfeature*: *N.E.D.* gives this as the first appearance of this word. It was used afterwards by Carlyle.

285

Written in 1821 and published in *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.

2. *On whose last steps*: Shelley, with his boundless belief in the future, certainly cannot have imagined that the end of the world was coming, and that Time would be no more; he must have meant his own time and written with a premonition of his death the following year.

3. *Trembling at that where . . .*: *i.e.* trembling to think of the position in which . . . It is hopeless to guess at the idea to which he refers.

8. Mr. W. M. Rossetti suggests that 'autumn' should be read here after 'summer'; the line is a foot shorter than the corresponding line in the first stanza, and the mention of three seasons only is certainly remarkable. As an instance of the amenities of literary criticism one may note Swinburne's remark on this suggestion, 'A thousand years of purgatorial fire would be insufficient expiation for the criminal on whose deaf and desperate head must rest the original guilt of defacing the text of Shelley with this most damnable corruption.' —*Essays and Studies.*

286

Written March 26, 1802, and published in the *Poems* of 1807.

7. *The Child is father of the Man* : probably Wordsworth took this from Milton, *Par. Reg.* iv. 220, ' The childhood shows the man, As morning shows the day.'

9. *natural piety* : he is carrying on the idea of fatherhood ; in this sense every to-day is the child of yesterday and should show filial piety towards it.

287

Written 1802–6 and published in the *Poems* of 1807 with merely the title ' Ode.' In the collected works the fuller title here given was inserted, and the last three lines of the preceding piece were prefixed by way of motto.

6. *it hath been of yore* : this is questionable English ; ' has been ' can be used alone, or of time extending up to the present, but not of time separated from the present by an interval.

21. *the tabor's sound* : a tabor was a small drum often used in former times to accompany the pipe.

25. *The cataracts blow their trumpets* : it is only by a stretch of the imagination that the sound of a waterfall can be compared to that of a trumpet.

28. *the fields of sleep* : I take this to mean ' the fields where they had slept all night.'

38. *jubilee* : ' general rejoicing.' There seems to have been a confusion between the Hebrew ' year of jubilee,' the year of emancipation and restoration, on the one hand, and the silver Latin *jubilum*, a cry of joy or a shepherd's song, on the other.

42. *O evil day ! if I were sullen* : *i.e.* it would be an evil day for me, if, etc.

45. *culling* : in the 1807 version ' pulling.'

58-65. The theory of pre-existence given in this well-known passage so shocked ' some good and pious persons,' that Wordsworth felt impelled afterwards to ' protest against the conclusion that [he] meant to inculcate such a belief. It is far too shadowy a notion,' he continues, ' to be recommended to faith as more than

an element in our instincts of immortality.' The doctrine of the soul's existence before entrance into the body is an article of the Buddhist and Brahman religions; it appears in various places in Greek literature, *e.g.* in Plato's statement that all knowledge is recollection, and in the opinion of many people to-day it must necessarily stand or fall with a belief in the survival of the soul after death. Cf. note on No. 75, l. 4.

67. *Shades of the prison-house*: the disillusionments and sordid cares that are supposed to be the inevitable result of mixing with the world.

71. *daily farther from the east*: this depressing picture of the course of human life requires some qualification; the ideals of childhood naturally vanish on attaining manhood, but a good many people are fortunate enough to replace them with others higher and more stable.

72. *Nature's priest*: *i.e.* one able to minister to others some part of the glory of Nature which he sees.

78. *in her own natural kind*: 'of the sort natural to her.'

86. *A six years' darling*: according to Mr. Fowler, Wordsworth was thinking of Hartley Coleridge (see above, No. 175), who was born in 1796 and so would be six years old in 1802 when this Ode was begun; but the 1807 version has 'A four years' darling.'

103. '*humorous stage*': Wordsworth no doubt was thinking of *As You Like It*, II. vii. 'All the world's a stage,' etc.; but the word 'humorous' (*i.e.* full of different humours or moods—its regular Shakespearian sense) is not used in that passage; nor have I found the two words together elsewhere.

104. *Persons*: in its Latin sense of 'characters in a play.'

108. *Thou*: the child. Coleridge's criticism of this stanza is, 'Now here, not to stop at the daring spirit of metaphor which connects the epithets "deaf and silent" with the apostrophized *eye*: or (if we are to refer it to the preceding word "Philosopher") the faulty and equivocal syntax of the passage; and without examining the propriety of making a "Master *brood* o'er a Slave," or "the Day" brood at all; we will merely ask, what does all this mean? In what sense is a child of that age a *Philosopher*?' etc.—*Biog.*

Liter. ch. xxii. Further on Coleridge brought such heavy artillery to bear on four lines following line 120, that Wordsworth omitted them from 1820 onwards.

123. *provoke*: 'challenge,' 'call upon.'

141, 142. *obstinate questionings Of sense*: in a note added later Wordsworth says that in his boyhood he 'was often unable to think of external things as having external existence.' To a child's mind the objects presented by the imagination often have more reality than those offered by the senses: which tends to make the evidence even of truthful children unreliable.

143. *Fallings from us*: *i.e.* the disappearance for a time of the material world around us.

148. *But for*: sc. 'I raise the song of thanks for.'

188. *our loves*: *i.e.* the love I feel for you.

192. *fret*: see note to No. 191, l. 14.

199. *Another race hath been*: man's life is looked on as a series of courses, in each of which he may win a prize; cf. Hebrews xii. 1, 'Let us run with patience the race that is set before us.'

288

Written in 1821 and published in *Posthumous Poems*, 1824.

3. *sicken*: *i.e.* lose their scent.

7. *thy thoughts*: 'the thought of thee,' like the Greek *ἐς τὴν ἐμὴν ἀνάμνησιν*, 'in remembrance of me.' Love shall find rest in thinking of thee, when thou art gone.

ADDITIONAL POEMS

THE SECOND HALF OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY

289

WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR (1775–1864), the incarnation of the spirit of revolt, is ranked by some qualified judges as one of the great names in English literature. His life was one long battle with authority, for defiance of which he was expelled from school and college. His *Imaginary Conversations* (1824–9) is his best known work.

This quatrain appeared first in *The Last Fruit off an Old Tree* (1853).

1. *I strove with none* : probably, like many pugnacious people, Landor imagined himself the embodiment of meekness.

290

First printed in *Simonidea* (1806), reprinted in *Gebir, Count Julian and other Poems* (1831), and in the *Works* of 1846 ; in none of these is there a heading to the piece. Landor became intimate with Lord Aylmer's family in Wales shortly after he left Oxford in 1794.

1, 2. *the sceptred race . . . the form divine* : *i.e.* neither kings nor gods have a monopoly of goodness or beauty.

7. *memories* : in *Simonidea* this is ' sorrows.'

291

From *The Citation and Examination of William Shakespeare* (1834).

14. *lorn* : ' deserted.' It is the past participle of the verb *leese* (= lose), which was in use till the end of the 17th century.

23. *athwart* : ' across,' *i.e.* looking over the gate.

292

From *Works* (1846).

For Browning, see below, note to No. 338; Landor was an intimate friend of the Brownings when they lived in Florence at a date subsequent to these lines.

7. *Since Chaucer was alive*: it is customary to compare any metrical story-teller with Geoffrey Chaucer (1340 ?–1400), who is indeed the prince of them all. But Browning's deep psychology, no less than his obscurity and frequent harshness of diction, puts him into an entirely different class from the earlier poet.

10. *warmer climes*: after attaining manhood Browning made his home in Italy till the death of Mrs. Browning in 1861.

13. *Sorrento and Amalfi*: two towns in Italy, the former on the Bay of Naples, the latter on the Gulf of Salerno, immediately below the Bay of Naples. The Sirens, for whom see note on No. 86, l. 27, lived, according to some traditions, in the island of Capreae, now Capri, close to the above-mentioned towns.

293

From *Works* (1846).

294

From *Heroic Idylls* (1863), the last of Landor's books.

8. *Ianthe* was Miss Sophia West, an Irish lady, who was afterwards Countess de Molandé.

295

William Cullen Bryant (1794–1878) was an American journalist and poet whose first long poem *Thanatopsis* (1817) is said to have been a nearer approach to poetry than had till then been produced in his country. He edited various American papers and wrote a good deal of verse which is highly esteemed by his countrymen.

This poem was written in 1815 and published in the *North American Review* for March 1818. It was reprinted in his *Poems* of 1821.

7. *seen against*: in earlier editions 'painted on.'
9. *plashy*: 'swampy,' derived from *plash*, 'a pool' or 'puddle,' a word found as late as Tennyson.
15. *desert*: an adjective, 'deserted,' 'lonely.'

296

James Henry Leigh Hunt (1784–1859), the friend of Keats, Shelley, Lamb, Byron, and many other famous writers, was the originator of *The Examiner*, for a so-called 'libel' in which on the Prince Regent he was sentenced to two years' imprisonment. His life was one of ceaseless activity and monetary difficulties—as he pleaded, he 'never knew his multiplication table,' but he cheerfully allowed his friends to come to his rescue without feeling any deep obligation towards them. He wrote many delightful essays, which in their way come second only to Lamb's, and a quantity of verse of a very varying degree of merit.

This poem is not in his *Poetical Works* of 1832, but it appears in the edition of 1844. It is not, strictly speaking, a 'Rondeau,' which is a poem of ten lines—or sometimes a larger number—with only two rimes throughout, the opening words being used twice again as a refrain.

3, 4. *to get Sweets into your list*: 'to record delights.' For Time, the Obliterator, to act as Recorder is a novel idea.

297

Thomas Love Peacock (1785–1866), like Lamb, was a clerk in the East India Company, and a close friend of Shelley. He wrote seven novels, of which *Headlong Hall*, the first, and *Nightmare Abbey* are perhaps the best known to-day. The latter contains a satirical but entirely good-humoured portrait of Shelley, which the poet much enjoyed. Peacock's best poems are scattered throughout his novels—which are too polyglot to be popular—though he also published some volumes of verse.

The 'War Song' here given is from chapter xi of *The Misfortunes of Elphin* (1829). Taliesin, on his way to the Court of King Arthur, stays at the Castle of Dinas Vawr [pronounced 'vowr'], on the Towy in

Carmarthenshire. The bard is entertained by the 'magnanimous heroes'—*alias* freebooters—with this song, 'the quintessence of all the war-songs that ever were written, and the sum and substance of all the appetencies, tendencies, and consequences of military glory.'

9. *Dyfed's richest valley*: Dyfed was the British name for south-west Wales.

37. *Ednyfed*: if this monarch ever existed, he has escaped my researches.

298

From chapter xi of *Nightmare Abbey* (1818), where it is sung by three persons; it has no title.

Gotham is a village six miles south of Nottingham, the inhabitants of which have for centuries been saddled with a reputation for simplicity. It is said that the villagers in the reign of King John, to avert a royal visit, all pretended to be engaged in some idiotic pursuit when the king's messengers appeared. There is a nursery rime, of unknown origin,

> 'Three wise men of Gotham
> Went to sea in a bowl;
> And if the bowl had been stronger,
> My song would have been longer.'

4. *To rake the moon from out the sea*: this wise attempt is usually fathered on the natives of Wiltshire; hence the name 'moon-rakers' sometimes applied to them.

8. *so fast adrift*: *i.e.* being carried swiftly out to sea by the current.

299

In Peacock's *Works*, edited by H. Cole (1875), this is said to have been written after 1806. It has no title.

3. *pledge*: 'gift made as a proof of affection.'

300

Thomas Babington Macaulay (1800–59), created Lord Macaulay in 1857, was famous as historian, poet, essayist and politician. His *History of England* is a

fascinating, if unreliable, work, and his *Lays of Ancient Rome* are deservedly popular. He possessed a remarkable memory and was master of a wonderfully picturesque and vivid style.

This 'Epitaph on a Jacobite' was written in 1845. It is to be feared that Macaulay, a strong Whig and a keen partisan, saw pathos in this loyal servant's ruin mainly because it told more heavily against his unworthy master.

4. *one dear hope*: presumably that of winning his mistress.

7. *Lavernia*: the ridge of the Apennines from which the Tiber rises, formerly according to Croce known as Alvernia, is now known as La Vernia.

Scargill's whispering trees: Scargill, a village and castle close to Brignall in Yorkshire (see note to No. 170) and within five or six miles of the river Tees.

301

Written in 1824.

The Battle of Naseby in Northamptonshire, fought on the 14th of June 1645, was the decisive battle of the Civil War, winning the Midlands for Cromwell, as Marston Moor had won for him the North.

The name given by Macaulay to his sergeant is not more absurd than some of those assumed by the more rabid Puritans for themselves or given to their children; these were generally derived from some phrase or text in the Bible; thus Praise-God Barebones is said to have had two brothers, the name of the one being 'Christ-came-into-the-world-to-save,' and that of the other 'If-Christ-had-not-died-thou-hadst-been-damned.' Another 'sword of the Lord' dubbed himself 'Hew-Agag-in-pieces.' Henry Ireton was a graduate of Trinity College, Oxford, who acted as Commissary-General of the Parliamentary horse at Naseby; he married Cromwell's daughter Bridget in the following year, and, when Charles was tried, he signed the warrant for his execution. He died in 1651, seven years before the death of his father-in-law.

The first stanza is supposed to be the inquiry of a Puritan in the south-west of England, whither Fairfax

led his victorious army after Naseby. The rest of the poem is the Sergeant's reply.

3. *rout* : 'band' as in No. 66, l. 61.

4. *the wine-press* : a Hebrew metaphor which here amounts to 'Who are the men over whom you have triumphed ?'

11. *the Man of Blood* : Charles I, so termed as having taken up arms to coerce the Parliament ; his long hair is well known from his portraits and his coins.

12. *Astley*, Sir Jacob (1579–1652), afterwards Baron Astley, led the centre of the Royal forces ; he was taken prisoner the following year at Stow.

Sir Marmaduke : Sir Marmaduke Langdale was in command of the cavalry on the left wing : they were confronted by Cromwell's Ironsides and fled at the first charge.

Rupert : eldest son of Charles's sister Elizabeth, who had married Frederick, Elector Palatine of the Rhine, see note on No. 84 ; Rupert was thus uncle of George I of England. He was a dashing cavalry leader who almost invariably threw away his successes by his recklessness and want of tactics. He led the right wing of the Royalist forces at Naseby.

14. *The General* : Sir Thomas Fairfax (1612–71), who afterwards succeeded his father as Baron Fairfax. He had been appointed Commander-in-chief five months before the battle, and held the post till his resignation in 1650, when he retired into private life. He afterwards joined with Monk in bringing about the Restoration.

22. *Alsatia* : a district in London east of the Temple, now known as Whitefriars ; it was the resort of desperadoes and rascals of all descriptions owing to certain privileges of sanctuary which it possessed in virtue of a convent of the Carmelites or White Friars which formerly stood there. In 1697 the place had become such a dangerous hot-bed that its privileges were annulled and its inhabitants dispersed. There is a full description of it in Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*.

Whitehall : the palace became royal property in the reign of Henry VIII ; it was from the banqueting-hall that Charles on January 30, 1649, stepped out on to the scaffold.

25. *We are broken* : Rupert charged uphill against

the Parliamentary left wing under Ireton, carried all before him as usual, and as usual returned from the charge too late to serve his side.

29. *Skippon*: Philip Skippon, sergeant-major-general, had the disposal of the infantry in the battle; he was severely wounded in the side and narrowly escaped with his life. In 1657 he was summoned by the Protector to his House of Lords. He died early in 1660.

32. *brave Oliver is here*: after routing Langdale's horse, Cromwell, who kept his men well in hand, turned on the flank of the Royalist centre.

38. *Temple Bar*: where the heads of traitors used to be exposed till the end of the 18th century.

39. *he*: the King. Charles had many faults, but it is less than just to tax him with either cruelty or cowardice.

43. *broadpieces*: the 20-shilling piece of James I and Charles I was termed a 'Unite'; but after the introduction of the guinea in 1663 unites were termed 'broadpieces' or 'broads,' as being 'broader and thinner than the new milled coinage.'—*N.E.D.* The term was therefore not in use in 1645, though it was applied later, as here, to the coins of Charles I. In the *Student's Hume* there is an illustration of 'a broad of Charles I.'

46. *lemans*: 'mistresses.'

51. *catches*: see note to No. 282, l. 11.

54. *Belial*: a Hebrew common noun meaning 'worthlessness'; in the Hebrew idiom a 'son of Belial' means a worthless person, but from the word being printed with a capital it was taken as a proper noun and personified (*e.g.* by Milton) as a demon.

Mammon: the Aramaic word for 'riches,' which in like manner was personified as the devil of covetousness.

55. *in Oxford Halls*: after the battle of Edgehill (October, 1642) Charles took possession of Oxford, 'the only town in his dominions,' says Hume, 'which was altogether at his devotion.' In 1643 Charles summoned thither those members of either House who were of his party, while those of the other faction continued to sit at Westminster. After the King fled to the Scots (1646) he was required by them to send orders to the garrison at Oxford to surrender to the Parliament.

Durham's Stalls: except that Durham was the richest

see in England I know of no reason for selecting this particular cathedral. The whole bench of bishops was of course on the side of the King.

56. *cope*: this vestment, a kind of long cloak, is not peculiar to bishops.

57. *She of the seven hills*: the Church of Rome.

302

William Barnes (1801–86) was born in the Vale of Blackmore near Sturminster-Newton in Dorsetshire. He held a curacy and afterwards a rectory in the same county, and became widely known for his poems in the Dorset dialect, 'the bold and broad Doric of England.' This poem is from *Hwomely Rhymes* (1859).

4. *The clote*: 'the yellow water-lily.'

7. *bricken tuns*: 'brick-built chimney-tops.'

8. *the Stour*: a Dorsetshire river which runs into the sea at Christchurch. It is usually pronounced 'Stoor,' but locally 'Stower.'

17. *Wimborne*: a pretty market-town, six miles north of Poole.

18. *To Stower or Paladore*: East Stower and West Stower (or Stour) are two villages between Shaftesbury and Sherborne, about 20 miles north-west of Wimborne. Caer Paladwr was the British name of Shaftesbury.

19. *housen*: the plural 'houses' is earlier than this form, as it is used from the 14th century, 'housen' not being found till about 1550.

34. *back in Maÿ*: 'last May.'

37. *twile*: 'toil.'

303

From the same volume as the last. The poem which there precedes it is called 'A Wife a-praised'; in it a man tells of his happiness at home, as here he tells of his loneliness.

304

James Clarence Mangan (1803–49), an Irish poet, whose life was a chronicle of misery through misplaced love, poverty, and intemperance. This poem, which

may be taken as autobiographical, was written in 1842, if the statement in l. 50 is to be relied on, but Mr. D. J. O'Donoghue, editor of Mangan's *Poems* (1903), says he was 'essentially unreliable on questions of date of this kind.' It appeared in the *Irishman* for October 27, 1849, after Mangan's death.

6. *eld*: an old word equivalent to 'age' in its various senses; it is now found only in poetry, and even there it savours of affectation.

7. *once there was one*: Mangan wrote 'there was once one,' which is unhappily reminiscent of the multiplication table.

33. *dreeing*: 'enduring'; now seldom heard except in the phrase 'to dree one's own weird,' *i.e.* endure one's own fate.

34. *whose hands should have wrought*: he left school at an early age and worked for seven years in a scrivener's office to support his parents and their other children.

35. *If children live not*, etc.: *i.e.* his parents ought not to have lived upon his exertions, unless children are only brought into the world to support their parents.

38. *Maginn*: William Maginn (1793–1842) was an Irish author and journalist who contributed to *Blackwood's* and helped to start *Fraser's Magazine*. He was addicted to intemperance and was often imprisoned for debt.

Burns: (see note to No. 125) the last years of his life 'were passed in drudgery and sodden conviviality,' his habits of intemperance having so grown on him that most of his decent friends had dropped him.

40. *returns*: 'payment' for his soul, *i.e.* the exhilaration or oblivion which drinking brought.

41. *redeemed it*: Mangan's friends made many efforts to save him from his vices, but they only succeeded for very brief intervals; it was apparently during one of these that this terrible poem was written.

305

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803–82), an American essayist and poet who was at one time a Unitarian minister. He was an original thinker, a strong advocate of independent judgement in matters of religion, and an invincible optimist.

This poem is not included in the *Poems* of 1847, but will be found in the *Poems* of 1876.

Brahma: the infinite, formless, and eternal Spirit from which proceed all good and all evil; 'it is the one eternal germ of all things, and it delights in infinite expansion, in infinite manifestation of itself, in infinite creation, dissolution, and recreation,' Monier-Williams, *Hinduism*.

1, 2. The mere killing and dying are alike part of the great scheme, necessary links in the long chain of events necessary to carry out the will of Brahma. This first stanza is taken almost exactly from the *Bhagavad Gita* (II. 19), 'He who regardeth this as a slayer, and he who thinketh it is slain, both of them are ignorant. It slayeth not nor is it slain. It is not born nor doth it die.'

12. *the Brahmin*: the priest who reverenced Brahma was no nearer him than the infidel.

14. *the sacred Seven*: the seven Rishis, sons of the gods, to whom the authorship of the Vedas is attributed. This again is from the *Bhagavad Gita* (X. 2), 'The multitude of the Gods, or the great Rishis, know not my forthcoming.'

306

From the *Poems* of 1847.

10. *the more*: this seems to be taken with both verbs, 'the more their glance forbids, the more they charm.'

307

Robert Stephen Hawker (1803–75), vicar of Morwenstow, or Moorwinstow, in the north-east of Cornwall. This song was written in 1825 and published anonymously in the *Royal Devonport Telegraph* for September 2, 1826; it was reprinted in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1827, again without ascription, and much discussion arose as to its authorship, many people believing it to be a genuine old ballad. In 1832 Hawker solved the question by including it in his *Records of the Western Shore* under the title 'The Song of the Western Men.' In all these copies there are several variations from the text here given, which is

that finally adopted by the author in *The Cornish Ballads* of 1869.

Trelawny: Sir Jonathan Trelawny, bishop of Bristol, was one of the Seven Bishops committed to the Tower by James II in 1688 for refusing to read the King's Declaration of Indulgence. He was so popular in Cornwall that some thousands of the miners and peasants started to walk to London to rescue him, and only turned back at Exeter on hearing of his acquittal.

11. *Michael's hold*: the castle on St. Michael's Mount in Cornwall—the strongest fortress in the world in a Cornishman's eyes. The sense is better seen in the earlier version, 'Though London Tower were Michael's hold, We'd set Trelawny free.' This is also more grammatical; 'If it were' can hardly be followed by 'We will.'

13. *the Tamar*: the river which is the boundary between Devon and Cornwall.

14. *The Severn*: the miners' ignorance of geography is perhaps excusable, but they would not have to cross the Severn between Cornwall and London.

15. *With "one and all"*: *i.e.* with the cry, "one and all."

308

Francis Sylvester Mahony (1804–66) was an Irish parish priest who ceased to exercise his calling in order to give his time to literature and journalism. Under the name of 'Father Prout' he contributed a number of articles to *Fraser's Magazine* which were republished in 1836 as *The Reliques of Father Prout*, among them being a paper on 'The Rogueries of Tom Moore,' which contained 'The Shandon Bells.' The gist of the paper was to tax Moore with plagiarism, and to support the charge Mahony translated into other languages or parodied several of Moore's best known melodies, and foisted them on the public as the originals from which Moore had derived his ideas and expressions; among them this poem was offered as the model on which Moore had written 'Those Evening Bells,' though there is no resemblance between the pieces.

Shandon: St. Anne Shandon's Church is one of the principal buildings in Cork.

16. *the River Lee* : on which Cork stands.

21. *glibe* : this spelling of ' glib,' here demanded by the rime, is not recognised by the dictionaries.

34. *Adrian's Mole* : the Mausoleum or Mole of the Emperor Hadrian (reigned 117–138) on the west side of the Tiber, later transformed into the Castello di S. Angelo. It is connected by a corridor with the Vatican, which has been the Papal residence for over five centuries.

40. *Notre Dame* : the Cathedral of Paris.

42. *the dome of Peter* : St. Peter's adjoins the Vatican and is therefore west of the Tiber.

49. *a bell in Moscow* : this is called Tsar-Kolokol, or ' Czar of Bells ' ; it is 19 feet high, more than 20 feet in diameter at the rim, and weighs over 192 tons. It was cast in 1735.

50. *kiosk* : ' pavilion ' or ' summer-house ' ; not part of a religious edifice, as Mahony seems to think.

51. *Saint Sophia* : the famous mosque at Constantinople, built originally as a Greek church.

52. *Turkman* : a metrical necessity for ' Turk.'

56. *minarets* : the slender towers, standing on or attached to a mosque, from the balconies of which the muezzins summon the faithful to prayer.

309

Elizabeth Barrett Browning (1806–61) made her name as a poet before she married Robert Browning in 1846, though her longest and perhaps greatest poem, *Aurora Leigh*, came ten years later. The *Sonnets from the Portuguese*, which despite their title are entirely original, were written in the year before her marriage and printed in the *Poems* of 1850 ; one sonnet only being added in later editions. The first given here is No. I.

1. *Theocritus* : see *Idyll* xv. 103-4,

> βάρδισται μακάρων Ὧραι φίλαι, ἀλλὰ ποθειναὶ
> ἔρχονται, πάντεσσι βροτοῖς αἰεί τι φορεῦσαι.

' Tardiest of Immortals are the beloved Hours, but eagerly looked-for do they come, ever bringing some gift to all mortals.' The Hours in Greek mythology

were three goddesses, who presided over the seasons of the year, and watched over and brought to fruition the works of men. Cf. note to No. 142, l. 1. For Theocritus, see note to No. 66, l. 85.

14. *Love*: it was Love which was drawing her 'backward' into the past, to renew her youth and live over again in happier guise the 'melancholy years' of her earlier womanhood.

310

No. VIII of the Sonnets.

5. *withal*: this word ordinarily means 'likewise,' 'at the same time'; here it apparently means 'equally,' 'with free choice.'

13. *the same*: see note to No. 238, l. 5.

14. *it*: sc. my life.

311

No. X of the Sonnets.

3. *Let temple burn, or flax*: 'whether that which is burning be costly and sacred or cheap and common.'

5. *at need*: 'at thy need,' 'in answer to thy urgings.'

10. *when love the lowest*: 'even when offered by the lowest'; *love* is the verb, and it is rather awkwardly followed by its subject.

312

No. XIV of the Sonnets. This sonnet is little more than a copy of No. 97 above, which is some two and a half centuries earlier.

2. The psychology of love has not yet received adequate treatment, most lovers not being psychologists, and writers on psychology not always possessing personal knowledge of love. Love is aroused by the personality of the beloved, and if one is analytically minded it is always possible to determine what are the elements in that personality which have aroused it; a statement not disproved by the fact that most people are not given to analysis. If to love 'for love's sake' means 'to love for the happiness one gets from being in love,' the motive, however durable, can hardly be reckoned a high one.

11, 12. *who bore Thy comfort*: an unfortunate word to use, suggesting, as it does, that such comforting was an affliction; it is doubly a pity here, for the thought is beautiful.

313

No. XLII in the original edition of the Sonnets, XLIII in the final edition.

3, 4. *feeling out of sight For the ends of Being*: 'groping into infinity to find the purpose of the Universe.'

7. *freely, as men strive for Right*: the efforts of those who are working 'to make the crooked straight' are prompted by no outside compulsion, but are the service freely given at the dictates of their own hearts.

8. *purely, as they turn from Praise*: no line shows better than this the noble standard Mrs. Browning had for herself and humanity. So far from turning from praise most people are only too eager to have it, at all events from those whom they admire, and in many cases even from those whose opinion on other matters they would despise. But the ideal man does his work 'purely,' without looking for reward or gratitude; and, knowing he has done his best, is indifferent to the praise or blame that may be meted out to him.

314

From *Last Poems* (1862). It had previously appeared with illustrations by Leighton in the *Cornhill Magazine* for July 1860.

1. *Pan*: the god of shepherds and flocks in Greek mythology; he had the horns and hoofs of a goat and is credited with the invention of the syrinx or Pan-pipes, a set of reeds of different lengths fastened together so as to form a musical scale, the upper and open ends being level.

3. *ban*: this word means a 'curse,' but I am inclined to think Mrs. Browning used it in the sense of *bane* ('harm'), which is spelt in Chaucer without the final 'e.'

16. *hard bleak steel*: from meaning 'exposed,' *bleak* is here apparently used to mean 'bare' or 'cold'. *N.E.D.* in citing this passage marks the use as rare.

28. *they could succeed* : sc. in which they [the gods] could succeed.

315

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807–82) was for some time Professor of Modern Languages and Literature at Harvard. Without being in any sense a great poet he has written simply of homely things in verse which has made him popular on both sides the Atlantic.

This poem was written at sea in 1842 and published in *Poems on Slavery* in the same year.

1. *rice* : originally derived by Europe from India, rice was imported into South Carolina about 1700. It was largely cultivated, and a hundred and fifty years later formed one of the staple exports of the U.S.A.

8. *The lordly Niger* : one of the three chief rivers of Africa ; it is about 2600 miles long and flows into the Gulf of Guinea.

28. *tamarind* : a large tree, valuable for its hard wood and its fruit, the latter being used in medicine and in cookery as a relish.

33. *the river-horse* : a literal translation of ' hippopotamus.'

316

Written in 1844 and published in *The Belfry of Bruges and other Poems* (1846).

Springfield, in Massachusetts, contains the national armoury of the U.S.A., founded in 1794.

7. *Miserere* : ' cry for mercy ' ; originally taken from the first word of Psalm li, ' Miserere mei, Deus,' ' Have mercy upon me, O God.'

14. *Cimbric* : the Cimbri were a tribe of central Europe who with the Teutons invaded the Roman territory, and in six successive battles defeated the Roman legions, till they were conquered and almost exterminated by Marius in 101 b.c. What part of Europe they inhabited has not been determined ; there is some evidence for the otherwise not very probable theory that they came from Jutland.

18. *Wheels out his battle-bell* : when a bell is rung, it

revolves upon its upper part so as to describe almost a complete circle.

19. *Aztec priests* : the Aztecs were the Indian tribe ruling in Mexico at the time of its conquest by Cortes (1519–21). Their *teocallis* were religious pyramidal mounds surmounted by temples.

28. *diapason* : see note to No. 63, l. 15.

40. *the curse of Cain* : see Genesis iv. 10-16.

317

From *Birds of Passage, Flight the First* (1858).

318

Caroline Elizabeth Sarah Norton (1808–77) was the daughter of Thomas Sheridan and the granddaughter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, the famous dramatist. She married the Hon. George Norton with whom she lived very unhappily until a separation took place. She was a great friend of Lord Melbourne's, on whose account she was subjected to much persecution by her husband, and is said to have been the original of the heroine in Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways*. She wrote three or four novels and several volumes of verse. I have not found this poem in any of them, but it is printed in Miles's *Poets of the Century* (1891).

319

Edward FitzGerald (1809–83) is known to the general public solely by the poem here given ; he lived a retired life near Woodbridge in Suffolk and devoted himself to literature and yachting. In 1853 he took up the study of Persian, and six years later published the first edition—the version given here—of this famous poem.

Omar Khayyám ('Omar the Tentmaker') was born in Khorassan in the latter half of the 11th century ; he was a great student of astronomy and was employed by the Shah to help in reforming the calendar. The Vizier, with whom he had been at school, granted him a yearly pension that he might study science and write poetry undisturbed. Omar

was the poet of Agnosticism and Epicureanism; 'having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any world but this, he set about making the most of it.' His outlook on life is presented with great beauty in his poem, though, as FitzGerald says, 'the Result is sad enough, . . . more apt to move Sorrow than Anger toward the old Tentmaker.' Attempts have been made by lovers of allegory, who would fain have enlisted so fine a poem 'on the side of the angels,' to read a mystic meaning into 'Wine,' the 'Cup,' the 'Bowl' and other material delights of which Omar sings. Notably M. Nicolas, French Consul at Resht, published in 1867 an edition of the text with a translation in which to every mention of wine he appended the explanation 'Dieu.' It is perhaps enough to say that FitzGerald, having studied M. Nicolas's arguments, adhered to his former opinion, finding more difficulty in the allegorical than in the literal interpretation, as he explains in his preface to the second edition. This was published in 1868 and amounted practically to a new version of the poem, containing 107 stanzas in place of the original 75. A third edition in 1872 contained again many changes, and there were a few in the fourth of 1879, the last published in the author's lifetime.

FitzGerald took great liberties with the original poem, not merely in the matter of omissions,—the Persian poem contains over 400 stanzas,—but by changes of order and the insertion of many ideas of which there is no trace in the original. Indeed, many of the most striking lines are entirely his; he has however preserved the form of the original poem which is written in *Rubáiyát* or stanzas of four lines of equal length, sometimes all riming, but oftener—as in FitzGerald's version—having the third line blank. Those of the following notes which are taken from FitzGerald are marked 'F.'

1. *the Bowl*: 'that inverted Bowl we call The Sky,' below, l. 205. 'Flinging a Stone into a Cup was the Signal for "To Horse!" in the Desert.' (F.)

5. *when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky*: an allusion to the transient light, called the 'False Dawn,' which appears on the horizon about an hour before the True Dawn comes.

13. *the New Year* : in Persia this begins at the Vernal Equinox, March 21.

15. *the WHITE HAND OF MOSES* : see Exodus iv. 6, 'And he [Moses] put his hand into his bosom ; and when he took it out, behold, his hand was leprous as snow.' The Koran version, which was of course the one known to the Persians, has, 'his hand was white, without any hurt.' The allusion is to the bursting forth of blossoms on the trees.

16. *Jesus from the ground suspires* : *i.e.* flowers spring up from the ground. 'According to the Persians the Healing Power of Jesus resided in his breath.' (F.)

17. *Irám* : 'planted by King Shaddad, and now sunk somewhere in the sands of Arabia.' (F.) It is termed 'many columned' in the Koran (ch. lxxxix. 6).

18. *Jamshýd's Sev'n-ring'd Cup* : Jamshyd was a mythical Persian king of the earliest dynasty. He is said to have reigned for 700 years and taught his people the uses of iron and the arts of weaving and navigation. His cup was used for divination, the seven rings typifying the seven heavens, seven planets, etc.

21. *David's Lips are lock't* : 'the Psalmist will sing no more.'

22. *Pehlevi* : or Pahlavi, here used of the language in which the Zendavesta is written, but more appropriately applied to the characters in which that language is transcribed.

24. *That yellow Cheek of hers* : FitzGerald in a note says that he does not know whether this was a red Rose looking sickly, or a yellow one which the nightingale wished to be red.

32. *Kaikobád* : a famous Sultan of the Seljukian dynasty, who ruled over almost the whole of Asia Minor and died in 1234. He was the nephew of one Sultan Kaikhosrau and the grandfather of another. *Jamshýd and Kaikobád* are here used for 'heroes' generally.

35. *Rustum* : or Rustam, a mythical hero of Kabul, best known to English readers by Matthew Arnold's poem *Sohrab and Rustum*.

36. *Hátim*, chieftain of the tribe Tai in days before the birth of Islam, was 'a well-known type of Oriental Generosity.' (F.)

37. *strown* : cf. below, l. 298, 'Among the Guests

Star-scatter'd on the Grass.' Some verb like 'lie' must be supplied before 'With me.'

40. *Máhmúd*: Sultan of Ghazin in Afghanistan (997–1030), surnamed 'The Great' for the expeditions he made in the interests of Islam against the infidels in India.

48. *of a* distant *Drum*: 'beaten outside a Palace,' (F.) to summon the soldiery. Death's summons need cause no anxiety while it is yet far off.

52. *its Treasure*: 'the Rose's Golden Centre.' (F.)

57-60. Thrifty and prodigal alike are turned to dust; neither of them is transmuted into gold.

61. *Caravanserai*: an inn in Eastern countries where caravans put up; in shape a quadrangular building with a large courtyard in the centre. Here it stands for the earth.

66. *The Courts*: at Persepolis, which Jamshýd is credited with having built.

67. *Bahrám*: Bahrám V, commonly called 'Gur' (the 'Wild Ass') from his love of hunting that animal, was king of Persia *c.* 420–438 (?).

80. *Yesterday's Sev'n Thousand Years*: FitzGerald's explanation of this—if it can be so called—is that there are 'a thousand years to each planet.' Dr. Nicholson says the 7000 years are counted from the creation of Adam, which is more intelligible.

86. *They left, and Summer dresses*: sc. which they left and which Summer dresses.

92. *Sans*: before the time of Shakespeare this substitute for 'without' was 'used almost exclusively with substantives adopted from Old French, in collocations already formed in that language,' *N.E.D.* It is pronounced to rime with 'pans.'

93, 94. Those who are living for this world and those who are living for the next respectively.

95. *Muezzin*: or mueddin, or mooddin, the crier who proclaims the hours of prayer from the minaret or roof of a mosque in Mohammedan countries.

98. *Of the Two Worlds*: I take this to mean the Visible and Invisible Worlds, and the relations between them.

122. *Saturn*: 'Lord of the Seventh Heaven.' (F.) In the Ptolemaic System the seventh of the spheres enclosing the earth (see note to No. 62, l. 48 and l. 131).

was that of the planet Saturn. There were yet two other spheres outside it.

133, 4. *did I adjourn My Lip*: used apparently in the sense of 'transfer'—a usage for which I find no parallel. The expression was changed in subsequent editions.

145. The 37th stanza and the 45th are the only two which are not found in the same or in an altered form in the later editions.

151. *The Stars are setting*: presumably this means 'fading,' as the stars are rising and setting continuously throughout the twenty-four hours.

161, 162. A quip at his studies in Logic and Geometry.

170. *The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects*: 'the Seventy-two Religions supposed to divide the World, including Islamism, as some think; but others not.' (F.)

172. *transmute*: supply 'can' from l. 169.

173. *Máhmúd*: see above, note on l. 40.

182. *a Magic Shadow-show*: 'a Magic-lantern still used in India; the cylindrical Interior being painted with various Figures, and so lightly poised and ventilated as to revolve round the lighted Candle within.' (F.)

191. *the Angel with his darker Draught*: Azrael, the Angel of Death.

193. *a Chequer-board*: a chess-board was originally called a 'chequer.'

197. *The Ball*: an allusion to the game of polo, which originated in the East.

201. *The Moving Finger writes*: sc. in the Book of Fate.

209. *With Earth's first Clay*, etc.: *i.e.* in moulding the first-created man the Heavenly Powers were fashioning the whole of the human race, and saddling mankind with responsibility till the end of time.

215. *Parwín and Mushtara*: these, FitzGerald tells us, are the Pleiads and Jupiter; the former come just at the head of Taurus, which is possibly a Foal in Persian astronomy. The literal translation of the Persian is, 'On the day when they saddled the wild horse of heaven (the sun), And equipped Mushtarî and Parwîn' (Nicholson). The three lines mean, 'When the Stars were first planted in the sky,'

i.e. at the creation of the Universe ; even then Omar's tastes and nature were being unalterably settled for him.

218. *the Súfi* : the Sufis are Mohammedan mystics whose creed is really pantheism, the belief that God is everything and everything is God. They regarded Omar with fear and hatred as one who ridiculed their beliefs and was too honest to conceal his doubts.

219. *a Key* : sc. to the mysteries of man's origin, purpose, and ultimate end.

221. *the one True Light* : *i.e.* God.

222. *Wrath-consume* : a strange compound for 'consume in wrath.' The omission of 'is' in l. 224 is rather harsh.

232. This tremendous line, with its last two words flinging on God's shoulders the responsibility for man's sins, is not in the original.

Kúza-Náma : 'Book of Pots,' a heading given to stanzas 59 to 66 ; the heading disappeared after the first edition.

234. *Ramazán* : or Ramadan, the month in which the Mohammedans fast each day till nightfall. The months in the Mohammedan calendar being lunar, the appearance of the new moon, which puts an end to this period of fasting, is eagerly awaited.

235. *Potter's Shop* : the view of Man and his Maker as the Pot and the Potter is as old as the Hebrew prophets, *e.g.* Jeremiah xviii. 6. See also Romans ix. 21.

239. *one more impatient* : the Agnostic pot, who had no knowledge as to whether God had made the universe, or the universe had made itself.

241. *Then said another* : the pot which believed in immortality.

245. *Another said* : a pot representing what would be termed the 'Broad Church' or 'Universalist' party in this country ; as is the pot of the sixty-fourth stanza.

250. *A Vessel*, etc. : the Determinist pot, who asserts that man has no power of choice, but necessarily follows the motive which appeals to him most strongly.

253. *Tapster* : the pots being wine-jars, their Master is naturally the Vintner.

257. *Then said another* : he typifies one who has lost his early faith, but hopes to recover it.

262. *the little Crescent*: see above, note to l. 234.

264. *the Porter's Shoulder-knot*: he would be walking to the tavern to refresh himself after his long abstinence. *Shoulder-knot* cannot well have here its usual meaning, 'a knot of ribbons worn for ornament on the shoulder'; I would take it rather of a hempen pad worn on the shoulders as a support for packages.

281. *play'd the Infidel*: I suppose this means 'played the traitor,' though the two are not identical.

293. *Moon of my Delight*: a not uncommon form of address in Persia to one beloved.

Tamám Shud: 'The End': literally 'It is finished.'

The reader who, while admiring—as who must not?—this beautiful poem, is depressed by its materialism, may find a corrective in Browning's 'Rabbi Ben Ezra' below, No. 348, which discusses many of the same problems.

320

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809–94), an American author, who is perhaps best known by his first book *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table* (1857–8); he also wrote some novels and a good many books of poems. By profession he was a doctor and for thirty-five years Professor of Anatomy at Harvard.

This poem is from chapter iv of *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*.

The Chambered Nautilus: so called from the chambered shell which it continually builds up as it grows.

1. *poets feign*: *e.g.* Pope, *Essay on Man*, iii. 178, 'Learn of the little Nautilus to sail, Spread the thin oar, and catch the driving gale.' The *Nautilus* was formerly supposed to use its webbed dorsal arms as sails.

5. *the siren*: see note to No. 86, l. 27.

14. *irised*: 'coloured like the rainbow.'

26. *Than ever Triton blew*, etc.: taken almost verbatim from Wordsworth, see No. 278, l. 14, and note.

321

Richard Monckton Milnes, afterwards Baron Houghton (1809–85), was a member of Parliament,

a traveller, and a champion of oppressed causes and unrecognized merits. His own were recognized by Lord Palmerston who raised him to the peerage. He has been already mentioned as editing Keats's *Works* in 1848.

This poem is from *Poems of Many Years* (1838). A few changes which were embodied in the final edition are printed here.

5, 6. *pine for force A ghost of Time to raise*: 'wish they had it in their power to bring back the past.'

7. *thus*: this must mean by the mere wishing; for obviously, if they could restore the past, they would be abolishing the present, as the two times could not run concurrently.

11. *self-wise*: 'wise in its own conceit.'

14. *forgone*: 'left alone,' 'relinquished.' Cf. note on No. 29, l. 9.

43. *For that*: it was on that account, *i.e.* because they made no attempt to expose or solve the mystery of evil.

52. *we are sick to greet*: the 'we' is emphatic, '*we* are longing to find.'

53, 54. We strain ourselves to find happiness, while it is all the time lying at our feet.

61. *restrain your haughty gaze*, etc.: *i.e.* do not look on the men of the past as your inferiors, for owing to lapse of time it is impossible for you to know what they were.

322

Alfred Tennyson, afterwards Baron Tennyson (1809–92), the most famous of three poet brothers, was made Poet Laureate at Wordsworth's death in 1850. He was easily the most popular of the Victorian poets, though opinions are divided as to whether he should be termed great; those who would assign him that title are far from unanimous in the order of merit in which his many works should be arranged. It will at least be admitted by all that he wrote with great sweetness and sincerity, and contended vigorously for what he deemed to be right.

The text of all Tennyson's poems printed here follows the changes which are contained in the *Selection* of 1865.

This song is from a longer poem 'The Miller's Daughter' published in the *Poems* of 1833.

4. *at her ear* : in later editions Tennyson altered this to ' in her ear '—a doubtful improvement.

14. *And all day long to fall* : it is impossible to explain the grammar here ; ' And ' must be superfluous, as there are no co-ordinate terms.

15. *balmy* : this may mean either ' fragrant ' or ' soothing.'

323

First printed in the *Keepsake* for 1837 ; reprinted in the second volume of *Poems*, 1842. In both these it is entitled ' St. Agnes.'

St. Agnes : a Roman martyr, beheaded at the age of thirteen in the Diocletian persecution, A.D. 304. Her festival is celebrated in the Christian churches on January 21st. On the Eve of St. Agnes girls were said to be able, by performing an appropriate ritual, to see the faces of their future husbands. So here the novice, looking from the convent window, beholds her ' Heavenly Bridegroom.'

6. *the snowy sward* : ' the lawn covered with snow.'

16. *yonder argent round* : sc. the silver moon.

28. *strows* : an archaic form of ' strews.'

324

From the second volume of *Poems* (1842).

Sir Galahad : the son of Lancelot and Elaine, the purest and noblest of the Knights of the Round Table.

5. *The shattering trumpet* : apart from the legend of the capture of Jericho, I can attach no other meaning to this adjective than ' nerve-shattering.'

25. *the stormy crescent* : the moon on a stormy night.

42. *the holy Grail* : this is commonly but erroneously taken to be the cup used by Christ at the Last Supper ; it was really the platter used on that occasion. According to the old legend it was brought to Glastonbury by Joseph of Arimathæa, who had caught in it some of Christ's blood at the crucifixion ; but later on it disappeared. It could only be found by one pure in heart and life, and though many Knights of Arthur's Court went on the quest, Galahad alone was successful.

43. *stoles* : used here for ' long cloaks.'

54. *springs* : in the 1842 edition, ' spins.'

325

Published with the preceding poem.

326

This song is from a poem 'The Brook' published in *Maud, and other Poems*, 1855.

1. *coot*: this name, properly applicable to only one species, is given to several swimming and diving birds.

hern: another form of 'heron.'

4. *bicker*: originally to fight or wrangle, it has later been used for any sound suggesting repeated blows, such as the rippling of a stream or the pattering of rain.

7. *thorps*: 'villages,' a word commonly found in place-names on the East Coast where Tennyson was born.

9. *Philip's farm*: Philip is a personage mentioned in the poem.

31. *waterbreak*: 'ripple,' a word used by Wordsworth, 'dancing down thy water-breaks.'

41. *I gloom, I glance*: 'I look dull or bright.'

327

The first of the incidental songs inserted into the third edition of *The Princess* (1850) to separate the several parts. The songs are quite apart from the poem and deal with other characters.

328

The third of the same songs.

9. *scar*: a steep face of rock.

329

A song from *The Princess* (1847).

7. *the underworld*: 'the antipodes.'

14. *The casement slowly grows a glimmering square*: *i.e.* the outline of the window becomes visible as daylight appears.

330

From the same.

331

From the same.

3. *porphyry*: the word is often used vaguely by poets for any purple polished stone, including granite and marble. It is strictly the name of a hard rock formerly quarried in Egypt.

7. *lies . . . all Danaë*: 'lies ready to be embraced.' Danaë, daughter of the king of Argos, was imprisoned by her father in a tower of brass, and, for all the king's precautions, was visited by Zeus in the form of a shower of gold and became by him the mother of Perseus. The story is explained as a Nature-myth, Danaë being the Earth, first hard bound by drought, then made fertile by the rain.

332

From the same.

13. *the silver horns*: 'the snowy mountain summits.'

14. *the white ravine*: a crevasse in a glacier.

15. *the firths of ice*: a glacier, as it slowly slides along its bed, drives to its sides or before it any stones or dirt which may have fallen on its surface; hence there is always a lot of debris at the tongue of a glacier. When the bed is level, the surface of the glacier is level, but when the bed falls there is a corresponding 'ice-fall,' abounding in 'huddling' seracs (pillars of ice), and 'cloven' with crevasses.

25. *azure pillars of the hearth*: *i.e.* columns of blue smoke from the fires lit for thy coming.

333

In Memoriam, wherein Tennyson records his grief for the loss of his friend Arthur Henry Hallam, was issued anonymously in 1850, seventeen years after Hallam's death. These lines form § cv.

334

From *Maud* (1855).

8. *the planet of Love*: Venus; see note to No. 187.

23, 24. *the setting moon . . . the rising day*: 'the west . . . the east.'

335

A song from 'Vivien' in *Idylls of the King* (1859). In 1870 and subsequently 'Vivien' was called 'Merlin and Vivien.'

8. *pitted speck*: a spot lying in a hollow.

336

Sir Francis Hastings Charles Doyle (1810–88) held office in the Customs and was Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1867–77) in succession to Matthew Arnold. He wrote three volumes of poems, the last being issued, as he admits in his preface, to support his application for the professorial chair. This volume, *The Return of the Guards and other Poems* (1866), contains the piece given here, which had previously appeared in *Macmillan's Magazine* for December 1860. The incident presumably took place during the war of 1860, when Sikh troops from India were used against the Chinese.

the Buffs: the East Kent Regiment, the old 3rd Regiment of the line.

the Kotow: the Chinese way of showing deep respect; it consists in prostration and touching the ground with the forehead.

4. *Who never looked before*: a rather clumsy way of saying that he was a reckless man who never considered the consequences of his actions.

6. *Elgin's place*: Lord Elgin was the son of the famous Lord Elgin who robbed the Parthenon of its marble friezes now in the British Museum. The son was appointed plenipotentiary to bring about the treaty which was concluded with China at Tientsin in 1858; he returned to China to enforce the treaty in 1860.

39. *Sparta's King*: Leonidas, who fell at Thermo-

pylæ with 300 Spartans in a vain attempt to stop the immense army of Persians under Xerxes (480 B.C.).

337

Alfred Domett (1811–87), an Englishman by birth, spent thirty years of his life in New Zealand, where he held important offices in the government. He was a life-long friend of Browning, who has drawn his character in 'Waring.'

This poem was printed in *Blackwood's Magazine*, April 1837, and afterwards in *Flotsam and Jetsam* (1877).

2. *Seven hundred years and fifty-three*: the legendary date of the foundation of Rome is 753 B.C.

6. *Peace brooded*: cf. above, Milton's *Nativity Ode*, No. 62, l. 52 and note.

17. *What recked the Roman*: 'what did the Roman care?'

338

Robert Browning (1812–89), one of the greatest of English poets, treated of every side of human life in his verse; his style is often rough and his meaning in places obscure, but he had a deep knowledge of humanity and a firm belief in the ultimate good purpose of the universe. His longest and greatest poem is *The Ring and the Book*, though it is also probably one of the least read, owing to its length and difficulty. His shorter pieces were mostly published in eight thin paper-backed books, appearing 1841–6, to which he gave the fanciful name *Bells and Pomegranates*, taken from the ornaments on the hem of the high-priest's robe, see Exodus xxxix. 24-6. Browning says that by this name he meant to indicate 'an alternation, or mixture, of music with discoursing, sound with sense, poetry with thought.'

This song is the first of Pippa's four songs in *Pippa Passes* which forms the first of those numbers.

All the poems of Browning given here are printed from the text of the 1868 edition.

339

This is Pippa's second song from the same dramatic poem. The first five lines of each verse are supposed

to be sung by a page, love-smitten for the Queen he serves and lamenting that, through her greatness and his lowliness, there is no service he can render her to gain her love.

13. *an earth to cleave, a sea to part*: to make gifts to the woman one loves merely means toil on land or sea, which any one can render if he wishes, and which can never prove too hard.

18. *jesses*: a jess was the strap by which a hawk was held.

340

From the seventh number of *Bells and Pomegranates* (1845). Browning admitted that he had Wordsworth in his mind, who from about 1814 became increasingly 'respectable and conservative' (*D.N.B.*); see above, note to No. 178.

4. *she lets us devote*: sc. to the cause of Liberty.

13. *Shakespeare was of us*: nothing is known of Shakespeare's political opinions, but as he made his first public appearance as a poacher, he can hardly have been 'respectable.' There can be no question that the sympathies of the three other poets were wholly on the side of the people.

23. *devils'-triumph*: so in the 1868 edition; the original had 'triumph for devils.'

341

From the same.

4. *bole*: 'trunk.'

342

From the same, where it comes as the third part of the preceding poem. The separate heading was prefixed later. The lines were evidently written off the south-west coast of Spain.

1. *Cape Saint Vincent*: the scene in 1797 of Admiral Jervis's victory with fifteen ships over the Spanish fleet of twenty-seven. For this Jervis was raised to the peerage with the title Earl St. Vincent.

2. *Cadiz Bay*: where in 1587 Drake burnt the fleet then preparing for the invasion of England.

3. *Trafalgar*: the Cape off which Nelson defeated

the combined French and Spanish fleets on October 21, 1805.

4. *Gibraltar*: taken by the English in 1704, and successfully defended on several occasions afterwards.

5, 6. *say, Whoso turns*, etc.: 'let each who says his prayers to-night, as I do, say in them "Here and here,"' etc.

343

From the second volume of *Men and Women* (1855).

10. *the true bosom*: that of the man she gave her love to.

11. *dalmatic*: a wide-sleeved, long, loose vestment with slit sides, worn by ecclesiastics on certain occasions and by kings at their coronations.

344

From the first volume of the same.

6-8. You and I in quarrelling have shown ourselves no wiser than birds, and fierce birds too!

13-20. It is better not to know the truth than to lose my faith in you.

20. *Eve and I*: 'I, just as Eve did.'

345

From the same volume. The meaning of the title is that the wooing of one woman may well fill up a whole life-time. Cf. No. 376, below.

15. *chace*: an alternative, though now old-fashioned, spelling of 'chase.'

18. *goes*: the original had 'drops.'

21, 22. *Ever Removed*: 'and the new one in turn always retires before me.'

346

From the second volume of *Men and Women* (1855).

The Revival of Learning in Europe: this awakening, which came at the end of the Middle (or Dark) Ages, began about 1400 and lasted for over two centuries, culminating in this country in the reign of Elizabeth.

3. *crofts*: enclosed spaces; their *tether* is the enclosing walls or hedges.

thorpes: see note to No. 326, l. 7.

8. *Rimming the rock-row*: 'fringing with light the rocky summit of the mountain.'

9-12. *That's the appropriate country*, etc.: *i.e.* he ought to be buried in the mountains, for there thought grows hot in the brain.

10. *Rarer*: 'finer.'

11. *Self-gathered*: 'drawn from the workings of the spirit within,' not picked up from others.

22. *the warning*: 'the word to start.'

34. *Apollo*: the god of song and the handsomest of the Olympians.

45. *grappled with the world*, etc.: 'forced his way into the seats of learning, which tried to resist his importunity.'

50. *he gowned him*: 'put on the scholar's garb.'

68. *Sooner, he spurned it*: *i.e.* he thought it a contemptible thing to try and live a life of action before he had learned wisdom.

71. *ere steel strike fire from quartz*: *i.e.* before you begin to cut the marble for the building.

86. *Calculus*: commonly called 'the stone,' a painful disease of the kidneys or bladder.

88. *Tussis*: 'a cough.'

95. *soul-hydroptic*: 'having an insatiable thirst in his soul'; an unquenchable thirst is one of the symptoms of dropsy.

107. *discount life*: 'sell the amount due to him in the future for a smaller sum paid down now'; he chose rather to wait for his reward till his work was ended than take it by instalments as he worked.

113. *That low man*: 'the man of low ideals.'

121-2. The man who has made worldly success his aim has only the world to look to if he is ever possessed with spiritual longings.

129. *Hoti*: ὅτι, a Greek particle, whose 'business' is more easily 'settled' than that of some others.

130. *based Oun*: traced the primary meaning of the particle οὖν.

131. *the enclitic De*: an enclitic is a word which throws its accent on the preceding word, to which sometimes, as with —δε, it is joined.

132. *Dead*: 'though he was paralysed.'

134. *your purlieus*: 'your own haunts.'

347

Originally published as the second of two short poems called 'Madhouse Cells' in the third number of *Bells and Pomegranates* (1842). The title 'Porphyria's Lover' was given on republication in 1863. The original title sufficiently indicates the subsequent fate of the narrator.

23, 24. We gather that Porphyria was the wife of some man of good position, whom she did not love, though she lacked strength to leave him and run away with her lover.

32. *Happy and proud*: in the original, 'Proud, very proud.'

348

From *Dramatis Personae* (1864).

Rabbi: a teacher of the Jewish Law. Abraham Ibn Ezra—to give him his correct name—was born in Toledo about 1092; he was a poet, and a friend of a yet more famous poet, Jehudah Halevi, whose daughter he married. Besides his poems he wrote commentaries on the Hebrew scriptures and works on astronomy and mathematics. He died in 1167. See the Browning Society's *Papers*, part ii, p. 162 (1882).

7. *Not that*: 'Do I remonstrate' must be supplied from l. 15 below; so also in l. 10; 'I do not complain that youth hesitates in choice of its pleasures and has extravagant longings.'

15. *folly wide the mark*: 'that is a foolish supposition, and far from the truth.'

16, 17. *the doubt Low kinds exist without*: for it is only the high mind that is troubled by dissatisfaction and the stirrings of divine discontent.

24. *Irks care the crop-full bird*, etc.: mere animals are troubled by no cares or doubts but how to get food.

29. *hold of God*: 'are the vassals of God.'

37. *thence*: 'through the pangs it feels.'

39. *in that it seems to fail*: 'because of its apparent failure.'

45. *Whose spirit works*, etc.: 'whose mind serves merely to direct his muscles.'

46. *this test*: *i.e.* the test of a man's real worth is

whether his body is used to forward and feed the soul or vice versa.

49. *gifts* : *i.e.* the gifts of Nature.

65, 66. *those manifold Possessions of the brute* : what we call the lower animals are our superiors in speed, strength, agility, health, and instinct. Man, who works harder than they, should have some special gift to balance these advantages, viz. the power to control —not extinguish—his bodily desires, and so find 'rest.'

68. '*Spite of this flesh*,' etc. : this was the view of the early Christians, who despised the body as unclean, and often kept it so ; rightly regarded, it is not merely beautiful, but a help in spiritual progress.

75. *having so far reached its term* : *i.e.* now that I have arrived at the time of life when youth and age meet.

87. *Leave the fire ashes*, etc. : *i.e.* though the fires of youth burn out, they serve to purify man's nature.

88. *the same* : see note to No. 238, l. 5.

115-20. It is enough if in age we can get as absolute a knowledge of Right and Wrong, Good and Evil, the Changing and the Eternal, as we have of our own hands.

121-3. In age we should be able to look back on the people we have met and distinguish between the great-souled and the mean-souled.

133-8. In estimating a man we must not judge of him merely by what is called 'his work in the world,' though that is all the world ever sees.

136. *from level stand* : 'standing themselves on the same level as the actor.'

169. *the earlier grooves* : the metaphor of the Pot is kept up ; it was fashioned from the bottom upwards and round the base were wrought laughing maidens. I take *grooves* to be the tools with which the clay was modelled, the pressure being now applied, now relaxed ; but *N.E.D.* gives no such meaning.

187. *So* : 'therefore,' *i.e.* since I never mistook the object with which I, the cup, was formed.

349

Written a few months after Mrs. Browning's death in 1861 and printed in the *Atlantic Monthly* for

June 1864, and subsequently in *Dramatis Personae* (1864).

Prospice: 'look forward.'

1. *to feel*: though there is no subsequent note of interrogation, this must, equally with 'death,' be governed by 'Do I fear?'

5. *The power of the night*, etc.: co-ordinate with 'the place.'

10. *the barriers*: sc. at the end of the lists, by which the combatants were admitted.

15. *forbore*: 'refrained from putting forth all his terrors.'

25. *first a peace out of pain*: in the original, 'first a peace, then a joy'

350

William Edmondstoune Aytoun (1813–65) was Professor of Rhetoric at Edinburgh University and a lifelong contributor to *Blackwood's Magazine*. In conjunction with Theodore Martin he produced *Bon Gaultier Ballads* in 1855.

This poem is from *Lays of the Scottish Cavaliers* (1849), with the changes given in the edition of 1863.

Montrose: James Graham, fifth Earl and first Marquis of Montrose (1612–50), gained several victories for King Charles in Scotland during the Civil War. Invading Scotland in 1650 to avenge the king's execution, he lost most of his troops by shipwreck, and the remainder were cut to pieces at Invercharron in Rossshire. After wandering about in the wilds of Sutherland, where he was nearly starved, he fell into the hands of a Macleod of Assynt who handed him over to General Leslie.

The ballad, says Aytoun, is 'related by an aged Highlander who had followed Montrose . . . to his grandson, shortly before the battle of Killiecrankie' (1689).

9. *pibroch*: see note to No. 204, l. 1.

13. *led*: 'acted as guide to.'

14. *Lochaber's snows*: Lochaber is a mountainous district in the south of Inverness-shire.

20. *Inverlochy's shore*: in February 1645 Montrose utterly routed Argyll, head of the Campbell clan, at

Inverlochy near Fort William. The following April he pillaged Dundee.

22. *the Lindsays' pride*: the Lindsays were a Covenanting clan of Fifeshire.

37. *the Watergate*: in Edinburgh, at the lower end of the Canongate.

38. *hempen span*: a span in nautical language is a rope fastened at each end and drawn taut; it does not seem a very appropriate word for a prisoner's bonds.

40. *fenceless*: for 'defenceless,' used by Milton and Scott.

59. *carles*: 'men of low birth.'

77. *a woman's voice*: the *Wigton Papers* say that of all the thousands assembled only one mocked at him, the Countess of Haddington, and she was rebuked from the crowd; this explains the 'angry cry' of l. 79.

81. *Graeme*: another spelling of 'Graham.'

83. *sold his king*: Charles surrendered himself to the Scottish army, then lying at Newark, in May 1646. The following January the Scots handed him over to the English, and agreed to accept £400,000 as arrears of pay, insisting at the same time with great delicacy that the two transactions were entirely separate.

89. *The painted harlot*: the newly wedded Marchioness of Argyll.

94. *coward*: Argyll was no warrior; when his men were defeated at Inverlochy, he watched the action from a boat.

98. *Camerons*: a Scottish clan.

99. *Dunedin's streets*: Dunedin is the Celtic name for Edinburgh.

100. *slogan-cry*: the Highland war-cry.

110. *the solemn hall*: in the Parliament House.

117. *Warristoun*: Archibald Johnston of Warristoun, a Covenanter who was executed after the Restoration.

121. *belted*: a belt formed part of the insignia of earls and knights.

143. *shall gather them*: on the night before his execution Montrose scratched on his window an eight-line poem in which this idea appears.

147. *the levin-bolt*: 'the lightning.'

189. *battlement*: *i.e.* a heavy thunder-cloud.

193. *Geneva ministers*: under the leadership of Calvin Geneva became the centre of the Reformation

in the middle of the 16th century. The Presbyterian ministers were all Calvinists.

206. *the shriven* : one who has made confession to a priest and received absolution.

351

Charles Mackay (1814–89), editor and assistant-editor of various English and Scottish newspapers, is best known as a writer of songs, of which he seemed able to produce an endless quantity. According to *D.N.B.* this is one of a set which appeared in the *Illustrated London News* for 1851 with music by Bishop ; but I cannot find it there. It is printed in Mackay's *Ballads and Lyrical Poems* of 1856.

1. *Tubal Cain* : see Genesis iv. 22, 'And Zillah, she also bare Tubal-cain, an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron.'

352

Arthur Hugh Clough (1819–61) was educated at Rugby and Balliol College, Oxford. For six years he held a fellowship at Oriel. His first published poem was *The Bothie of Tober-na-Vuolich* (1848), which Mr. H. S. Milford terms 'the most considerable and the most successful attempt that has yet been made to write so-called English hexameters' (*Poems of Clough*). The following year appeared *Ambarvalia*, a collection of shorter poems, not all of which were Clough's, and in 1858 *Amours de Voyage* was published in the *Atlantic Monthly*. Other poems by him were published posthumously in 1862. He was a great friend of Matthew Arnold's, who wrote one of his best-known poems, 'Thyrsis,' to commemorate him.

Qua Cursum Ventus : 'where the wind [directs] their course.' This poem is from *Ambarvalia*.

353

First published in the *Poems* of 1862. Clough, who died in Italy, was perhaps thinking of Peschiera or one of the other early defeats suffered by the Italians in the war with Austria.

354

From the same ; a reminiscence of Clough's voyage to America in 1852 in search of work.

1. This line is taken almost verbatim from a sonnet of Wordsworth's, 'Where lies the land to which yon ship must go?

355

George Eliot was the pen-name of Mary Ann or Marian Evans, afterwards Mrs. Cross (1819–80), one of the greatest of English novelists, who first showed her powers in *Scenes from Clerical Life* and *Adam Bede*. She was a wide reader and a profound student of religion and philosophy; her genius was greatly fostered by her connexion with George Henry Lewes, with whom she lived for twenty-four years.

This poem was written in 1867 and published in *The Legend of Jubal, and other Poems*, 1874.

Longum illud tempus, etc.: 'I am more concerned with the long time to come, when I shall be no more, than with this narrow present.'

11. *Breathing as beauteous order that controls*: so all the editions, but the sense would certainly be clearer if we read 'a' for 'as'; in any case the meaning is that the breath of the singer acts as a harmonizing influence.

16. *Rebellious flesh*: opposed to the 'truer self' of l. 21.

17. *shaming still its child*: the flesh, though giving birth to repentance, falls away again and brings shame on its own good resolutions.

24. *Laboriously tracing*, etc.: *i.e.* distinguishing between necessary and curable evils, always an extraordinarily difficult problem and one on which no two people will agree.

25. *saw*: the subject is 'That' (l. 23); 'truer self' (l. 21) is left without a verb till l 30.

31, 32. *the human sky Be gathered like a scroll*: an echo of Isaiah xxxiv. 4, 'the heavens shall be rolled together as a scroll.'

356

Charles Kingsley (1819–75), rector of Eversley in Hampshire, was best known as the author of half a dozen novels, one of which at least, *Westward Ho!* (1855), is still popular. He was for nine years Professor of Modern History at Cambridge, and throughout his life an ardent denouncer of the wrongs of the poor. Like his contemporary Maurice, he was a Christian

Socialist at a time when neither Christianity nor Socialism were very vital forces in this country, when most people indeed believed the two to be antagonistic.

'Airly Beacon' was written in 1847 and published in *Andromeda and other Poems* (1858). I have been unable to find where—if anywhere—there is a hill so called.

357

From chap. xxvi of *Alton Locke* (1851), where there are a few slight variations of text from that subsequently given when reprinted with *Andromeda*.

Dee: the estuary of the River Dee, between the county of Flint and Cheshire, tapers from about six miles across to a little over two miles.

358

Written in 1854 and published with *Andromeda*.

18. *Crisp the lazy dyke*: 'make curling waves on the sluggish ditch.'

28. *curdled*: to curdle is properly used of rendering milk solid by means of rennet or other substances; here it is used of the sky as being a solid mass of storm-clouds.

31. *holt*: 'wood.'

32. *bent*: 'a bare, uncultivated field.'

61. *as came our fathers*: the invasion of the English as settlers is reckoned as beginning with the landing of Hengist and Horsa in 449; the great battles of Deorham, near Bath, and Chester, both in 577, completed their conquest of Britain. The invasion of the Vikings from Denmark and Scandinavia lasted intermittently for a century from about 800.

359

From chap. ii of *The Water-Babies* (1863), where it has no title.

360

Walt Whitman (1819–92), an American poet, unique alike in his subjects and his style; for the former he took the presentation of the America of his day in all

its various departments, and the expression of his own feelings, as an essentially modern person, on all the deep problems of life. He was fearlessly outspoken on subjects which are generally left alone, and has often been taxed with indecency by people incapable of understanding his point of view. He discarded rime and metre, except in a very few short poems, so that his writings may rather be termed prose rhapsodies than verse. All he wrote was incorporated under the heading *Leaves of Grass*, which, first published as a slim book in 1855, quadrupled in bulk before its last edition in 1891. The section in which 'O Captain' comes is headed 'Memories of President Lincoln,' the U.S.A. president, who had held office from 1861, before the war broke out between the North and the South, till his murder in April 1865, six weeks before its end.

2. *rack*: 'storm-clouds, driven by the wind.'

361

Jean Ingelow (1820–97) wrote eight volumes of poems besides several novels and some children's books. This song is from the poem 'Supper at the Mill,' published in the *Poems* of 1863.

1. *the virginals*: a square legless spinet (precursor of the piano) used in the 16th and 17th centuries.

3. *for all cordials*: 'as the only cordial I took'; the meaning would be clearer with a comma after 'smelling.'

4. *marjorie*: this presumably means 'marjoram,' an aromatic herb used in cookery; but for the word used I can find no parallel.

362

From the *Poems* of 1863.

Miss Ingelow was born at Boston in Lincolnshire, and no doubt had heard when quite young of this terrible storm, which took place on October 5, 1571. A long account of it is given in Holinshed's *Chronicle*, from which it appears that the damage done throughout the southern and midland counties was enormous, though the loss of life was not so great as in other similar storms. By a singular coincidence, in September

1671 there was another storm of equally destructive power in Lincolnshire.

1. *the belfry tower*: the fine tower of St. Botolph's Church at Boston is visible for forty miles round over the level country.

7. '*The Brides of Enderby*': it can be gathered from the poem that this was a tune played on the bells only as a warning of some great calamity; but I can find nothing more about it. The village of Mavis Enderby is near Spilsby, about eighteen miles from Boston.

8. *a stolen tyde*: I suppose this to mean one coming at an irregular interval, but I cannot find the term, or any ground for thinking such an occurrence possible. In a *History of the County of Lincoln* published by J. Saunders in 1834, the author, speaking of another calamity, says, 'it being what is called a stolen tide, the country was not prepared for it'; but no dictionary that I have consulted gives the phrase.

18. *barren*: presumably, 'cloudless.'

20. *Lindis*: Leland, writing about 1560, uses this term for the River Witham; but Camden in *Britannia*, twenty years later, says there is no good ground for supposing the river had ever borne this name, and shows that it was called Witham in the twelfth century. He suggests that the name was coined to account for the Roman name of Lincoln, 'Lindum Colonia.'

22. '*Cusha*': a cry to cattle, from 'cu' a form of 'cow' which was in use up to 1500.

28. *melick*: (or 'melic') a kind of grass.

48. *Bin*: *bin* or *been* was always plural and, though archaic, may be used for 'are'; to use it for 'is,' as here, and as it is used by Byron in *Don Juan*, is incorrect.

51. *mote*: 'could'; an old verb expressing permission or possibility (='may'), or necessity (='must'). It is a present tense and improperly used as a past.

71. *Mablethorpe*: on the Lincolnshire coast, about thirty miles north-east of Boston.

72. *warping down*: to warp a vessel is to drag it along by ropes fixed to the shore or to buoys, etc., and hauled in from the ship. This does not seem a very expeditious means of approach for pirates to use.

73. *scorpe*: it is impossible to say what Miss Ingelow

meant by this, as the word is not given in any dictionary I have seen. If she meant 'scarp,' the steep face of a hill, there are no hills near Boston.

75. *the west bin red*: commonly regarded as a promise of fine weather.

81. *the welkin*: 'the sky.'

101. *eygre*: a pseudo-archaic form of 'eagre' or 'eager,' a tidal wave, caused by the rushing of the water up a narrowing estuary, such as the Humber or the Severn.

109. *her weltering walls*: *i.e.* her sodden banks.

363

Matthew Arnold (1822–88), eldest son of Dr. Arnold, Head-master of Rugby, was Professor of Poetry at Oxford (1857–67). As a critic he was unsurpassed, though he caused some perturbation in orthodox circles by applying the canons of literary criticism to the Bible. His poems are of very unequal merit; some rise to a high level, while others are little more than metric prose. Many of them evince the morbid and fretful discontent of a mind conscious of the need of some message to humanity and of its own inability to give one. Deeply dissatisfied with himself and all around him, he lacked the inner light to vitalize his keen intellect.

The text I have followed in all Matthew Arnold's poems is that of the edition of 1869.

The Forsaken Merman appeared in what was, apart from a School and a University poem, his first book, published anonymously, *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems* (1849). It tells the tale of a Merman who had won a woman as his wife, so that she lived with him under the sea and bore him children. But having gone to land for the Easter-day service, finding herself among her own people again, she returned no more to the sea.

20. In the editions of 1849, 1853, and 1869 the inverted comma is given here, at the end of this line. In the posthumous editions of 1890 and 1903 it is removed to the end of the next line, where it seems more appropriate.

37. *the spent lights*: *i.e.* the sunlight had lost its

force and radiance in penetrating to the recesses of the cavern.

69. *sea-stocks* : a plant with a purple flower.

96. *the shuttle* : this is used in weaving, not in spinning. Are we to suppose she was engaged in both tasks simultaneously, or that the poet has confused them ?

108. A change of metre occurs from this line to the end, anapæsts, which have appeared at intervals before, *e.g.* ll. 53-62, being substituted for the prevailing trochees of the earlier part, 'Come away', away chil'dren ! Come chil'dren, come down' ! ' etc.

127. *When spring-tides are low* : 'spring-tide' is the name given to the tides which occur each month shortly after the new and full moons ; the flood tide is then unusually high, and the ebb unusually low ; at the two other quarters there is a 'neap-tide', when the water neither rises nor sinks to the usual level.

364

A song sung by Callicles in *Empedocles on Etna* (1852), also published anonymously.

7. *Helicon* : the mountain range in Boeotia, sacred to Apollo and the Muses, lying between Lake Copais and the Gulf of Corinth.

11. *Thisbe* : a little town to the south of Mt. Helicon.

30. *the Nine* : *i.e.* the Muses.

39. *Olympus* : Mt. Olympus in the south-east of Macedonia was the legendary home of the gods.

40. *endless* : 'immortal.'

365

From *The Strayed Reveller and Other Poems* (1849).

1. *abide* : 'tolerate,' *i.e.* allow us to ask questions about them. Many attempts have been made to investigate the life of Shakespeare and to discover from the works something of the man ; but none of the countless keys to his character which have been discovered have proved convincing to any but the discoverers ; and, as they will not accept each other's conclusions, the mists around him remain still impenetrable.

3. *sovran*: see note to No. 62, l. 60.

7. *Spares but the border*, etc.: as the tallest mountain is known only at its foot, so the loftiest intellects are unknown to the world except in trifling points.

11. *unguess'd at*: few things in the history of literature are more remarkable than the indifference shown by his contemporaries to one whom subsequent ages have, not merely in the English-speaking world, regarded as the master-mind of all time. He made less money than a successful grocer might reasonably look for, and received less honour than would now be paid to a provincial alderman.

366

From *Empedocles on Etna, and Other Poems* (1852).

4. *unopening down*: if this means 'without the upper sash being pulled down,' it is hard to see why the poet should regard this as unfriendly on the part of the inmates. Windows are opened at the top for purposes of ventilation, and not to exchange greetings with passers-by.

7. *lost* and *fading* qualify 'tract' (l. 10).

84, 85. *their silent pain Who*: 'the silent pain of those who.'

367

From the same.

16. *task'd*: the ordinary meaning would be 'strained,' 'oppressed by the task imposed on it'; but I would rather suppose *task'd morality* to mean 'morality assumed as a task,' 'adopted from a sense of duty.'

24. *it is not mine*: as Nature is essentially unmoral and works on purely mechanical lines, she has no part in the divine strivings of Man, who, like herself, sprang originally from 'the breast of God.'

368

From the same.

36. *Rebekah*: see Genesis xxiv. 15 *sqq.*; though in the Biblical narrative Rebekah did not sit by the well.

45. *Moses*: see Exodus iii. 1.

57. *shot*: 'variegated.'

369

From the *Poems* of 1853.

Philomela: see note to No. 34, l. 23.

18. *in the Thracian wild*: the tragedy happened in Daulis, as the note just referred to says, and not in Thrace.

27. *Cephissian vale*: Cephissus was a river of Phocis.

370

From the same.

Requiescat: 'may she rest'; I have not been able to discover whom this beautiful little poem was intended to commemorate.

12. *laps*: 'wraps,' 'folds.' Cf. No. 34, l. 24.

371

From the same.

subtilty of his carriage: 'cleverness of his demeanour.'

Glanvil: Joseph Glanvill (1636–80), was a student at Exeter and Lincoln Colleges, Oxford, who ultimately became a prebendary of Worcester. *The Vanity of Dogmatizing, or Confidence in Opinions* was a plea for freedom of thought and the use of experiment; though in a subsequent work on Witchcraft Glanvill shows himself by no means free from the credulity of his time.

2. *wattled cotes*: 'sheds made of hurdles.'

4. *rack*: 'strain,' with shouting to him to come.

5. *shoot another head*: 'spring up again.'

9. *Cross*: the omission of 'to' is rather ugly.

25. *blue*: altered in the 1890 edition to 'pink.'

28. *bent grass*: termed also merely 'bent,' a rush-like grass with a stiff stem. The word in its secondary sense of a field where such grass grows appears in No. 358, l. 32.

42. *erst*: this word is often used in Spenser and Milton with the meaning 'a little while since,' but in this sense it is obsolete; with the meaning 'formerly,' which it has here, it is merely archaic.

57. *the Hurst* : *hurst* means either a hill, or a wood, or, combining the two ideas, a wooded hill. Cumnor Hurst lies to the south-west of Oxford.

59. *ingle-bench* : ' seat nearest the fire ' ; see note to No. 270, l. 16.

69. *Cumner hills* : Cumnor [*sic*] is three miles west of Oxford ; Bablock Hythe ferry over the Thames is about three miles farther on.

76. *chops* : ' suddenly shifts.'

79. *Wychwood bowers* : Wychwood Forest lies to the north of Witney ; its edge is about fourteen miles from Oxford.

83. *Fyfield*: beyond Cumnor on the road to Faringdon, about eight miles from Oxford.

90. *words she can report of thee* : *i.e.* none of the maidens could say she had heard him speak.

91. *Godstow Bridge* : over the Thames, three miles above Oxford.

95. *lasher* : ' pool below the weir,' a term mainly confined to the Thames.

100. *wert* : see note to No. 241, l. 2.

107. *watching* : altered to ' haunting ' in 1869, and again to ' eyeing ' in 1890.

111. *Bagley-wood* : three miles from Oxford on the Abingdon road.

114. *tagg'd* : ' having bits of rags hanging on it.'

115. *Thessaly* : this does not appear to have been identified.

125. *Hinksey* : North and South Hinksey lie between Oxford and Cumnor, to the south of the main road.

147. *teen* : ' suffering.'

149. *the just-pausing Genius* : according to classical paganism each person was allotted an attendant spirit at birth who determined his character, presided over his fortunes, and ultimately conducted him out of the world. In *just-pausing* the former part is for ' justly ' ; it was but fair that man should be allowed to show his own ineffectiveness before being taken hence.

153. *wert* : here subjunctive, ' wouldst be,' put for ' wouldst have been.'

172. *our casual creeds* : most people hold their creed because they happen to have been brought up in it ; very few have found a creed for themselves.

182. *one* : I am indebted to a kindly correspondent in

Notes and Queries for the suggestion that Arnold meant Tennyson, and was thinking of 'In Memoriam,' v—

> 'But, for the unquiet heart and brain,
> A use in measured language lies;
> The sad mechanic exercise,
> Like dull narcotics, numbing pain.'

190. *anodynes*: 'drugs to alleviate pain.'

193. *to bear*: sc. to bear up.

208. *Averse*: 'turning away.'

as Dido did: see *Aeneid* vi. 469, 'Illa solo fixos oculos aversa tenebat. . . . Tandem corripuit sese, atque inimica refugit,' 'Turning away she kept her eyes fixed on the ground. . . . At last she gave a quick start and fled from him indignant.' Her *false friend* was Aeneas, who had been a good deal more than a friend, and a good deal less.

225. *Like us*, etc.: sc. to become distracted like us.

234. *Lifting the cool-hair'd creepers*: *i.e.* the bows of the boat were thrusting aside the vegetation on the edge of the shore as the boat put out to sea. Matthew Arnold is not very happy in his compound epithet.

238. *Chian wine*: the island of Chios in the Aegean, five miles from the coast of Asia, was famous for its wine, which was often mentioned by Roman writers.

239. *tunnies*: a large fish, weighing sometimes as much as a thousand pounds, which resembles a gigantic mackerel. It abounds in the Mediterranean, and when dried and salted is largely consumed in the adjacent countries.

240. *his ancient home*: the Phoenicians from Tyre were the earliest navigators recorded by history. To forward their commerce they founded colonies on the west coasts of Spain and Africa, and it was from their colony of Carthage that Pytheas sailed in 320 B.C. to make the first recorded visit to Britain.

244. *Midland*: a literal translation of 'Mediterranean.'

245. *the Syrtes*: two bays on the north coast of Africa.

247. *unbent sails*: 'lowered his sails.'

249. *Iberians*: the name generally given to the aboriginal inhabitants of the Spanish peninsula.

372

From *New Poems* (1867).

13. *my father*: Thomas Arnold, D.D. (1795–1842), became Head-master of Rugby in 1828, and in a short time entirely regenerated the school, earning also the love and respect of all who knew him. He was appointed Regius Professor of Modern History at Oxford in 1841 and died suddenly in June of the following year.

20. *not of gloom*: changed in the 1890 edition to 'not dark.'

110. *the grim and taciturn host*: it is not easy to see whom Matthew Arnold means. It cannot be Death, for those who were 'lost in the storm' would equally have met with him; it is perhaps a personification at once of Old Age and Death.

162. *or sons*: an echo of Galatians iv. 7, 'Wherefore thou art no more a servant, but a son'; and John xv. 15, 'For the servant knoweth not what his lord doeth.'

186. *Labour*: altered to 'Stagger' in the 1890 edition.

190. *Ye*: sc. the servants of God, l. 161.

373

William Johnson Cory (1823–92) was an assistant master at Eton for twenty-seven years. His first book of poems, *Ionica*, was published anonymously in 1858, an enlarged edition appearing in 1891. The three poems here given are all included in the earlier edition.

Mimnermus: a Greek elegiac poet who flourished from about 634 to 600 B.C. Few of his compositions have come down to us, the rest having been burnt in anti-erotic zeal by the Byzantine monks. However, enough remains to show the kind of reply he would have made to any one who tried to draw him into the fold of the Church; so, though this little poem is not a translation of any of his extant songs, it may be taken as very well representing his point of view.

15. *quires*: for the spelling see note to No. 62, l. 115.

374

The translation of a six-line poem by Callimachus (d. about 240 B.C.), given in the *Anthol. Palat.* vii. 80.

Εἰπέ τις, Ἡράκλειτε, τεὸν μόρον, ἐς δέ με δάκρυ
ἤγαγεν, ἐμνήσθην δ' ὁσσάκις ἀμφότεροι
ἥλιον ἐν λέσχῃ κατεδύσαμεν· ἀλλὰ σὺ μέν που,
ξεῖν' Ἁλικαρνησεῦ, τετράπαλαι σποδιή,
αἱ δὲ τεαὶ ζώουσιν ἀηδόνες ἧσιν ὁ πάντων
ἁρπακτὴρ Ἀΐδης οὐκ ἐπὶ χεῖρα βαλεῖ.

1. *Heraclitus* : we know nothing more of this friend of Callimachus than what we are here told, that he lived at Halicarnassus, a city of Caria in Asia Minor.

375

Amaturus : ' ready to fall in love.'

34. *golden rod of wonder* : Hermes was the messenger and herald of the gods of Olympus ; one of his functions was to conduct the souls of the dead to the lower world. Like other heralds he carried a staff (caduceus) ; but his possessed magic properties and was used to open or close the eyes of mortals. It is often represented as twined round with two serpents.

376

Coventry Kersey Dighton Patmore (1823–96) was for twenty-one years a librarian at the British Museum. His first volume of *Poems* was published in 1844, and *The Angel in the House*, a poem on the relation between human and divine love, and his best-known work, from 1854 to 1866. The piece here given is from Book II, Canto xii of that work, and appeared first in the second edition (1858).

5, 6. *such That* : this sentence is completed by, ' she with happy favour feeds,' etc. (l. 13).

8. *familiarness* : this ugly substitute for ' familiarity ' was used in the 17th and 18th centuries, but is now—fortunately—rare.

21. *Not with her least consent of will*, etc. : *i.e.* she does not intentionally show me that her deference proceeds from her courtesy, but I can read it in her manner.

377

From *The Unknown Eros and other Odes* (1877).
2. *wise* : ' manner,' seen in ' likewise,' ' otherwise.'
17. *abraded* : ' worn.'

378

Sydney Thompson Dobell (1824–74) was a probably unique combination of poet and wine-merchant, whose first poem *The Roman* appeared in 1850 and achieved considerable success. Six years later appeared a volume inspired by the Crimean War, with the title *England in Time of War*. In this, with no great appropriateness, is a short poem ' A Nuptial Eve,' which is only a setting for the ballad ' Keith of Ravelston ' which it contains. The introduction tells how on the eve of her marriage a maiden sings ' a dim sad legend old,' dealing with incidents which happened ' she knows not when or where.' Her ignorance will probably be shared by the reader. The ' sadness ' of the legend is considerably lessened by its ' dimness ' ; for it is impossible to determine what took place or who were the actors ; in fact this ' genuine ballad,' as Professor Nichol calls it, is as unlike a genuine ballad as well may be ; for such are ever direct, simple, and intelligible.

3, 4. Possibly as an attempt to copy the old ballad style, these two lines occur five times in the poem, without, however, throwing any light on the incident narrated.

31. *burnie* : a Scottish diminutive of ' burn,' ' stream.'

379

Dante Gabriel Rossetti (1828–82) was equally celebrated as poet and painter ; in both arts he had a style all his own, which not merely won him great fame, but secured the following of a number of imitators, who failed to achieve the success of their master. With Millais, Holman Hunt, and others he founded the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the main article of whose creed was that true art consisted in a return to a nearer

following of nature, such as prevailed before Raphael led the way to a new conception of painting.

This poem was first published in the second number (February) of the *Germ* (1850), a small monthly periodical of only four numbers, the last two of which were called *Art and Poetry*. The second appearance of the poem was in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* for November 1856; and its third in Rossetti's *Poems* of 1870. There are many variations of text in these three, the changes being most numerous in the version of 1856; but about fifteen alterations were made in the edition of 1870, which is the one given here, and one or two in the *Collected Works* brought out in 1886 after Rossetti's death by his brother. Almost without exception the changes made on each occasion were great improvements in point of expression.

Damozel: 'modern poets and romantic writers (led by Sir W. Scott) have recalled the 16th–17th century *damosel, damozel*, to express a more stately notion than is now conveyed by *damsel*,' *N.E.D.*

13. *Herseemed*: an archaism for 'it seemed to her,' revived by William Morris and Rossetti after a sleep of three centuries.

53, 54. *as when The stars sang*: this phrase, repeated in the next stanza, is borrowed from Job xxxviii. 7, 'When the morning stars sang together.'

105. *her five handmaidens*: apparently there is no foundation for considering these, or any other saints, as special attendants on the Virgin; Rossetti probably chose them for the sound of their names.

126. *citherns and citoles*: the former was an instrument like a guitar, but played with a plectrum or quill; a *citole* was an instrument like a small harp, but with a sounding-board parallel to the strings.

380

Christina Georgina Rossetti (1830–94), sister to Dante Gabriel, had her brother's gift of poetical expression, but replaced his devotion to Art with a deep fervour for religion, which led to the rupture of an engagement to be married, whereby much of her subsequent verse was tinged with sadness. Her best work was in her first book, *Goblin Market and other Poems*

(1862), from which all the six pieces given here are taken.

382

13. *Better by far* : *i.e.* I shall think it better, etc.

384

3. *an ivy branch* : in ancient times the ivy was sacred to Bacchus, and hence in mediæval England it was hung outside a house to show that wine was sold within. In Christian art it was symbolical of eternal life ; but I cannot find it used elsewhere as a symbol of premature old age.

385

2. *a watered shoot* : I take this to mean the rocks fringing a waterfall.

6. *halcyon* : ' calm.' Cf. No. 62, l. 68 and note.

9. *dais* : here used for ' a seat on a platform at the end of a hall ' ; more commonly it is the platform itself.

10. *vair* : a fine fur used for lining robes ; the term is now used only in heraldry.

386

Alexander Smith (1830–67) began life as a pattern-designer in Glasgow, but even then contributed poetry to the *Glasgow Citizen*. His first long poem, *A Life Drama* (1851), secured him the recognition of the public, and he was rescued from manual work by being appointed Secretary to Edinburgh University in 1854. The following year he joined Dobell (see above, No. 378) in producing *Sonnets on the War*, an effusion which gained for them the title of the ' Spasmodic School.'

This song is from ' Horton ' in *City Poems* (1857).

11. *when rising* : as it stands, this agrees with ' a face,' which is absurd ; the poet meant it, of course, to agree with an unexpressed ' I.'

20. *A purple stain of agony* : *i.e.* the blood had forsaken her face, leaving her lips blue.

31. *yon brink* : satisfied with the rime, the poet

apparently did not think that the reader might reasonably ask, 'brink of what?'

54. *selfish shores*: it is not easy to see in what the selfishness of the shore lay, unless it was in declining to admit the encroachment of the sea, which was 'hurt and wounded' on that account. But the 'Spasmodic School' seem to have attached more importance to sound than sense.

387

William Morris (1834–96), poet, craftsman, printer, and Socialist, was educated at Marlborough School and Exeter College, Oxford, where he formed a lifelong friendship with Burne-Jones. Together with Rossetti he helped to found the *Germ* (see No. 379), and in 1856 the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine*. His best-known poem is *The Earthly Paradise* (1868–70), and his most read prose work *News from Nowhere*, a sketch of the Socialist Utopia. He also helped to translate many Icelandic sagas, as well as the *Odyssey* and the *Aeneid*. He indulged in all his books in an inordinate love of archaisms, which gives them an air of artificiality that is doubly unfortunate in a man who was the embodiment of directness, clear vision, and sincerity.

This poem and the three which follow it are all from Morris's first book, *The Defence of Guenevere and other Poems* (1858). The first three of the four are taken in style or circumstance from Froissart's *Chronicle*, which deals with the wars of the 14th century. In the first old Sir John comes to see Sir Giles, a friend of his prime, who is living at the Duke's court; here he meets the Duchess, who before she married the Duke had loved Sir John, and he finds that his heart beats no whit the faster, and that he can criticize calmly the alterations which time had made in her and in his own feelings.

5. *basnet*: (or basinet), a small light steel headpiece, somewhat globular in shape with a point over the forehead.

6. *salade*: (or sallet), a similar headpiece, but without the point. Unless it was to follow a change of fashion I cannot see why Sir Giles's armour was altered in this way.

13. *to court*: *i.e.* to the Duke's court.

14. *With eyebrows up*: *i.e.* in surprise to see the outward insignificance of the famous old warrior. There should be at least a semicolon in the middle of this line.

19. *pagans*: Sir Giles means the Turks, who are no more Pagans than are the Christians. The Turkish invasion of Greece took place in the middle of the 14th century, and was shortly followed by the capture of Adrianople and, in 1453, of Constantinople, which put an end to the Eastern Roman Empire. Eight years later the Turks came into conflict with Venice (for which see note to No. 211), and won from her many of her eastern possessions. Morris has rather mixed up the chronology.

27. *things outwear*: *i.e.* his own feelings.

52. *brave*: 'handsome'; the apples embroidered on them formed part of the Duke's armorial bearings.

71. *these*: the incidents of his bygone love.

72. *smutch*: 'stain'; connected with the earlier verb to 'smudge.'

388

The speaker tells how his brother, Lord Hugh, was surprised and hanged by his enemies.

389

Sir Robert de Marny, an English knight who had fought at Poitiers (1356), is riding through France with Jehane his mistress and a small company, when they are confronted by Godmar, a traitorous French knight, who was waiting with his men near his castle to slay Robert and carry off Jehane. Robert's men refuse to fight and themselves bind him and hand him over to Godmar. The rest of the tale is clear from the poem.

9. *kirtle*: 'petticoat.'

41, 42. *to rend Her coif the wrong way from her head*: a coif was a close-fitting cap tied under the chin. Jehane tried to pull hers down over her eyes that she might not see her lover slain.

45. *At Poictiers*, etc. : he breaks off without finishing the sentence in which he was going to tell her that at Poictiers the French outnumbered the English by five to one, and yet were defeated.

47. *The Gascon frontier* : in the reign of Edward III Guienne and Gascony were English territory.

51. *those six men* : the judges who would try her as a witch, and order her to be imprisoned in the Grand Châtelet, the most terrible of the Paris prisons, standing where the Place du Chatelet now is, the prison having been destroyed in 1802. Taken thence, she would be flung into the Seine to test her guilt, a test which told hardly on the reputed witch, for if she swam she was adjudged guilty and put to death ; her innocence was only established by her being drowned.

66. *sword-hilts* : as late as the middle of the 18th century the plural ' hilts ' was used for the singular with the same meaning.

102. *would I fail* : both the 1858 edition and that of 1904 give a full stop after ' know ' (l. 103) ; but since he obviously means that he would tell, I have substituted a note of interrogation—' Do you imagine that I would fail to tell ? '

109. *gag me Robert* : ' Robert ' is the object of ' gag ' and ' me ' an Ethic Dative equivalent to ' at my bidding.' On hearing Godmar speak of Jehane's death Sir Robert had uttered a second protest, calling forth this order from Godmar.

153. *fitte* : (or fytte, or fit) an obsolete word for a canto or other section of a poem.

390

The first appearance of this poem was in the *Oxford and Cambridge Magazine* for November 1856 ; it was reprinted with *The Defence of Guenevere* (1858).

11. *Through the long twilight*, etc. : this is the reading of both the above copies ; but Morris, under pressure of his friends, who objected to the ' cockney rime ' of *dawn* and *corn*, substituted in his latest edition an inferior line ending in ' new-born,' apparently without noticing that he had used the rime a few lines above.

391

James Thomson (1834–82), described in *D.N.B.*, to distinguish him from his namesake, the author of *The Seasons* (for whom see note to No. 122), as 'poet and pessimist,' was a secularist and a friend of Bradlaugh, to whose paper, the *National Reformer*, he contributed many of his poems, including his best-known work, *The City of Dreadful Night*, reprinted in book form in 1880. His life bore a striking resemblance to that of Mangan (see note to No. 304), both in the unhappy love-affair in his early manhood and the deplorable lapse into poverty, misery, and intemperance which ensued. Few of his poems are as bright as this extract from 'Sunday at Hampstead,' written 1863–65, and published in the same volume as *The City of Dreadful Night*.

392

Algernon Charles Swinburne (1837–1909), the greatest master of metre and the writer of some of the most musical verse in the English language, came to the front with *Atalanta in Calydon* (1864), to be followed two years later by *Poems and Ballads*, which by the sheer force of its style and the magnificence of its rhythm carried away many people who would otherwise have looked askance at some of the sensuous pictures therein presented. A violent republican and a contemner of conventions, Swinburne was always fiercely assailed by those who loved to walk in trodden ways; but the wonderful beauty of his verse, added to the keen critical faculty he displayed in his prose works, of which *Essays and Studies* (1875) is the best known, won him increasing admiration among those whose literary taste is likely to prove to be that of posterity. *Songs before Sunrise* and two other series of *Poems and Ballads* maintained Swinburne's reputation as a lyric poet; and in addition to much other work he wrote several dramas which display his great gifts in a less popular form.

This poem is from the first series of *Poems and Ballads* (1866).

Itylus : Aëdon, wife of Zethus, king of Thebes, and mother of one only child Itylus, being envious of the twelve children of her sister-in-law Niobe, resolved to slay the eldest of them, but in mistake slew her own son. Moved by her lamentations, Zeus, to save her from her husband's vengeance, turned her into a nightingale. In Swinburne's poem Itylus is confused with Itys, for whose tragic tale see note on No. 34, l. 23.

22. *the light of the night on the dew* : the reflection of the moonbeams in the dewdrops.

28. *where thou fliest I shall not follow* : in point of fact both the nightingale and the swallow migrate to North Africa for the winter.

48. *Daulis* : this town was some ten miles north of the Gulf of Corinth, and nowhere near the Thracian Sea, which was the name given to the northern part of the Aegean.

52, 53. Explained by the note referred to above.

393

From the same.

Proserpine, or Persephone, was the wife of Pluto and Queen of the Dead. The poppy, the symbol of her mother Ceres, is in its properties sacred to her, and any churchyard is her garden.

3. *Dead winds' and spent waves' riot*, etc. : *i.e.* a mere tumult of the air and of the water which comes to nothing, and is based on no fact, nor even on anything so definite as a dream.

21, 22. Those who steer for the busy world run all adrift and know not what they are making for.

31. *this* : *i.e.* the poppy-head, whence is extracted opium.

59. *the earth her mother* : Ceres, or Demeter, mother of Proserpine, was the goddess of corn and the fruits of the earth.

72. *strays* : 'straggling threads of water.'

394

From *Poems and Ballads, Second Series* (1878).

1. *coign* : 'corner,' now usually found only in the Shakespearian phrase 'coign of 'vantage.'

17. *blind and stifled*: 'hard to find and choked with weeds.'

41. *handfast in*: 'bound up in.'

395

From *Poems and Ballads, Third Series* (1889), where it appears without the preliminary inscription.

38. *save haply one*: I would conjecture that Swinburne means Blake, whose *Songs of Innocence* (1789) and *Songs of Experience* (1794) contain some wonderful lines about children, which might well have found a place in the *Golden Treasury*. Palgrave's omission of Blake is as remarkable as his inclusion of John Collins and Rogers.

69. *pass on pass reach*: 'attain to summit after summit.'

396

Arthur William Edgar O'Shaughnessy (1844–81) was engaged at the British Museum, first in the literary, and afterwards in the natural history department. He wrote four volumes of poems, of which *Music and Moonlight*, from which the following 'Ode' is taken, appeared in 1874.

1. *We*: the poets.

22. *the old . . . the new*: *i.e.* the Past and the Future.

397

William Ernest Henley (1849–1903), poet, editor, and critic, collaborated with Stevenson in writing three plays, and published several volumes of verse. These splendid lines, written in 1875, when he had lain for months in Edinburgh Infirmary, were printed in his first work, *A Book of Verses* (1888). In a later edition they are headed 'I.M. [in memoriam] R. T. Hamilton-Bruce (1846–99).'

398

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS (1844–89), a Jesuit, many of whose poems are experiments in new kinds of metre and rhythm. This poem shows how beauty is often afforded by contrast.

3. *rose-moles all in stipple*: stippled = dotted. Trout are speckled with red.

4. *fresh-firecoal chestnut-falls*: like glowing coal, or chestnuts newly stripped of their husk.

5. *plotted and pieced*: divided into fields.

6. *trim*: equipment.

7. *counter*: unusual.

spare: out of the ordinary.

10. *Whose beauty is past change*: cf. James i. 17.

399

5. *quickgold*: the stars glitter like molten gold.

6. *whitebeam*: a small tree with a silvery underleaf.

abeles: white poplars.

10. *May-mess*: medley, like blossom in spring.

11. *March-blown*: as though blown by the March wind.

sallows: small willow trees.

13. *shocks*: sheaves. The word generally means a stack of sheaves.

piece-bright paling: the sky, pieced by the brightness of the stars.

14. *hallows*: saints.

400

GEORGE MEREDITH (1828–1909) married the daughter of Thomas Love Peacock. His first book, *Poems*, was published in 1851, and the first of his great novels, *The Ordeal of Richard Feverel*, appeared eight months later. Other famous novels of his are *Evan Harrington*, *Diana of the Crossways*, and *The Amazing Marriage*. He was admitted to the Order of Merit in 1905, but died four years later.

These four poems are from *Modern Love*, a series which tells of the decay of love between a married pair. In the first stanza here the husband speaks of the time when their love was perfect; in the second we see their love has faded. The third tells of a revival of the old affection; in the fourth, after the conclusion of the

tragedy and the death of the wife, the poet speaks, explaining the reasons for the failure of their mutual love and confidence

34. *osier*: willow.

41. *pilgrims of the year*: swallows.

401

Henry Austin Dobson (1840–1921), Civil Servant from 1856–1901, wrote a number of poems and prose studies, and his deep knowledge of eighteenth-century art is shown in his biographies of people of that period.

1. *King Philip*: Philip II of Spain, who sent the Armada against England in 1588.

4. *fagot and stack us*: burn at the stake.

9. *carackes*: galleons.

10. *kirtles*: skirts.

13. *Howard* (Lord Charles Howard of Effingham, 1536–1624), the High Admiral, was an M.A. of Oxford and Cambridge.

Flaccus: Horace, the Roman poet (Quintus Horatius Flaccus, 65–8 B. C.).

14, 15. *Drake and Hawkins*: the two famous Elizabethan seamen.

15. *bowl rubbers to Bacchus*: play bowls for drink. A rubber is the deciding game of a series.

17. *St. James*: St. James the Greater, Patron Saint of Spain.

22. *bullet and chain*: fetters and the weight attached to them.

25. *Gloriana*: Queen Elizabeth.

402

Robert Bridges (b. 1844) for some years a physician, and Poet Laureate since 1913, is the chief lyric poet since Tennyson. Besides his verse he has written a number of critical essays and dramas.

405

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850–94), famous as the author of *Treasure Island* and other popular prose works, but not so well known as a writer of verse.

F.A.S.: F. A. Sitwell, infant son of Stevenson's friend Mrs. Sitwell, who later became the wife of Sir Sidney Colvin.

406

ALICE MEYNELL (1849–1922), a poet and critic of distinction, sister of Elizabeth Butler (the battle painter), and author of several books of essays.

407

8. *rood*: the cross or crucifix.

408

JOHN DAVIDSON (1857–1909), schoolmaster, dramatist, philosopher, and poet, was a prolific writer, but suffered from ill health, and died in poverty.

1. *Dymchurch Wall*: built to keep the sea from the low-lying land.

7. *Romney, Hythe*: on the Kentish coast, nine miles apart.

409

ALFRED EDWARD HOUSMAN (b. 1859), Professor of Latin at Cambridge, and one of the most notable poets of our time, although he has only published two small volumes (*A Shropshire Lad*, 1896, and *Last Poems*, 1922).

Army of Mercenaries: the name the Germans gave the British Expeditionary Force of 1914.

410

FRANCIS THOMPSON (1859–1907), a Roman Catholic, and another poet whose life was marred by ill health and poverty. This poem was not found until after the writer's death, and is probably in an unfinished state.

1. *The Kingdom of God is within you*: Luke xvii. 21.

19. *Jacob's ladder*: Genesis xxviii. 12.

23. *Christ walking on the water*: Matthew xiv. 25.

411

SIR HENRY NEWBOLT (b. 1862), editor of the *Monthly Review*, 1900–4, and Official Naval Historian, 1923, has written many prose works besides his poetry, of which *Admirals All* is probably the most popular collection.

1. *hammock . . . round shot*: a sailor who dies at sea is tied in his hammock with shot at his head and feet and so buried. Drake was buried in Nombre Dios Bay, off Porto Bello, in the West Indies, in 1596, but according to history a lead coffin was used.

This poem is in the Devon dialect.

4. *Plymouth Hoe*: where, according to tradition, Drake was playing bowls when the Armada was sighted.

5. *the Island*: a small island off Plymouth, known to-day as 'Drake's Island'.

21. *the Sound*: the roadstead off Plymouth.

23. *old trade*: fighting England's enemies.

412

Mary Elizabeth Coleridge (1861–1907), a great-niece of Samuel Taylor Coleridge, wrote verse as a child, but her chief works appeared posthumously.

413

William Butler Yeats (b. 1865), one of the finest of modern poets, was born in Dublin, and forsook the study of art for literature. His inspiration is often drawn from the myths and atmosphere of Ireland. The poem given here expresses a longing for rural solitude and peace. Innisfree is not to be found on a map.

2. *wattles*: hurdles, wickerwork.

414

A rejected lover refuses to be comforted by the assurance that his loved one's beauty will fade with time.

415

Rudyard Kipling (b. 1865) was born in Bombay, and his knowledge of India shows itself in much of his work. He excels in the making of modern ballads, and is often acclaimed as the 'Empire Poet', though a few of his poems are thought by some to wave the flag a little too violently. He was awarded the Nobel Prize for literature in 1907.

The Coward is a soldier who is shot for weakness in the face of the enemy.

416

chantey: pronounced 'shanty', a sailor's song, generally spelt 'chanty' or 'shanty'.

9. *barracout*: a large fierce fish, common in the seas about the West Indies.

13. *How once a year I go . . .*: According to legend Judas was punished for his treachery by everlasting fire, but as an act of grace he was allowed to spend each Christmas Day on an iceberg. Cf. Sebastian Evans's 'Judas Iscariot's Paradise', and Matthew Arnold's 'St. Brendan'.

28. *picaroon*: pirate ship.

35. *Malta by the sea*: cf. Acts xxvii.

37. *frapped*: strengthening a ship in a storm by passing turns of a cable round the hull. (Cf. Acts xxvii. 17.)

46. *Gothavn*: Godhaven, a town on the south coast of Disco Island, in Danish Greenland.

'speckshioner: specksioneer, or harpooner, who directs the operation of flensing (see below).

47. *flinching*: flensing, cutting the blubber.

48. *ice-blink*: iceberg.

49. *bowhead*: Greenland whale.

breaching: a whale's leap out of the water.

50. *whelm*: overwhelm, submerge.

52. *lead nor lea*: there are no soundings to be made, and no shelter is to be found.

62. *spindrift*: spray.

fulmar: sea bird of the petrel kind.

417

The best known of Kipling's poems.

4. *palm and pine*: expresses the wide boundaries of the Empire.

16. *Nineveh and Tyre*: cf. Jonah iii; Ezekiel xxvi.

26. *reeking tube and iron shard*: cannon and shell. Shard generally means fragment of pottery.

418

Lionel Pigot Johnson (1867–1902) was a writer of verse from early childhood, but hardly fulfilled his early promise. Although his work is often inspired it is seldom passionate.

Cadgwith: a village in Cornwall.
Verse 2: cf. Revelations xxi and xxiii.

419

Laurence Binyon (b. 1869), Deputy keeper of Oriental prints and drawings in the British Museum, and author of a number of books on Oriental Art, besides plays and collections of verse. A quotation from the fourth stanza is to be found on many war memorials.

420

William Henry Davies (b. 1871) spent his early life before the mast and as a vagabond, and describes it in his *Autobiography of a Super Tramp*.

421

Walter de la Mare (b. 1873), novelist and poet, is especially popular with children.
15. *The Yew alone . . .*: because yews are always found in churchyards.

423

Gilbert Keith Chesterton (b. 1874), novelist, playwright, essayist, and poet, and editor of *G. K.'s Weekly*.
9. *baggonets*: bayonets.

424

John Masefield (b. 1876), dramatist and poet, went to sea at the age of fourteen, and some of his best-known poems are about the sea and ships.
8. *spume*: foam.
12. *trick*: spell at the wheel.

425

Philip Edward Thomas (1878–1917), critic, essayist, and poet, was one of the number of promising poets whose lives were cut short by the war. Most of his verse

appeared posthumously. His love and knowledge of the English countryside is expressed in much of his work.

1. *Adlestrop*: a village in Gloucestershire near the border of Oxfordshire.

426

Lascelles Abercrombie (b. 1881), Professor of English Literature at Leeds University, and a critic. Author of *Interludes and Poems*, *Emblems of Love*, *Principles of English Prosody*, *The Theory of Poetry*, &c.

3. *tarn*: a small mountain lake.

427

John Drinkwater (b. 1882), poet and dramatist.

428

James Elroy Flecker (1884–1915) was in the Consular Service in the East, but broke down in health, and died in Switzerland, where he had gone in an effort to recover. He published four books of poetry and four of prose; two dramas were published posthumously.

16. *Samarkand*: a city in Russian Central Asia, and chief town of the province of that name.

whiten peaceably: their bones whitening in the desert.

429

Charles Williams (b. 1886), author of *Poems of Conformity*, *Windows of Night*, and *A Myth of Shakespeare*.

This poem is after Ronsard's sonnet 'Quand vous serez bien vieille' (No. 61, *Oxford Book of French Verse*). Pierre de Ronsard, 1524–84.

7. *double-polèd lights*: electric lights.

430

Rupert Brooke (1887–1914), a brilliant writer who died on active service, making the prophecy of this poem true.

431

SIEGFRIED SASSOON (b. 1886), most famous for his war poems, which are bitter in their denunciation of war.

432

EDMUND BLUNDEN (b. 1896), journalist, novelist, and poet. His *Undertones of War* is one of the best books on the Great War.

15. *steepling*: tall, like a steeple.

25. *brisk-billed rascals*: birds.

30. *saracens*: rain drops.

433

JOHN DYNHAM CORNISH PELLOW (b. 1890), author of *Parentalia and other Poems*, from which this poem is taken.

This poem is a variation of the traditional nursery rhyme.

4. *brock*: badger.

22. *tumbling Fleet*: a stream that formerly ran into the Thames between the bottom of Ludgate Hill and the present Fleet Street. It is now led through a subterranean conduit.

434

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS (1865–1939), poet and dramatist. See earlier note: these poems were added in order that his later work should be represented.

436

Yeats wrote two poems of Byzantium, both among the finest of his poems.

11. *Hades*: the king of the place of departed spirits, called after his name.

437

Plotinus, the philosopher, founder of the school of Neo-Platonists (*c.* A.D. 203–62).

3. *Rhadamanthus* and *Minos* were judges of the departed spirits in Hades.

9. *Pythagoras*, Greek philosopher of the sixth century B.C.

439

The 'Antigone' of Sophocles.

15. *Oedipus' child*: Antigone was the daughter of Oedipus, king of Thebes; she killed herself, after King Creon had ordered that she was to be buried alive.

440

Ezra Pound (b. 1885), American poet, critic, and economist, who lives in Italy.

Rihaku: Chinese poet. This poem is from Mr. Pound's book of translations from the Chinese, *Cathay*.

442

Thomas Stearns Eliot (b. 1888), poet, dramatist, and critic, whose influence, in greater or less degree, is to be seen in almost all young English poets writing now. Part of his method is to incorporate phrases which he has read and lines of other poems in his own work. To recognize the quotation is not, however, as he himself has said, necessary to the enjoyment of the poem.

Gerontion: in Greek means a little old man.

The quotation at the head of the poem is from *Measure for Measure*, Act III, scene i, and the poem contains echoes of Andrewes, Middleton and Chapman, to name only three.

9. *estaminet*: small café.

12. *merds*: dung.

23. *Mr. Silvero* and other names which follow, here and in later poems, are imaginary people.

443

1. John Webster, Elizabethan dramatist, 1580(?)–1625(?).

10. Donne, poet and Dean of St. Paul's, 1572–1631.

444

Animula: little soul.
The first line is a quotation from Dante.

445

John Crowe Ransom (b. 1888), American poet and critic, some of whose verse has been published in England as well as in America.
Necrology: roll of the dead.
21. *ogive*: arch.
23. *leman*: lover.
32. The Carmelites were members of a mendicant order of friars.

447

Wilfred Owen (1893–1918), a poet who, after serving through the Great War, was killed just before the Armistice. In his preface to his unpublished poems he had written: 'My subject is War, and the pity of War. The Poetry is in the pity.' Notice his experiments with half-rhymes, so much used by poets since.

449

Cecil Day Lewis (b. 1905), poet, schoolmaster, and detective story writer. This extract, which was used by Mr. W. H. Auden and Mr. John Garrett in their anthology *The Poet's Tongue*, is from a somewhat longer poem, published in the volume called *A Time to Dance*.

450

William Empson (b. 1906), poet and critic, author of *Seven Types of Ambiguity*, whose poems explore all the possibilities of ambiguity, or punning.

451

6. Bacchus was the child of Zeus and Semele. Semele asked Zeus to reveal himself to her as the god of thunder, and was consumed by his lightning.
7. *that image*: the poet says in a note, 'The forest fire is like the final burning of the world.'

452

Wystan Hugh Auden (b. 1907), poet and dramatist, and so versatile that the three poems chosen can give only a taste of his different styles.

2. *Vega*: the brightest star in the constellation Lyra.

455

Louis MacNeice (b. 1907), poet, critic, and scholar.

457

Stephen Spender (b. 1909), poet, critic, and short story writer.

459

George Barker (b. 1912). These poems are taken from his first collection; his second book of verse, *Calamiterror*, consisted of one long poem.

460

1. *chimera*: fantastic monster.

461

Dylan Thomas (b. 1914), has published two books of verse, from each of which a poem has been taken. In reading them, you must not look for logical sequence, but enjoy the sequence of images.

7. *galactic*: milky.

26. *Sargasso*: the Sargasso sea is a tract of the North Atlantic covered with floating seaweed.

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THE END

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